A PROTESTANT

CONVERTED TO

CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

MRS. FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.:
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A PROTESTANT

CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY

BY HER

BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK:

AND THE

STRUGGLES OF A SOUL IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE

RIGHT REV. STEPHEN VINCENT RYAN,

BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

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"And a way there shall be, called the way of holiness. Wayfaring men though fools, shall not err therein." ISAIAH, XXXV. 8.

"And there shall be one Fold, and one Shepherd, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God." JOHN, X. 16. EPHS. IV. 5.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

THE little volume, "A Protestant Converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayerbook", of which an American edition is now for the first time published, with the full consent and express permission of the esteemed author, will, we are sure, prove a welcome and valuable accession to our Catholic literature. It is a reprint of a Dublin edition, bearing the *Imprimatur* of the illustrious Cardinal Cullen, with a preface by the able and eloquent champion of Catholic faith, Bishop Mermillod. This would be enough to secure it a favorable reception here, and stamp it as a work of merit, but its worth has been recognized and its influence for good widely felt in the old world by honest and sincere enquirers after truth, and it cannot fail to help, here as elsewhere, earnest and religious souls, like the author herself, to find the precious pearl of divine, unerring faith. It will have a special interest for many in our Queen city of Buffalo, where Madam Pittar is no stranger, and where she has some dear friends bound to her by ties of kindred and tender affection. Did we not fear to wound her humility, we would say that we are confident that the perusal of her little book will leave on her readers the impression made on ourselves by a brief, personal acquaintance, that she is one of those privileged souls on whom a good God has lavished choice graces, with which she has faithfully and generously co-operated. The charming introduction which she was induced to prefix to the last Dublin edition, in which she gives a simple, unadorned narrative of her early life, marriage, conversion, persecu-

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tion for justice' sake, and providential adventures, is as fascinating as a romance, another proof that "reality is often stranger than fiction." Why! many a reader will exclaim, we need not go back for Christian heroines to the early days of Christianity, nor to the long-ago ages of faith, for this little volume reveals to us, in our own nineteenth century, a true heroine breathing the martyr spirit of Apostolic times, ready to sacrifice human affections, earthly ties, worldly prospects for the sake of truth, actually renouncing home, family and native land, rather than abandon the Church of Christ, or jeopardize the faith of cherished children. Of such stuff are saints and martyrs made, and such an one was Mrs. Fanny Maria Pittar, converted from Protestantism to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayerbook. But no one who attentively follows her naive and entertaining narrative, "unveiling her private and interior life," will fail to recognize the secret of her heroic devotion to duty, the source of her indomitable energy. Deeply religious by nature, her tender piety was fostered by prayer and sweet communings with her Maker. "Those sweet morning hours spent all alone with God, when everything around me in nature was still and hushed, except the sweet song of the little birds, as they seemed to vie with me in praising their maker," the love of prayer and spirit of piety, to which she here alludes, won for her the grace of conversion, the priceless gift of faith, and in her after life became the root and spring of that burning charity and holy zeal which urged her on in her tireless labors, to secure to others the same inestimable blessing. The same means will ever be attended with like results. We must cultivate a relish for prayer and true devotion, would we win souls to God. To *convince* is not always to *convert*. The grace of God must win the heart and move the will to follow the lights of our understanding and live up to our convictions. This religious character and interior spirit of piety will be found to characterize all true converts. We might mention, as a very notable example, Mother Seton, the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in

the United States, between whom and Madam Pittar we see, or fancy we see, many traits of almost family likeness, as well as the dear and saintly friend of our author, that noble woman, Mrs Grey, whom we have learned to know, admire and love through the all too brief tribute which gratitude and friendship have paid to her memory in these pages. Not till the great accounting day shall the full records of the lives and noble deeds and meritorious works of these devoted women be published, or the numerous conversions of which they, under God's providence, were the instruments be known. Though banned from home, and socially ostracized her human heart chastened, her charity intensified by higher purer, supernatural motives, she loved still the dear ones allied to her by ties of family and kindred; and the inscrutable providence of God gave her opportunities to prove the sincerity and unselfishness of an attachment, which perils by flood and field, by land and sea could not extinguish. Of the living, whose retiring modesty shrinks from publicity, we may not speak, but we can bear testimony to one beautiful innocent soul to whom it was our privilege to give the last blessing of religion; Maria Pittar owed all that made her young life bright and happy and early death cheerful and precious in the sight of God, under God, to her affectionate and devoted aunt, converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayerbook.

Thus true religion ever hallows, purifies and ennobles the natural affections grace destroys not, but elevates and perfects nature, and hence we marvel not to find in this genuine convert to Catholicity, the affectionate daughter, loving wife, tender and devoted mother. We are again strongly reminded in reading this little volume, that, although christian converts of to-day need not fear the racks and burnings of a Nero, or the wild beasts of the Roman amphitheatre, generous souls who dare follow their conscientious convictions, exercise the highly-extolled right of private judgment and religious liberty, by embracing the faith of their fathers, the faith of the early christian church are exposed to persecution as cruel and relentless, to a

martyrdom as painful and trying, as any that ever disgraced humanity in pagan times. Christian, intolerance towards Catholics and converts to the Catholic faith has been as heartless as it is inconsistent. The world is ever the enemy of Christ, and we are sorry to say that Mrs. Pittar's experience is not the only instance of that unchristian, intolerant spirit that has fallen under our notice. The fact is that society, infected to a degree with the leaven of worldliness and pride, taboos the humility of the Cross and the religion of the Crucifix; and the words of Jesus: "Because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you," and "If you would be my disciple, you must take up your cross and follow me," are as true to-day and as applicable and pertinent as when they fell from the Master's lips. But it is equally true that in spite of, and sometimes because of the open hostility and unreasoning prejudices which they encounter, many just souls of religious instincts, "Like children tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine," are to-day earnestly in quest of truth as it is in Jesus, longing, praying, struggling for peace of soul through divine, infallible faith. To such as these we commend this little volume, written, as the author tells us, to encourage them *never to tire, never to give up*, until like herself safe within the true fold they experience that true peace and rest of soul which surpasseth all understanding, and "fully taste all the sweetness and unfathomable delights which God has in store for them in the all-crowning gift of Himself, alone possessed, and alone found in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church." We commend it also to the Catholic public as an instructive, and entertaining volume, furnishing to hand, the simple, concise and convincing principles and grounds of Catholic faith, and we can only wish and pray that the Catholic Church of America may be blessed by many well-instructed and faithful families like the one mentioned on page 30–31 of the author's introduction, a family truly Catholic, whose name, though unknown to the

world, will shine brightly for an endless eternity, for, under God, that good Catholic family was the means of converting Mrs. Grey, and through her our author, and all the souls that in succeeding ages, even to the end of time, may be indebted for conversion and salvation to their good example, their edifying, practical Catholic faith.

✠ S. V. RYAN,

Bp. of Buffalo.

Buffalo, Feast of the Archangel Raphael, A. D. 1884.

A. M. D. G

INTRODUCTION.

THE former editions of this most humble little work, "A Protestant Converted to Catholicity by her Bible and Prayer-Book," have been so unexpectedly blessed to souls really searching for truth, that I have been induced, by advice in every way worthy of respect, to add to this new edition some few events of my early life, not alone to throw light upon the original work, but also to overthrow the oft-repeated efforts which are ever being made to weaken its influence upon souls seeking truth with sincerity, willing to sacrifice all feelings of human respect, in exchange for God's most precious gift—the True Faith, for which they pine unconsciously, as once I did myself, and which renders my sincere appeal to them so applicable that it has been thought necessary to oppose its influence in every possible way, to prevent if it may be its happy effects upon them.

However, the unquestionable authority of Scripture, and the startling testimony of their own authorized edition of the Protestant Prayer-Book against them, have overpowered these efforts to a considerable degree. Nevertheless, the previous struggles of the soul herein exposed, must essentially tend to force conviction upon every candid reader, that, far from being caught by the exterior pomp and glitter of the great Catholic Church, as has been so flippantly asserted, my soul did not attain that harbor of peace and serenity until now, the most severe

and protracted struggle, ordered and appointed by the unerring wisdom of God as the best preparation for the reception of a gift so precious.

In conformity, then, with such advice, which I unhesitatingly consider the voice of God to me, I reluctantly endeavor to accomplish, what I should otherwise have really wished might never have seen the light, or been brought before a world, often, alas! so incapable of appreciating the internal struggle and suffering of which there is here question.

There are some, however, and perhaps not a few, in the days in which we now live, who feel, and will sometimes acknowledge it too, that whilst living up to the highest point of Protestant piety, and which consists in availing themselves of every occasion of worship, as may be suggested by the devotion of whatever minister they may be subject to, who all the time recognize that there is something deficient in their system, something wanting, to satisfy and to feed a want, a longing within their soul the name or the nature of which they cannot define, but which they are perfectly conscious exists and has never yet been satisfied. For such, then, I cheerfully undertake my otherwise reluctant task, and may God bless it to them that he designs to help, by making it the humble means of revealing himself to their longing souls, and of feeding that want which *he* alone, "The Bread of Life," can satisfy!

It is to such only I mean here to speak; and if in producing a few of these interior trials, known only between the soul and its Creator, I am forced to raise the veil which hitherto concealed events otherwise unknown and without interest to others, oh! may they redound back for the glory of Him whose gift alone it is to convert a soul, and without whose permission not a hair of our heads can fall.

It was at an early age, I well remember, the event which called forth one of those deep impressions, in which God seems to come face to face with the soul upon which he means to leave the imprint of his own divine touch. I was about eleven years of age, when a Bible was allotted to me as a recompense for good conduct; it was to be all

my own ; to be read when and where I willed, and in short it was given to me as the sure and only way of knowing and finding God ! Almost stunned by the possession of so much good, I recollect perfectly the conflict which took place within me, whilst, as it were, my soul seemed to acknowledge in the space of a moment the responsibility conferred upon it, and the determination to profit by it, whilst exteriorly I simply displayed a childish joy at receiving so agreeable a gift.

When alone, and with time for reflection, I thought of the large family Bible left by my father, whom I had never known, but for whose memory I had been early taught a religious respect. This venerable book had a place of honor allotted to it, and on its first blank page was written, by a hand now cold in death, the following lines :—

> "'Tis very vain for me to boast
> How small a price this Bible cost:
> The day of judgment will declare,
> If *very cheap* or very dear !"

These lines rushed to my memory with a new, and as it were, personal interest, as if breathed from the tomb of a departed parent, who had learned to encompass in a line the teaching which a long life might have failed to convey.

Yes, thought I, if it depends on me, *cheap* it shall be declared on that day. . . . And oh ! how often afterwards when even thoughtlessly, I would open it to read, did the impression of that moment's work rush upon my mind; of all God seemed to urge; of all I fearlessly undertook ; and of all the Holy Ghost unfailingly promised.

Time rolled on, and ever afterwards was my Bible my constant companion: very, very often my intense delight, but sometimes, and increasingly so, my puzzle and torture of soul, until, as the result will prove, it led me to the great Church of light and truth, the one only Church of Jesus Christ on earth.

Once again, a few years later, a youthful friend who had passed play hours with the junior members of my family

and who as a brother grew up by our side, highly favored by nature, he was admired by all who saw him, and loved by all who knew him. At last he seemed to change, the gayety of youth fled: he became silent, abstracted, and thoughtful. His eye became averted, and he seemed to fear those whom once he so ardently sought. Hardly did one of his companions dare to ask him the cause of such a change, when he replied: "Seek not to know it, but learn by my fall to avoid my misfortune!" Weeks and months passed, but never again did his own first happy look return; and though we did not shun him, still never did we dare to seek him, till little by little we learned to habituate ourselves to his loss. Walking one day towards the country, we overtook a crowd, which on approaching we discovered to be a funeral, and when on asking whose it was, what was our horror to hear the name of our poor long-lost friend! . . . Oh! where, thought I, may now be his immortal soul? . . . Then again, it seemed as if this untimely death, which others heard of and thought no more about, awakened within my youthful mind the calls of that sacred voice urging within: Be you also ready, for you know not at what hour your own soul may be required of you. . . . "*And what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*"

As I attained the age of sixteen, our family removed to England, when there dawned upon the world a period when Anglican clergymen began to agitate, and displayed their restless uneasiness as it might be, and which their people had to accept as best they could.

We then resided at Brixton, near London, and were on Sunday startled, like many others, by the announcement that confirmation would be given in that church by a certain bishop, the Bishop of London being ill at the time. It was then stated that a pompous ceremony was to accompany the event, and that all the candidates were to be clothed and veiled in white, as though in very deed the ceremony a sacrament might be. Never having been confirmed, my parents decided that I should be one of the favored ones; and indeed, no small excitement did it create in the minds of both old and young, for certainly

never had such a confirmation taken place for us before!

Amongst our intimate acquaintances was a wealthy family close by us, who enjoyed every luxury this world could bestow upon them. Their youngest daughter was about eighteen years old, and like myself was to be confirmed on this great occasion. She was a truly beautiful girl, everything that was lovely and interesting, and as her mother thought the occasion a very grand one, she was determined to spare no expense upon her exterior preparation for it.

This lady called to consult my mother on so important a matter, and I remember well a sort of holy indignation rising up within me, as I heard her mother telling mine, that they considered the occasion so appropriate, they had decided to avail themselves of it to introduce *their* daughter into the gay world, consequently she was to go to her first ball the same evening of her confirmation, there to create a sensation as its heroine!

Not a little shocked at such a strange perversion of arrangements, I retired to my room disgusted and sick at heart, seeing such a lavish and expense made about the exterior display, and not one word upon the interior preparation of the heart. And yet I felt awed at what was before me, as I was then to invest myself with all the responsibility my godfather and godmother had undertaken for me when an infant and to declare before God and men that henceforth I would renounce the devil and his works, with the *pomps* and *vanities* of this wicked world, etc. . . . Full of such deep feeling, I implored of God to fit me for the occasion, and to give me grace to carry out and practise what I was then going to profess before the world.

The eventful morning dawned at last, and the hour soon drew on, and certainly a more imposing sight never was witnessed within the walls of a Protestant church. Close by the side of my young friend, I could not help gazing upon her lovely appearance, and feeling as if that look conducted me straight to a better and a holier world. So like an angel did she appear, that I thought she surely must be one and have no part in her mother's worldly thoughts and desires for her.

When all was over we returned home, and seemed soon to fall again into our usual quiet ways as before. However, I felt there ought to be a change in me, and I well remember, left all to my own thoughts as I always was, making sundry resolutions, and amongst them was the happy one I never afterwards forsook, and to which I may say I owed my knowledge of Scripture, and the precious consequences to which it led. I allude to the habit of early rising, which I persevered in unknown to any one but God, with whom many sweet hours were passed at my open window, undisturbed but by the singing of birds; all the rest of the family enjoying their beds, which I never envied them for a moment.

A few days, however, had hardly passed, when a servant came running breathless to our house, begging we would help in procuring a physician from London, as our beautiful young friend had caught cold at her first ball, and was then dangerously ill in fever.

The doctors arrived, but to come at once to the fact, they had no mission to cure her, and in less than eight days she was called out of life, to meet most unexpectedly her God and her final judgment.

Thus it was that, once again, the still small voice of God knocked at the door of my heart, and urged upon me the necessity of an immediate and effectual preparation to meet that change which awaits us all at death.

It was not long after this event, that my soul became confirmed and imbued with a deep religious feeling, unusual, as far as my experience went, amongst young Protestants of my age, since it seemed to influence every action of my life and every thought of my mind,

Those sweet morning hours spent all alone with God, when everything around me in nature was still and hushed, except the sweet song of the little birds, as they seemed to vie with me in praising their Maker, tended greatly to nourish this state of mind, and to render it an habitual feeling, more likely to increase than diminish as time wore on.

I must here explain a little the peculiar circumstances of my family, in order to continue my narrative.

My mother, being left a widow, married a second time,

a gentleman who not only became my step-father, but also later on my father-in-law, as his son by a former marriage became eventually my husband.

Quite a child at the time of my mother's second marriage, I felt a real affection for my step-father, which grew with my years into feelings of veneration and respect which could not have been exceeded towards the most devoted natural parent.

Exteriorly he bore a distinguished appearance and had many fine, engaging qualities. As a man of the world he was highly polished and very generally respected. He was an excellent father, and was remarkable for the highest morality and the most just and honorable character. I had a deep and true affection for him, and which became reciprocal as I grew older, as the sequel will prove.

He was at times capable of serious impressions, and from having abandoned his profession, of barrister-at-law, had acquired studious habits, and generally spent the greater part of his mornings in his study, reading and writing, etc.

He had a very sincere desire to do justice to his large family, by forming their minds to every virtuous principle, for which he seized every opportunity which presented itself, and in short did his best, both by example and teaching, to bring them up in the love and fear of God.

He would often form pious resolutions, as men of the world sometimes do, without persevering in them, and this it was, I think, which led him first to converse with me, his fifth daughter, upon such matters, seeing how strongly my mind was occupied and established in them

Often, as he would pass hours in reading, he would suddenly start up, his book in hand, and knocking at my room-door, which was exactly over his study, he would with inconceivable humility consult me on some new idea on religion which he had just met with, accepting and encouraging my view of the subject, not as if I were his child, but rather capable of being his teacher on the matter in queston; for on all others he was not only master of his ideas, but he made every one feel he was such.

Thus it was that we often spent many a pleasant hour together, which led to his knowing me better, and to my loving him deeper, as time advanced; and it was on such an occasion as these that I would sometimes venture to remind him that several days had passed without family prayers, and always without a reproach the accidental neglect was repaired, and a fresh link added to the chain of pure affecton and respect which bound us to each other.

For several years things went on thus smoothly between us, with the exception of occasional bursts of disapprobation, sometimes by an attack on his son, sometimes, but very rarely, on myself, on account of the very evidently increasing predilection shown by his son for me, which had existed since our earliest childhood as children, but which, being no longer so, he too late opposed and sought to prevent.

Walking one day alone with me, after an awkward pause, he said: "Fanny, my child, I have something to say to you which will pain you, but not more than it does myself. In one word, then, my duty towards your mother and yourself obliges me to tell you that the time has come when you must forever give up your attachment for my son; and I expect you now to show a courage and resolution which I cannot suppose he will do on this occasion."

He ceased to speak, and not knowing whether he had said all he meant to say, I also was silent.

After a lengthened pause, he continued in a smothered voice: "Well, my child, what have you to say? I am all suspense."

"Well, dear papa, I have no difficulty in replying to you, nor shall you find me deficient either in courage or resolution. In one word, then, since I have never yet displeased either you or mamma seriously, I beg to say to you both, that you have only to appoint and say what you wish me to do, and if in my power it shall be done. Send me from home if you will, or forbid my marriage if you like; indeed anything within my power I will submit to. . . . But, give up that which has grown with my growth. and become strengthened and confirmed

with my years, is what is not within my power, and which consequently cannot be required of me."

Perfectly calm and collected whilst uttering these words, which cost me no effort, being only the simple truth, I looked up in my father's face, as if deploring the blow I had it not in my power to spare him. But what was my surprise to see his face beaming with unmingled joy and delight, and unable longer to conceal his feelings as our eyes met, he caught me in his arms, and actually wept with emotion as he cried out:

"Oh! It is just as I thought, most noble child of my heart! Would that he were worthy of your affection, which he is only too happy in possessing.

"Yes, it is now time for me to tell you the truth, and which is, that the trial I have just put you to was only a last effort on my part to satisfy my own conscience and test your love, whether really there might yet be hope to turn it aside, and thus repair to your mother the consequences of my own neglect. But no: it is just as I thought, and I thank God for it, nor has my apparent opposition been ever else than a sacrifice to duty of feelings and affections the dearest to my heart; for I have no way ignored the precious influence you have ever exercised over him, preserving him effectually from all evil, and leading him both by example and advice into everything good or desirable. However, you can well understand that in my position as your guardian and protector, my duty led me rather to seek for you a partner in a more independent position as to fortune. Consequently, let me say it out, therefore, the unceasing opposition, which never came from my heart, as I felt only too well how much it is his interest to possess you, and how capable you are of making him happy.

"Convinced at last of the impossibility of money ever replacing to you an attachment of life like this, I feel too late the uselessness of opposing what, if an evil, is one of my own and your mother's creating, inasmuch as we should, at an earlier period, have prevented what I have now proved is no longer in our power to do. The time has therefore come when I can no longer act a deceitful part, and when, instead of opposition, I come to propose

to you both every assistance in my power whereby to further your mutual happiness."

He then proposed the idea that his son should at once abandon his studies for the bar, which under the best of circumstances is a most uncertain profession, and enter the mercantile line, a most favorable connection being open to him in one of the richest firms in London.

From that moment we all seemed to breathe more freely, and there sprang up between my father and myself a real sympathy and affection, which more or less he had always entertained for me secretly, because of the serious turn of my mind.

Leaving to my father and his son the arrangement of all material matters, one only preoccupation filled my thoughts and engrossed all my efforts and prayers, and that was to gain the mind and heart of my future partner to the one only object of intense interest to me, namely, a constant preparation for eternity.

True, my influence over him had ever been unbounded, for being naturally of a most gentle, yielding disposition, he had from childhood learned to give up to me in everything, and now, although my senior, opposition seemed to him impossible, the habit of his life had confirmed this amiability of disposition into a second nature.

If an exception could have existed in this general course of conduct on his part, religion might justifiably have been that exception, but it was not so, for although without any decided leaning one way or the other, the very fact that I never lost a favorable opportunity of warning him of the dangers of the world, or of bringing religious influences happily to bear upon him when amusements or pleasures presented themselves with such alluring appearances as, alone, he would surely have yielded to, simply as a consequence of his gentle and pliant nature.

Previous to our marriage, we neither of us ever sought or cared for other amusement than what we found in going after celebrated preachers, a certain class of reading in which the literature of the day had but a small

part, and what family and friendly intercourse our immediate circle afforded us.

I remember well the hard struggle I had to get out of attending the first ball I was ever invited to. In vain I urged every argument with my dear mother, to assure her that what might and would amuse others would utterly fail with me, and that, instead of pleasure, my anticipations led me to expect the reverse. At last, however, I conceived it my duty to yield to my mother's decided wish that I should go, especially as she proposed this concession, that, should my anticipations be verified, she would not require it of me another time.

Two beautiful young creatures occupied all my thoughts during that long evening; they were sisters, though totally opposed in their style of beauty.

They were so lovely, that in contemplating them I felt at once launched into those strange and unusual calculations which the sight of worldliness or vanity never failed to excite in me. When, for instance, I used to see my elder sisters being decked out in court plumes, I could not help sickening at heart, as vividly I imagined, without uttering a word to any one, that some other plumes might wave over their hearse, as in reality they so soon did over my dear eldest sister, who died whilst in the the midst of such amusements, a young victim to a wicked husband, who made her pass, within the short space of one year, from a maid, a wife, a mother, and a corpse.

But a few months had intervened since the ball, when I heard that one of these lovely girls had made a bad match also, and was already wretchedly unhappy, and that the other had died suddenly from a fall from her horse whilst riding, confirming once again the old impression within my soul of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and of the folly of postponing for a day the necessary preparation for eternity.

Within a very few years, our father had worked hard to bring about such arrangements as enabled our marriage to take place on the 20th of November, 1834. We resided in London for two or three years after our marriage, every facility being thus afforded us of satisfying

to the full our thirst after preachers and spiritual knowledge, and which we profited of to the utmost of our ability. But the hour had not yet tolled when the fulness of God's light and love was to burst on me.

God afterwards blessed our union with three children, two sons, who were born in London previous to our going out to India, and one girl, who first saw the light in that far-distant land, where now lie the earthly remains of their father. No sooner had I learned my state before the birth of my first child, and God's merciful designs upon me, than I conceived the most earnest desire to repair in our first-born son that loss, which together we had often deplored, that my husband's lot had not fallen on the clerical state, for which we had both of us a great admiration.

Without a consideration of what might be before us, I felt more and more drawn towards God, and whilst all my husband's time was taken up with business and speculations of a very extensive nature, I felt drawn closer and closer to our Father in heaven, begging upon my knees of him, that he would preserve us from sharing our hearts with riches or anything else this world could give us.

Thus, often as I spent hours alone, my thoughts would turn upon the dangers I imagined growing up in my husband's path, in proportion as his business increased, and that success seemed certain. Then, in a kind of agony at the bare supposition that he could ever be estranged from that sweet and simple piety to which he appeared so perfectly formed, as never to care for other amusement or pleasure but such as his humble home afforded him, blended as everything there was with religious practices, to which I endeavored to draw him, my heart would sink with terror, until in earnest prayers and cries to God, I would get strength to hope again that his mercy would preserve us from such an evil.

Often as he would relate by my side some extraordinary success attending a perfectly hazardous speculation, I would endeavor to hide from him the inward struggle it always produced, trying to appear to share with him in his most natural satisfaction, whilst in reality I only

go to feel easy when, once again alone with God, I could as it were by the fervor of my prayers for him, counterbalance the danger which seemed darkening the horizon of the future before us.

It was in one of those moments of holy fervor that I suddenly remembered the offering that Annah had made to God of her first-born son Samuel, and recollecting how agreeable that sacrifice had proved to Almighty God I instantly determined to follow her example, and there and then I fell upon my knees and offered my child to God, begging that he would bless him from his birth, and anoint him as a chosen minister to his own service.

For many months I daily, and even many times a day, renewed this prayer, with more or less devotion, as circumstances would recall the necessity and advantage of it to my mind.

One day, however, just as I was about to renew the act, as I had ever done before, a new thought suddenly rushed to my mind, as in urgent importunity I begged of God to accept the offering of my child, and to bless him for Himself alone. I had not breathed forth this cry from my soul, till it seemed as if I was questioned by an invisible influence, which inquired what I meant by offering my child to God, and if it was a minister I wished him to be!

One moment before, and certainly that was the extent of my thought, nor am I able to say why I did not at once say: Yes, Lord, that is the whole desire of my heart. But no, I could no longer say so, for whilst still on my knees, without any act or effort on my part, there passed over my intelligence in the space of a second a vague preception of the wonderful grandeur and glory of the *true ministry* which Christ had appointed on earth, so that in the same breath I cried out: "No, Lord, no, no, not that: but let him be called and marked for thy service alone, so that he may be as it were a victim, no longer belonging to himself."

This thought was not expressed before I called myself as it were to account for the foolishness of what I had just proposed to God. What did I mean by it? I

was just trying to solve this apparent difficulty so as to satisfy my own mind, when suddenly like a lightning-flash the thought of Melchisedec, the type preceding by so many hundred years the true priesthood, came to my relief, who without father or mother offered a pure sacrifice to God. At the same instant St. Paul's grand description of the true priesthood so sublimely given in the fifth and seventh chapters of Hebrews rushed word for word to my mind, so that, altogether relieved and overjoyed, I seemed not only satisfied myself, but able for my interrogator, when I cried out: "Yes, let him be a *real priest* of the order of Melchisedec; and if it must be so, then let him be also without father and mother, by which we shall also join in the sacrifice, he being to us as if he were not, if thereby he may the better serve God and save souls for whom Christ died."

A great peace came over my soul after this struggle and prayer was finished. It seemed to me as if something abiding had been accomplished, and yet I had no power to go back upon it, only I felt very happy, and as if I had no more to do or think of as regarded my coming child, nor indeed did I ever again pray otherwise for him, than to renew that offering made once and forever, and which I felt certain God had accepted as agreeable to Him.

Four short years had hardly rolled their speedy course until, most unexpectedly, events conspiring by the appointment of God, I learned one day to my utter dismay that we were to go out to India, or else that I must separate from my husband and allow him to go alone.

This was a thought I knew not how to entertain, and yet to leave my two infant children seemed the very severing of soul and body! . . . But true love ordained it so: the climate of India being most injurious to children, I should either sacrifice their real interests to my maternal tenderness, or else reverse the sacrifice, and generously accept the death-blow myself. Oh! had I then but known the delicious secret, since acquired at such a price, of calmly laying at the foot of the Cross that burthen too great for human nature to bear alone, I should not have felt bereft in that dread trial, but would

have looked for strength where no one ever looked in vain. But, alas! not all my former teachings had taught me that, which I could only learn when once I had found truth itself.

Time passed, and the dark day so much dreaded dawned at last, and with it came a stern and chilling fortitude which appeared like resignation and victory. . . . But who can understand the sinking of the heart within? who describe its scarring effects upon soul and body, both prostrate from the crushing influence of such a trial?

Every mother might not have so suffered, but I was a fool, and should pay for my folly. I had a servant to attend and nurse my eldest boy, as most other mothers in my position usually have; but not once did I allow her so much as to touch that child, so strangely jealous did I feel of any one ministering to his wants but myself; and only to his father did I ever entrust him for a time until he was able to go alone and be independent of other help.

Not one word did either of us dare to breathe to the other of that inward anguish, too deep, too real for works to convey or assuage, but which our very silence admitted, and the averted look proclaimed; for, oh! who could say if ever again we might press those little innocents to our bosom, or look on their youthful smiles, perhaps no longer destined to rejoice their parents' hearts?

It is quite beside my purpose to engage the reader with topics of interest in no way bearing upon the end proposed by these pages, or else, indeed, the months passed upon the fathomless deep, before reaching our destination, were full of events whereby to fill a volume.

However, an end, even to that, arrived and at last we found ourselves safely landed in Calcutta, that fair city of palaces, fairy-like land indeed, of sunshine and verdure, flowers towering to the top of majestic trees such as we could never imagine at home for height and grandeur, and birds decked in colors which vied with the rainbow. The climate, also, for about three months after our arrival, seemed borrowed from that paradise where no alloy ever enters.

Thus in nature all that surrounded us was gay, brilliant, and beautiful, and those with whom it was our lot to mix, it seemed as if one and all had by common consent agreed to admit of no thought, no desire, beyond acquiring the utmost ease and luxury possible, to the utter seclusion of the most distant anxiety respecting their souls: indeed, it was as if they had none, the very allusion to such drawing forth argument, ridicule, and undisguised contempt.

This was, alas! a new atmosphere for us, mentally as well as materially, and produced at first on me a shock, which time reduced into a state of watchful uneasiness, ever anticipating, ever dreading, the result it might at length produce on my dear husband's mind, whose silent settled grief all through our journey had occupied me much, and whose stronger nature, strange to say, seemed less able to resist and bear up against the terrible blank, the deep-seated and insatiable want, which the loss of our dear, darling children's innocent affections produced upon us. Added to this, his gentle, placid nature, half-broken already by this internal and cruel trial, was frequently worried by taunting remarks on his devotional observance of the Sabbath, etc., which conveyed to the minds of all those around us no higher idea than simply the undue influence his wife had over him who never escaped a good share of the ridicule going.

Whether the natural result of such an entire change of circumstances, or the overpowering heat of the climate, or the ever-increasing interest in business and temporal affairs, or perhaps the most probable of all was finding himself irrevocably thrown into the society of men who, without an exception, though not infidels by profession, were certainly not Christians by practice; certain it was, however, that a stealthy change was gaining upon him which, insidious as it was, could not escape my ever-watchful attention. and which failed not to furnish me with matter for serious anxiety, and deep, constant and fervent prayer for him.

As time advanced, however, these atheistical conversations became more and more trying, inasmuch as they

attacked all Christian devotion, and took the form of such arguments as I found nothing in Scripture to meet. Defeated apparently at times, without being in any way influenced by them myself, I endeavored in private to redouble my efforts, both by reasoning, reading, and prayer, to arouse him, if possible, to his usual fervor and devotion, as before we left our own dear happy home and country. But, alas, no! I could but realize with true anguish of mind the deplorable fact, that whatever the cause, my darling, gentle husband no longer took the same pleasure as formerly in serving God.

Either it was too hot to pray, or it was too great an effort to go to church, or it was not customary and not necessary in India, etc., etc.; and the Scriptures, which together we had so often read with true delight and enjoyment, seemed now to produce a strange restlessness of mind, which rather worried than consoled him, and made me hesitate to force it upon him, as the most soothing passages seemed to affect him the least favorably.

Determined, however, never to be discouraged, I seized upon every favorable opportunity of gaining access to his heart, always overflowing with the same love and kindness towards me. Sometimes it would be by sudden deaths amongst our acquaintances; I would show him the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared to meet our doom at a moment's notice. Or other times, as he would relate to me some extraordinary success in business, I would venture to trace it to the wonderful goodness of God, ever so bountiful to us from the beginning; and then I would implore of him not to let riches turn his affections from God, whilst in my own soul I implored we might rather be reduced to want, than that our hearts should become ensnared by the love of money or any worldly considerations.

Never did he show the slightest impatience or irritability of temper on such occasions as these, or allow my over-anxiety, if such it was, to call forth an unkind or hasty word; on the contrary, he would gently try to persuade me I was unnecessarily anxious, and that he would do his best to please *me* better for the future.

The very stress he laid on that little word produced its own wound, for I could thereby detect that he could, poor darling, do for *me* what he was no longer able to do for God.

Thus our Indian life rolled on, full of intense anxiety and suffering for me without our mutual intercourse being otherwise affected than that our thoughts and feelings were no longer the same on the one great subject of real interest to me, and which, after all, was more than my life to me; for though I believe I never loved him for an hour since childhood but with the one all-consuming desire of seeing him one day shine as a redeemed saint in glory.

A slight indisposition detained him one day in bed, which was an occasion, I felt, I should not let escape me to probe the wound I longed so much to heal. My Bible in hand, after reading a few applicable portions, I ventured to implore of him, for his own peace of mind, to speak out his whole heart to me as formerly, and not to bear his burthen thus alone, by observing a silence, perhaps for fear of paining me, which was alike destructive to the happiness of both.

As usual, he heard me out without one reproach, when he calmly replied: "Well, darling, you have exactly guessed the motive of my silence, which I maintained rather than pain you by any explanation, which I could not make without appearing at least to wish to persuade you to my present way of thinking, and which I would rather die than succeed in; for, on the contrary, I respect too deeply your persevering devotion since childhood, ever to seek to throw a shadow across your mind, or disturb, even if I could, your unbounded confidence in your God. Remember, then, dearest," he continued, "we have it not always in our power to change our minds as we will, though true it be, that when I think of you and of your prayerful life, I feel softened and inclined to pray also for your sake; still, at other times, I feel ashamed of my former weakness in allowing myself to be taken in so long as I did by those missionary rascals we so ran after in London, and who make a trade of religion, with their endless forms of it all equally

taken from the same Bible, and all equally abusing each other for being wrong and mistaken. Yes, I confess I feel indignant at a system of such humbug, and I hate the detestable traffic by which they make religion the tool of enriching themselves, and of gaining the influence they have in England attained over silly women."

There was too much truth and justice in this disclosure, the overflowing of a heart that knew no guile, for me to oppose it in any way, and despite the indescribable anguish I endured, we were nevertheless both relieved, for at least we understood each other once more.

There ensued, however, a strange conflict in my mind; for, whilst I acknowledged what was just and true on his part, especially as it was so like a thought I felt growing on myself just after that strange light I seemed to see when I offered my first-born to God, but which I tried not to encourage, for my head reeled at any concession from myself which seemed to compromise my hopes and confidence in God and his holy Word, which then I thought these poor deluded ministers followed.

Seeing the struggle I was enduring, he speedily came to my relief by saying. "Now, darling, let us leave this subject, since once again we are so happy as to understand each other and let us be ready each to give in to the other so far as the cause we maintain will possibly permit. Let me, however, say this, if it will make you more contented, to whom I owe so much, that the moment you can prove your religion to be the only true one, from that moment I hold myself bound to outdo you in fervor and devotion. Let this then be our contract, that if you are right, you obtain for me what I have less power than ever to obtain for myself, and you know you ought to be able to obtain this from your God as you believe he alone is able to change the heart of man Till you accomplish your part, never again let us have a word on this subject, but let all be perfect peace and love."

A silent look was all that sealed that contract between us but on my part that look acknowledged the justice of his argument and on his it spoke of calm confidence that my heart would not refuse him what my head had already conceded to.

True to our engagement, from that day forward I forced myself to silence when a thousand times the words were on my lips, and my heart full of big thoughts ready even to bursting. But no, I felt it belonged to me to win him back, let the means be what they might.

Fearful, however, at times was the internal struggle and conflict which it reduced my soul to, when in prayer to God; for from my habit since childhood of living upon God, especially in any trial, now it seemed as if God himself was the cause of my affliction, else why should I not succeed in obtaining what my dearest husband so greatly needed, if indeed my confidence in the Scriptures was rightly founded?

These thoughts, along with their frightful consequences, forced themselves upon me with such intensity, that I felt as bewildered as alarmed, and incapable of either reconciling or banishing them from my mind.

Left as I was all alone to combat this painful subject, without one whom I dare consult upon it, how hard was my struggle, and how deep and real my fears and anguish of spirit! The intensity, however, of my evil became its own cure; for whilst I rejected with horror the supposition that God could not help me, so equally the idea that my darling husband, ever so good since a child, so gentle, so angel-like, could be lost! . . . What then was I to do?

Dark, dreary, and uncertain as the future lay before me, I felt a great work was laid upon me, of saving, in a sense, that precious soul which had thus thrown its future into my hands; and for that, one only door of hope lay open before me—that of offering a holy violence to heaven, such as is spoken of where it says: "*And the violent take it by force.*"

Time rolled on in that terrible fire of India, but neither heat nor exhaustion, prosperity, sadness, or temptation, all of which I had plenty, prevented my constant prayers and cries rising to heaven, to obtain his soul's salvation; and poor and wretched as I knew them to be, I still had a certain conviction they would one day prevail, though then I had so little light, knowledge, or instruction to guide me, further than the naked faith

God himself had given me to believe and hope in him. Still, that faith must have been at one and the same time as complete as it was simple, supplying for my weakness and replacing my ignorance; for later, when my health gave way under the pressure of such a continual mental struggle, I heard my condemnation to leave India and abandon my dear husband, or pay the forfeit of my life, without one tear, or I may say one dread, but that what I sought of God would be as perfectly accomplished without my presence as with it. And when for the last time I bade him farewell, leaving him as it were a prey to those who had but too successfully won him from my teaching, I dashed the thought of eternal danger for his soul aside, as unworthy of Him to whose Fatherly care I had so often so irrevocably given him, with one only prayer, one only desire, that we might meet redeemed in a happy Eternity!

This thought I breathed into his ear as with authority, and with it we parted as calmly and as confidently as if the first step and struggle were already passed and endured, which could alone secure the relief we each needed, and the fulfilment of all we pined for!
We parted, never again to meet here below!

It is here, perhaps, I ought to mention a few words about her whose acquaintance I had made in India, and who afterwards served as the instrument in God's hands for the accomplishment of his wonderful designs and loving mercy upon my soul, by which all its former wants were more than satisfied, and all its doubts and difficulties obliterated and forgotten in the full noon-day brightness of the unchanging truth, enjoyed and possessed alone in the True Church of Jesus Christ on earth, but into which it found no entrance until well tried by a long and hard soul-struggle before God.

The dread of encroaching upon the reader's time and patience prevented me, in the book which follows, from saying much that I am sure all would feel great interest in learning, therefore, to repair that loss, I will venture on a few remarks which for the greater glory of God I am advised to indulge in.

This truly favored soul was, like myself, a Protestant

when first we met in India, but she was also then a thoughtless, worldly-minded young creature, who thought only of the present moment, and how far she could best exceed in elegance and extravagance all other English ladies of the place.

Her husband was a rich man, of a most gentle and kindly nature, who indulged her in every whim, and knew not how to thwart her in any proposition she was pleased to make to him; therefore it was that when she proposed following me to England, he had but to submit, although she could assign no plausible reason for wishing to do so.

She boasted that the Governor-General himself could not turn out a more perfectly elegant equipage than hers, nor would she permit any one to appear in anything new from either London or Paris, without instantly ordering for herself something to exceed in beauty and luxury the object of her envy.

The height of her ambition was each season to destroy a three-hundred-guinea horse brought expressly from the Cape for her. And in order to secure this result, she galloped him round the race-course morning after morning at the risk of her own life, until she had satisfactorily accomplished her feat. It was the same for everything, until, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, her clothing alone often amounted to a thousand a year.

This was the poor soul who found herself on board of ship on her way home for England, following me without rhyme or reason, as she said herself; but as the sequel will tell, a great and real reason was at the bottom of it, ordained and overruled by One who makes no mistakes, but who sometimes uses as his instruments the hearts of his creatures who do not oppose him by sin.

On board the same ship was a good and holy Catholic family, who, when taking their passage, had forgotten that Lent would occur during the voyage home, and consequently they had never thought of requiring that suitable food should be prepared for that time of fasting. When they became aware of their neglect, they held a little council amongst themselves, as to what was best

to be done under the circumstances. One urged that the Church did not require on sea the same rigor as on land. Another reminded that travellers were as a rule excused from fasting and abstinence, etc. . . . At last a young man, still living at the moment I write this, proposed that as they had themselves neglected to require the necessary food to be provided for them, who were an exception amongst the passengers, that they should accept in silence the privation, and confine themselves patiently to whatever *maigre* food the ship possessed, such as dried peas, rice, preserves, etc., and that they could offer up their mortification to heaven, to obtain the conversion to the Catholic faith of Mrs. Grey, their and my friend.

This heaven-inspired proposal was unanimously adopted, and both parents and children gladly lent themselves to the happy inspiration, which obtained, as such means mostly do, a great and lasting change on the soul for whom they were offered, and of which more will be said later. However, this dear creature, once so thoughtless, so weak, became, when under the influence of divine grace, a real wonder to all who had known her before.

After her return again to India, the change in her life was such as to cause numbers to inquire into the religion which could produce such results, and when, after four short years of Catholic life, she obtained my own conversion, as also that of some thirty-two or three other souls, the Archbishop of Calcutta, writing home to announce her death, said, "that he mourned her loss as he should that of his right hand, so much did she accomplish, as it were a long life, in the space of four short years."

But to continue my own tale, I must here allude to one or two known facts, so as to enable the reader the better to see and to judge of God's work and designs on myself.

The first is the very strong desire which seizes upon every European upon reaching India to return home: indeed, something like what a superstitious dread might produce, if convinced you would never escape out of it

alive. The second, a strange law existing in India, which obliges the government to set seals on the property of every European dying intestate, by which the widow and children are deprived of the interest of the estate for two years, which circumstance causes every man to be warned immediately on arriving there that he must lose no time in making his will, to avoid such consequences falling upon his family.

I am not able to state upon authority whether the same laws exist there now as then, but at the time I speak of, say 1839 to 1842, it was a government post of several thousands a year to the officer who held the charge of taking possession of all properties so circumstanced, and of administering for the widow and children of such parties.

It is desirable that these circumstances be kept in mind whilst I return to my narrative.

Buoyed up mutually by the promises that each would write to the other every month by the overland mail (which was just then established, and seemed to bring India close to home), not a common letter, but a real journal, in which every event, every circumstance, was faithfully to appear, . . . we parted, and forever! . .

Carried on board ship more dead than alive, it would be beside my purpose to enter here upon all I went through during those five months' sea voyage, all alone, except a native servant. Nevertheless, the months of sickness, the danger of shipwreck, the premature birth of a soul destined never to know the joys of heaven through my ignorance of the value and nature of baptism; all these prepared and disposed my soul more and more to depend on God alone, and to long for him as the only real good either here or hereafter.

For close upon a year our correspondence knew no irregularity, so faithful were we both in relating to the other every subject of interest the most trifling. My letters were naturally the most voluminous, because I had to speak of the dear children, of their growth, their development, even their very prattle, which to a loving father's tender heart was not without interest.

Sometimes too, I would forget our contract and

catch myself wandering far into Scripture texts, to prove the one old theme, the uncertainty of life and the wisdom of being prepared for death. These deviations from our agreement never failed to bring a touching appeal from him to remind me of our contract, and to assure me that he hoped and depended entirely on my efforts, to obtain deliverance for him out of a state of mind he felt utterly incapable of helping himself in.

The effect of such letters was always to cause me to redouble my prayers, my fervent cries to Heaven for him; and the result of such naturally was a fresh accession of sweet hope in God, that surely he would fulfil his part, if only I persevered in mine to struggle on in prayer for him.

One post, however, came upon me by surprise, and found me without any portion of a letter prepared, as always previously. How such had happened I could no way account for, only this I recognized, that certainly if the monthly post left without a letter from me, it would be sufficient to give him intense suffering, as he knew so well that nothing but sickness or death could prevent me keeping my promise.

The thought of adding thus to his sufferings by my own inexplicable neglect, was little short of madness, as I knew only too well how a severe mental anxiety was capable there of seriously affecting the physical health.

Puzzled as I was at my own neglect, for which I could in no way account, I still rejoiced to have one long day before me to repair my mysterious negligence: accordingly, retiring to my room the moment breakfast was over, I begged no one would molest me whilst I tried to repair my strange postponement of a duty so beloved, and so necessary to my own peace of mind.

Seated at my desk, my Bible as usual at my side, I rejoiced at the day's work before me, never supposing but that all would go smoothly with me, as was ever the case then, when my facility for letter-writing knew no impediments.

After one or two pages accomplished, I felt as I proceeded a growing dissatisfaction, as neither the matter nor the style pleased me, and at once I decided to tear it up and re-commence another attempt.

I did so, and still again, after great application, at the end of several pages, I grew more and more dissatisfied, as I could perfectly detect the style was unnatural, and so little of myself in it, that, instead of its giving satisfaction, it was capable of producing more uneasiness than no letter at all.

Once again I decided on destroying all I had written, which was no sooner done, and my pen changed, than I arranged myself, hoping for better success, after resolving in my mind, that never again should I be induced to leave a matter of so much importance thus to the last moment.

Having reflected a few minutes on the plan I would pursue, I again commenced, raising my heart to God to ask for help in a matter I was beginning to feel I was of myself unable for, such a difficulty never having before presented itself.

For a time I seemed to be succeeding, but little by little I began to imagine that some strange impediment was over me, and as I gazed with disappointed wonder at the pages before me, I had to acknowledge that no letter at all would be better than the only one I seemed then able to produce.

As I recollected how the time was flying, I became as dejected as frightened, and both vexed and tired, I buried my head in my hands, trying to collect my thoughts, and, if it were possible, gain assistance from above, where alone I conceived help could come for me.

How long I remained so, I cannot tell, but suddenly I was aroused to consciousness by a dreadful thought, that perhaps my husband was dead, and therefore the reason why I could not accomplish a satisfactory letter to him.

Like lightning I started to my feet, and seizing my Bible, I fell upon my knees, holding it up as it were to plead for me to God. What, said I, he dead! ah, no! surely that can never be, in the state I left him when last we met. Thirteen long years of constant prayer for his salvation, trusting to those words: "*No one shall ask of me in vain*"—must be assurance that he yet lives to return to the service of his and my loving God

Consoled and calmed by this thought, I began to examine myself, and to wonder if possibly I might have loved him disordinately, and that in all these long years of earnest prayer for him (for they commenced long before our marriage), there might not have been some great imperfection, which might not be agreeable to the infinite holiness of God. Lost in this thought, which I seemed unable at first to fathom, because I did feel that his soul's salvation had been really and truly my first object, I felt puzzled and troubled, because, if it were true, all seemed lost and of no avail. However, I could not accept such a supposition; so raising again my heart to God, I implored to be enlightened and assisted in this great internal struggle. I had hardly concluded this supplication, when suddenly the thought presented itself, that, even supposing all that had suggested itself to my mind was true, could I not then make a perfect and entire sacrifice of him to God, renouncing the desire of ever again seeing him, which would prove that at least, no matter what my former motives might have been, now at least they were pure and sincere before God.

This thought brought with it immediate relief and the greatest peace. Oh yes, thought I, God must be the author of that dictation, for though urged thereby to make the greatest of sacrifices, I nevertheless felt as comforted and consoled as if on the contrary I had become possessed of some unfathomed good.

There and then I again renewed my offering by which I resigned him up to God, on one only condition, viz. : that the grace necessary to secure our souls' salvation should be granted to us both in return, and I felt that prayer could never offend God, but must on the contrary be most pleasing to him.

No sooner was it achieved, than I felt all was gained, and like a person perfectly changed, I arose from my knees, placed myself once again at my desk to recommence my letter, two good hours yet remaining before it should be posted to catch the overland despatch to India.

I felt once again the faculty of writing upon me, and accordingly accomplished page after page, with a facility

that would have astonished me had I been conscious of it, but no! I hurried through them with an amazing swiftness, until a long, long letter lay before me, altogether to my heart's content, just as natural as if from time to time each event of interest had been related on the moment and just in its right place; so that, on reading it over, it left the happy impression of being as full, affectionate, and satisfactory as any other I had ever before written to him.

Three months passed after this event, each one bringing me a letter from India, as also bearing one from me thither; nor can I say that once during that time one uneasy thought ever again crossed my mind as to the welfare of either his soul or body.

One day, most unexpectedly, a letter reached me from Scotland from my Indian friend, who had, as related in my "Reasons for becoming a Catholic," followed me home very shortly after. She wrote but a few lines, telling me she and her husband were now settled in Edinburgh, his native home, and begging of me to give them the pleasure of spending a few weeks with them.

After consulting with my parents, with whom I was staying since my return from India, along with my three dear children, it was at once decided that I was far too delicate to undertake such a journey, the winter being then quite set in.

I was just about declining her invitation, when another letter reached me from London the evening of the same day, in which was the following postscript: "Have you heard that your old friend Mrs. Grey has become a Papist on her way home from India?"

Not having as yet sent my refusal, I immediately went to consult again with my father on the news so recently received from London, explaining to him how utterly heedless she had lived in India of any religion at all, and how certain I felt that I should easily gain her back to our own beautifully simple religion, now that she had turned her mind to thinking of her soul at all. I then left it with him to persuade my mother to allow me to go, assuring him, with such a mission in hand,

that I had nothing to fear for my health, as God would take care of that.

My parents quite agreed that the present object of my visit changed everything, and that certainly God would preserve me from all evil, since I was going only to deliver a soul from the darkness and thraldom of Popery.

At once, then, I accepted Mrs. Grey's invitation, and after taking a few lessons from a minister on the best arguments by which to bring my poor friend back, I started for Edinburgh, imploring of God to be with me and to bless my mission of restoring this wandering soul back into the Protestant fold. Oh! how little I then knew what she had embraced, or how vain the hope of making her forsake so great a treasure!

The first thing that struck me on arriving at her house, was her exterior appearance, as elegant, it is true, as ever, but she was all in black, and with that an air of dignity and calm which contrasted strangely to my mind with the recollection of my first impression when we met in India. Then, everything about her was rich, gay, and beautiful, but there was also a certain restlessness and an apparent effort to attract, sometimes also an appearance of dissatisfaction she was unable to disguise. Now, on the contrary, all seemed to announce the most perfect interior contentment and peace.

Several days passed without producing any change in her, as she always appeared as if in mourning, whilst her countenance beamed with a celestial smile, which indicated unmistakably that all was order within.

In no small degree puzzled and surprised, I could not help feeling anxious, I did not know why, as to the result of my mission; besides, there was naturally a feeling of awkardness between us, in consequence of no mention of religion having as yet escaped either of us, each waiting the most favorable moment, and she ignoring that I knew of her change at all.

Sunday morning, however, soon came, which naturally led to some explanation. Immediately after breakfast she invited me up to her room, as it were to show me her house, but in reality to break to me her change of religion.

"I hope, dear friend," said she, with some emotion, "that you will forgive my apparent neglect, if I allow my husband alone to conduct you to church. He will take you to hear some great preacher, so that you will not miss me, and later I will explain to you my reasons for not going too." Here her voice trembled, and I fancied I saw her brush away a tear which involuntarily started to her eye, seeing which, I said with a gay but forced cheerfulness, "Oh! don't be afraid but that I shall be very happy with Mr. Grey alone." I then feeling as if I too should soon break down, I tried at once to change the subject by saying: "But tell me, who are you in mourning for?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I am not in mourning for any one, except it be for my own sins;" and here she looked me full in the face, and said agitatedly: "Ah! dear Mrs. Pittar, do you not remember how vain and foolish I was about dress in India? Well, do you not think I do well now, to check my folly vigorously by never wearing but black? And dear John is so good, he lets me do just as I like, so long as I wear only the richest materials."

More ill at ease than ever, I felt my heart sink on hearing this said with such deep feeling, as if it foreboded ill for my intended project. But raising my voice to hide my own emotion, I said gayly: "Come, come, show me some of your beautiful bonnets; you know in India you used to have dozens."

"My stock of bonnets," replied she, "is before you, dear friend," pointing to a solitary little black silk bonnet which lay on the bed. "I have no other, I assure you," said she, appearing not to notice my surprise, "nor do I care for those things now. Indeed, I must tell you, I am quite changed since we met in India. But come now," said she, with a feigned gayety, knowing that was not the time to enter upon the dreaded and yet longed-for subject, "come, and I will show you my house, for soon John will be calling you for church."

She went on before me, but passed a door half-open, which she seemed to avoid. "Ah!" said I, "so you won't let me in here," and stopping, I waited for her to ask me in. "Come in certainly," said she: "I did not

wish to keep you out, but only I thought it would not interest you." She entered before me, and passed silently on to the window, leaving me to follow and act as I liked

It was a little oratory, where was a small altar, over which was a beautiful crucifix, with a bleeding Christ of the most exquisite and touching sculpture.

The crucifix was large, of dark wood, with an ivory Christ, the head bent downwards, the blood streaming from the forehead, hands, feet, and side.

I had never before seen a crucifix near. (What a declaration for a Christian to make!) Indeed, I was penetrated with its silent but touching power.

Just under it, in great contrast, was a pure white statue of the modest Virgin Mother of the Crucified One, who, as she gazed in love and anguish on Him who bled above her, seemed almost as if she pleaded for me!

My heart began to beat with emotion, and my eyes filled fast with tears, as my thoughts returned to this poor world, and to what I had been told to say to her of her new religion.

As if guessing my thoughts, she quietly retired, expecting me to follow her. I did so, but without finding one word more to say for myself, until following her silently all through the house, she conducted me back to my room, there to get over the best way I could the effects of what I just witnessed, all so new to me! . . .

No sooner was I alone with Mr. Grey, than he began by saying: "Oh! dear Mrs. Pittar, I have been so anxious for your arrival, for you have doubtless heard of my Mag's very sad change of religion; and the terrible breach which it has made in my family you can well understand, when I tell you I have five brothers here all Presbyterian ministers, and to whom I had hoped with such pride to present my darling wife on our arrival from India; whereas, it is now all the other way, shame and humiliation for me! However, knowing how fond Mag always was of you, and how serious an impression you often made upon her in India when you spoke to her of religion, I am full of hope that you will be able to bring her back to the Protestant religion."

I then assured him that that hope alone had brought me there, and that I had prepared myself for the work. But at the same time I warned him that the success of my mission altogether depended upon the prudence I employed; and that, in consequence, I would not make a move, but only pray, until I should fully understand how she felt and thought upon the subject.

Mrs. Grey afterwards told me that during six long weeks her husband had never exchanged a word with her after he became aware of her change of religion, which he learned one day on coming out of the Catholic church, to which she invited him to go, as they had already visited all the other churches in Edinburgh.

The fact was, that she had no sooner left the ship and the pious Catholic family on board her, than, introduced to her husband's relatives in Edinburgh, she was able to contrast the vast difference between their way of acting and the beliefs which influenced their lives. She consequently, about three weeks after her arrival, promised God that she would at once try and procure some of the books those good Catholics proposed to her in vain to read on board the ship, so as to be able to discern between two religions bearing such different fruits, as her patience could no longer endure the pharisaical observance of the Sunday in Scotland, where even to laugh or play with the little children was considered a sin. But how or where could she find those books, as no one she ventured to ask could tell her where a Catholic bookseller could be found, or even a Catholic church.

Puzzled to know what to do, she thought that if the Catholic Church was right, as she began to suspect, God would surely help her to find it, and though not much accustomed to prayer, she did earnestly ask him this, to help her to discover it.

Out driving one day, a poor woman with a terrible brogue ran after her, imploring of her for the love of Jesus to give her something. "Do, lady dear," she continued, "and the Blessed Virgin will help you when you need it, jewel!"

Instantly she stopped and asked the woman could she tell her where a Catholic book-shop was to be found.

But no, she could not; only she knew they were close to the Convent of St. Margaret's, where the good nuns would tell her everything.

A plentiful alms soon satisfied the poor woman, and a visit to the convent did the same for this poor inquiring soul, who had just begun to long for stronger food than the husks and briars which Protestantism alone afforded her. Three weeks more, and her mind became fully enlightened, and which she entirely devoted to reading and prayer.

Once convinced, she thought which was best, to enter the Catholic Church without telling her husband, or to tell him first, and still be obliged to take the step against his will. She decided on the former, and accordingly adopted it. But how was she to let him know it eventually, as once a Catholic she could no longer go with him to what she believed and knew to be an erroneous and false Church.

Thus it was that she gladly availed herself of the circumstance of their having already heard all the Protestant preachers of celebrity to invite him to go with her to hear a Catholic sermon, he, poor man, never dreaming of her intention.

On coming out of the church she ventured to whisper in his ear, "Well, darling, what do you think of this Church?" To which he replied, "Indeed, Mag, I think it just as good as any of the others." On which she felt the courage to add, "Well, John, I am now a Catholic."

On hearing which he became deadly pale, almost fainted, and walked home observing a dead silence, which he never broke but by a short "yes" or "no," until the morning when the thought struck her, as they sat silently side by side at breakfast, when she ventured to say, "John, I would greatly like to ask Mrs. Pittar here for a time, as I hear she is still very delicate, and the change of air might do her good. Would you like it, John?"

Like an electric shot he seemed changed, and said: "Oh, yes, Mag, certainly, I would much like to see Mrs. Pittar here: I always thought her very good and sincere."

From that hour he gave her no peace until she had written for me, as he at once clung to the hope, that as I was so fervent a Protestant, I would naturally have great influence over his wife's mind, and this prospect he cherished with confidence.

My intention is not here to enter into any of the reasons for my change of religion, as they will be found in the sequel fully explained. Suffice it to say, that at the end of three weeks, we both began to think that a sufficient time had been already devoted to prudence, and that the moment was come, if ever, to open our respective missions of changing the other to a better way of thinking; for, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, her motive for inviting me was her great desire of sharing the fulness of her own happiness with one she had ever acknowledged to be very sincere and truly religious. The only difference between us was, she did not delude herself with the idea that her task would be an easy one.

A week or two passed in mental conflict (the details of which will be found elsewhere), which ended, glory be to God, by my receiving the gift of True Faith, and consequently, in the total defeat of good Mr. Grey's hopes respecting my powers of changing his wife back again to Protestantism.

The day before my abjuration, as I sat alone in the chapel, diving deep into the recesses of my soul, in preparation for my first confession and communion, a servant entered bearing an Indian letter, which my friend knew I was anxiously expecting.

After breaking the seal I stopped to offer myself and its contents to my dear Saviour present on the altar, and who was about to accomplish so great a change in me.

Oh! could He not also at the same time change the heart of my dear, darling husband, and secure his salvation, though the great ocean rolled between us?

With a beating heart I began to read his letter, mixed with a feeling of awe which I tried to silence by acts of confidence in God's unerring mercy. The first two pages ran as usual, full of affectionate love and devoted interest, both towards myself as also the dear children

Then there was a word or two of reproach at my wasting so much time in writing out texts of Scripture, all of which he knew off by heart, when I had not yet accomplished my contract of obtaining a change of heart for him, and which he had no power to purchase for himself.

Acknowledging the justice of his reproach, I paused for a moment to think of all the wonders God had bestowed upon myself, and of how he might accept the news of my change of religion, when I began to feel sad and dejected, then I commenced again the perusal of his letter.

There came a long stop, and a new date of full a week later, when I read as follows:—"This morning, Sunday, as I lay on my couch as usual, never thinking of going to church, my thoughts naturally turned upon you, when suddenly I remembered that you had left amongst my clothes some books and religious papers. I started up to go for them, as if thereby I might commune more closely with your own dear self, when hardly had I read a page of 'Paley's Evidences of Christianity,' than I may truly say I was changed in a minute, even as St. Paul was, from a persecutor to an adorer! One moment before, and my heart was cold, unbelieving, and indifferent; the next, and all my early devotion returned, my heart burned with such a love of God that I felt I could die to prove it to him!

"I could not account for what had just passed over me, but I said to myself, it is you, my guardian angel on your knees in England, have obtained this grace for me!" He continued, "Do not think I will ever speak to any one living but yourself of what has just happened to me. Oh! no; for who could understand me out here, even if I would? You only shall know it until such time as it may please God that we shall meet again. Only the other day I felt annoyed at all the Scripture you sent me, and at the sermon you preached me over and over again without accomplishing your contract with me.

"Well, dearest, now I acknowledge you have done it, and so far from ever again telling you not to speak to

me on religion, I feel at present as if you could never do it too much!

"You must not, my angel, be surprised if I say that much as I once dreaded this climate for you, now I have decided that unless you return here, you will never see me again. You remember well how I once longed to get away from this hateful country; well, darling, I am determined that since I lived here as a pagan, so will I, with the help of God, die here as a Christian."

There was much more in his letter, it being an unusually long one. But as I there sat before the Blessed Sacrament, the offering I had so entirely made of him to God, and which I had but just renewed in anticipation of the great step I was to take the next morning, struck me as a wonderful coincidence with his being able and willing to give me up sooner than neglect the only reparation in his power of offering satisfaction to God for his forgetfulness of him. I felt a mysterious awe creep all over me, but which gradually changed into a sweet consciousness, as I realized how God was working in us both most wonderfully, though not exactly in the same way. Thus I was able to leave all that concerned us both in His blessed keeping who never fails to accomplish his promises where souls will let him do it.

The next morning saw me a member of the great Catholic Church, and, divinely supported by four of her powerful sacraments, I felt able to look into the future—lowering and dark as it appeared at home, and strange and mysterious as it dawned abroad—with calm courage and resignation, believing that He who had already done so much, was able to accomplish all that I hoped for and from him!

In due course of time another letter followed, which confirmed with reflection and determination all that the preceding one had related He repeated his firm determination of never more returning home; related how he was putting into practice his religious devotions, spoke of the fulness of his interior peace and joy, and lastly, of his utter loneliness and exterior separation from all the world, except in the way of business. He also made allusion to his will, stating how it was regu-

lated and drawn up, just as we had arranged together it should be before my leaving; felicitating himself that death could no longer surprise him with that duty unperformed.

This letter terminated by a postscript written a moment before posting, and just after receiving the last mail from England. It ran thus: "I learn that Mrs. Gray has become a Catholic, and that you are about to visit her. But I have no fears that ever you will be beguiled into a false religion. Much easier could I suppose you had changed for the better, than believe that God would let you be deceived, who have so perseveringly trusted in him since your earliest childhood. No, I fear not, though all here try to persuade me of your danger; but I heed them not, for they neither know you, nor the spirit which guides you."

Once again, and a third and last letter reached me. It was terribly short, and only that I lived then in a region of strong faith and hope, I might have detected it was written with a forced effort: but I did not.

He spoke in it, the poor darling, of my letters: said how they were his only earthly consolation, his inseparable companions; that he carried them in his bosom, never to separate from them, but in prospect of death! . . . And he did die, my dear, dear husband, before he ever again traced another line to the best friend of his early youth! But oh! mercy from on high, not before he had returned to the favor of his God, nor before he had sacrificed to Heaven what he held dearest upon earth, nor before that sacrifice had been acccepted, and let us hope, had obtained for him both peace and mercy! . . .

My husband died in the month of March, 1842, in his twenty-ninth year. It turned out that six weeks previously he had fallen from his horse, the effects of which eventually killed him, although his death was only preceded by a very few days' illness. His uncle being on the spot, and finding him seriously indisposed, immediately sent him, with faithful attendants, down to the Sand Heads, the poor European's last chance of recovery in India. Finding himself worse instead of im-

proved, he immediately returned to Calcutta, but simply to die! . . .

This sudden death in one whose virtuous life was so universally acknowledged, led to inquiries, which ended in the medical men of his acquaintance requiring permission to ascertain the immediate cause of his death, and which was discovered to be an abscess formed on the liver, the result of the concussion produced by his fall, and which terminated fatally. He died, as I said before, from a fall from a splendid Arab, who had once served me in the same way, though entirely through my own fault for having ridden him violently over rough ground, during which his foot accidentally chanced into a hole, producing a shock which unseated me. My poor husband, who could not calmly contemplate the danger I had escaped, did his best to get me to consent to his being shot, which I would not do, because it was no fault of the horse's. How strange, that I should thus have been the distant cause of his death, to preserve whose life I would myself have died a thousand deaths!

He died, apparently taking every one by surprise; and yet not one line of my writing was anywhere to be found after him. Consequently he must have anticipated death, as only so lately he had stated, that never would he part with or destroy one of my letters, but in view of immediate death.

He died, yes, and without a will too, although surrounded by friends, all men of business, wedded to worldly interests, and keenly alive to the importance of such an act being accomplished.

But no, they watched by his sick-bed during two or three days, with a will perfectly prepared close by, and yet, strange to say, they let him die without signing it, he who had so lately felicitated himself that death should not catch him unprepared as far as his will went.

Neither did it, for his part was accomplished; but *One*, more foreseeing for the orphan's true interests, overruled its not being signed in legal form, for the excellent reason that, had it been so, no efforts of mine could have succeeded in preserving his children to the

Catholic faith, as the guardians therein named, being very bigoted Protestants, would have had legal power by which to wrest them from my care.

How wonderful, and how easy too to detect here, the overruling power of a tender Providence, thus securing the best interests, first, of those innocent little ones whose parent, now mouldering in the dust, could no longer proclaim to a heartless world that he approves and sanctions their mother's creed, because he best can know how truly it is the creed of Jesus Christ. Nor does this great Providence act by halves, where all is left to its precious keeping; for through a particular friendship of our uncle with the party holding government authority, this kind Providence also influenced him to release the property a very few months after my husband's decease, by which time legal powers had arrived from England, enabling my uncle to act as his executor, which short delay proved favorable to the interests of the estate, which was hardly out of the hands of the authority above alluded to, than he decamped from Calcutta, carrying off with him the little all of some two hundred widows, to share whose hard fate I should have been called, but for the ever-watchful care of my loving God.

One other mark of God's extraordinary care over me and my orphan children I must yet tell. I allude to my escape from Ireland to become an exile, which sad necessity I found imperative, in order to preserve to them that faith I had attained myself through such hard conflict, and which I preferred for them rather than all else besides. But I must not anticipate its place, but only endeavor in as few words as I can to relate what has yet to be told before we reach that event.

The day dawned at last on which I should proclaim before the world that I believed my former religion (so much prized as long as I knew no better) an error and deception, and embrace that one alone which I now, by the grace of God, clearly saw and accepted as the only truth, revealed by Jesus Christ; in other words, the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

It was the day after the receipt of my husband's first

strange but consoling letter and encouraged by the hopes it inspired, I returned home to my friend a new creature, as weak in bodily health as ever, but strong within, neither fearing nor shrinking from the trials I knew well I had thus secured for myself, and which awaited me on my return home, which I had only so few weeks previously quitted, the privileged child, and as it were the chosen messenger, to wean back a soul from that very faith I now felt I could willingly die to propagate.

A clergyman had been sent after me from Dublin to prevent me taking the step, the very same who had prepared me previously to leaving home for the plan I was to adopt, so as best to persuade my friend of her error.

The account of what then passed is given in the little book itself, but indeed the less is said of him the better, as the great day alone will reveal the part he took in the affair. Returning home, however, unsuccessful in his mission as regarded *me*, he denounced me to my parents as past recovery, because I met all his arguments with texts of Scripture so confounding to him, that he retired literally infuriated at the failure of his undertaking.

My dear mother, once she heard the fatal step had been taken, wrote to me not to return home, as all her late letters had urged me to do, but rather to try and get strength to meet the torrent of woe she assured me was waiting me there.

I did as she advised, and certainly profited by the calm I enjoyed in the sweet society of my friend, who showed me the greatest kindness, and helped me more and more to advance daily in knowledge and experience of the precious treasure she had been the instrument of obtaining for me.

At last, however, I should return where many sorrows did in truth await me, but which all seemed light and easy to bear when daily strengthened and supported by the bread of life, along with the sweet certainty that all was ordered and permitted by Him who had borne so much for me, and who I knew well was stronger than man, and both could and would deliver me in His own good way and time.

On arriving at Dublin I found my poor mother awaiting me on the quays, where her maternal love had detained her many hours till the arrival of the steamer. With anguish of heart she announced to me that I could no longer return to their home, but must remain alone in a lodging she had provided for me in Dublin, and where I did remain until my father had exhausted all his efforts to make me give up my new religion.

Finding, however, that all was useless, and that I was no more likely to yield by threats and persecutions than by kindness, he sternly warned me, poor dear man, that by my obstinacy I had rendered myself unworthy of a mother's trust, and that I must abide the consequences, as he would keep my children from me until he should receive instructions from their father as to the course to be adopted with them, and that as far as he could influence that decision, I should never again be blessed with the smallest power over them.

To enter into all the circumstances which followed would indeed wear out the patience of any ordinary reader: however, as briefly as possible I will run over what is of most importance till the time of my escape from the country, during which I was so wonderfully assisted and protected by Almighty God.

Nothing dismayed by either threats or promises, I remained immovable, firmly convinced that, if I did my part, God would surely perform his, and that whether my children were restored to me then or not, my course lay in faithfully adhering to the precious gift of the true faith which he had so freely and so unexpectedly bestowed upon me, leaving the future for all dear to me in his ever-adorable keeping.

During two or three months every possible means were tried to shake my determination. My children were brought to me simply to be taken from me again after a short half-hour's enjoyment of them, only the keener to feel my loneliness and bereavement.

Then I was arraigned before a man great perhaps in the eyes of the world, but very small I suspect before God, if I might judge of his violent abuse of the Catholic religion, as with authority, poor man, because

his mother, he said, had been one ! But all was alike useless, thanks be to God, and thus matters remained in abeyance, awaiting the return post from India, which was to tell us all the effect produced on the mind of my husband by the letters informing him of my conversion, amongst which were those written by my poor exasperated father, who failed not to represent to him his wife as now lost forever to a sense of truth or justice, and therefore unfit to have charge any longer of her own or his children.

These letters were all returned to me after the death of my husband by my uncle.

My health, never strong, began now seriously to fail me under this trying anxiety, and gave me a plea to request I might be allowed to move to Kingstown for better air, where I remained alone until the news of my husband's death reached us, and which was broken to me as kindly as possible, that stroke having softened angry feelings at home more than any act of mine could have done, short of renouncing my faith, which I prized infinitely more than life itself.

One morning my eldest brother suddenly entered my apartment, saying with a depressed air that his father was ill, and wanted very much to see me immediately. Accordingly I left with him, wondering at his silence, and still more at what my father could want with me in sickness, when he could not tolerate me in health.

Oh ! perhaps, thought I, God has shown him the truth, and he is sorry for all he has done against me.

Arrived at the house, my brother slipped away, when one of my sisters appeared at the hall-door ; she welcomed me in without venturing a word, at the same time feigning a smile, the treachery of which was so soon to be learned by me.

Passing up-stairs to our father's room, another dear sister silently beckoned me into her room, where she invited me, with an effort, to remove my bonnet, when suddenly the opposite door of papa's room opened, and I was signed to advance, and where I entered with feelings struggling between hope and fear, when I was attracted towards the bed, where my poor father lay con-

vulsed with grief. I drew near to him, and with fear and trembling ventured to touch his hand which covered his eyes, when he convulsively drew me to his bosom for the first time since my conversion.

His heart seemed nigh to bursting, and his moans of anguish became so excessive, that my dear mother, who stood silently gazing out of a window, without apparently noticing my entrance, at last approached us, and taking upon herself to do what her husband dared not, she drew me forcibly from him and placed me in a chair, saying: "My poor child, you are a widow!" . . .

O moment of agony never to be forgotten! I heard the words, it is true, but with them came also a kind of swimming in my head, and then a feeling as if I were in a dream!

How long that lasted I know not, but at intervals I seemed so far conscious that I could, as it were, remember something, or parts of that something I had done when I offered him to God on the conditions that the salvation of our souls should be granted us in return.

Vaguely there floated through my mind a kind of argument, in which I seemed to remind our Heavenly Father that I had freely given him up on a condition, and that surely, as He had now taken him, *He* would not leave that condition unaccomplished. Then I recollected his letter, in which he relates having been moved by a penitential feeling of sorrow and shame so strong at having forsaken for a time the sweet service of his God, that he at once renounced those two things he held dearest on earth, namely, ever to return again to his country, his wife, or his children! Then it seemed to me that God alone could have inspired us both with ideas so similar, and that if so, they must have been agreeable to him, and permitted for some great end not apparent to human minds.

The thought also came to my relief, of what the Church of Christ says with regard to the souls of those who, though not belonging to the visible body of Christ's Church, may nevertheless be within her pale through invincible ignorance, and which, if accompanied by great purity of life, morals, and piety, as far as their

ignorance of the true worship of God will permit them, that such can be saved.

That we *had been* both in perfect ignorance, I then knew but too well, and as far as any creature may presume to judge of what the Almighty God alone can know with certainty, I had every reason to hope that his ignorance was like my own, invincible, in as much as I could say with sincerity, that at no time of my life but I would willingly have bartered my greatest treasure for the gift of the true faith, but which I could not do as long as I thought I possessed it. With astonishing clearness, though in a state of almost half life, my thoughts ran back to his early life, to his excessive sweetness of temper, and to his universal character, by every one who knew him, of goodness and charity. And then I remembered his love of God later on, and how he had never followed the world or its vain amusements, etc., so that in all this I thought I saw the working of God's mighty power to preserve him from sin, as if a soul predestined for salvation: at which happy thought I at last fell on my knees, and cried out, "All glory be to God on high!" . . . My poor mother, seeing me receive this blow with such strains of praises, thought I had lost my senses; so she raised me forcibly from my knees, and placed me in a chair close to my father's bed.

But it soon became nature's turn, for my teeth instantly began to chatter, and my knees to tremble, and a cold perspiration ensued. I remembered nothing more until I found myself stretched on a sofa once more in my lonely lodgings; only my dear mother was by my side, for her maternal heart was not able to abandon me at such a moment of agony and trial.

God, however, was very near to me, supporting my weakness, and whispering peace into my broken heart; so much so that at times I forgot any one was present, and burst out again and again in loud and grateful praises, because I could hope the soul of my dearest husband was saved, and that one day we would unite our voices in praising and adoring Him who had done so much for us

Some weeks later, and my poor father, feeling himself

utterly crushed by the death thus of his eldest son, longed to have me near him once again, as a portion of him to whom he never more could extend a parent's love and favor. He therefore sent me word affectionately, that as God had now taken to punish me himself, thereby removing the responsibility from him, he would wish me back amongst them again, but on one condition only, that I would never try to persuade my mother or sisters in favor of my mistaken and erroneous religion.

Much as I longed to be back again under the same roof with my darling orphans, I thanked my father for his kind invitation back to the home I once considered my own; but I could not nor would not accept to be there, on the condition of binding myself thus to conceal the truth, when gratitude on the contrary obliged me to propagate it by every legitimate means within my reach. My poor father seemed puzzled at my refusal, but replied, that "if I would not promise him, he would make them do so," and which he did, I afterwards learned.

Thus once again I became an inmate of my father's house.

Three weeks, however, had not run out their course, before I was once again dismissed. My father could not support my going daily to church, to assist at the most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, nor could he admit that any virtuous woman would go to confession, which thus I had every opportunity of doing. But a far worse thing than even the above happened; for the young English girl whom he had brought over to attend on my children, having been a very sincere Protestant, declared herself convinced of the truth of Catholicity after a very few conversations with me, and which she boldly declared, much as she loved her place, she would embrace at the loss of it and everything else she possessed.

During that short sojourn, however, I managed to smuggle my three darlings from the house, to have them conditionally baptized by the Very Rev. Dr. Welsh, then Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., who, the very day he was starting for his new bishopric, not only received them into the bosom of the Catholic Church, but also stood sponsor for them at the baptismal font.

Once their eternal interests were thus secured, I had not another anxious thought about them, for more than ever did I give them to God, assured that sooner or later He would restore them to me, soon enough to secure their salvation, which I felt should be my only concern, as well as the surest way of obtaining God's glory by them.

Whilst I felt this confidence in God's care over them, I also resolved that nothing short of the utmost rigor of the law should induce me to yield the title my maternal authority gave me over them, and this I plainly but firmly declared to my father, when once or twice, both before and after my husband's death, he tried to urge me quietly to give them up, and afterwards to sign a paper to that effect, making him their guardian, but which I never would do.

Having received my order to leave the house, I was all ready, when my dear mother came to me with a face beaming with joy, to say, that papa had consented to let me have the children with me, as he pitied me, until they should be old enough to imbibe my errors! . . .

At this happy news we started together to take a house for them and myself ; and as I desired my family should be conversant with my movements, a few hours sufficed to make the necessary arrangements for a small house near them.

I was no sooner quietly settled, than I began to think it was an urgent duty on me to avail myself of the favorable opportunity thus afforded of rescuing my children from the fate which my father did not hesitate to assure me awaited them, whenever he perceived them capable of receiving my religious impressions.

I accordingly consulted the Archbishop of Dublin, as also the Chief Justice, to whom he sent me, and both confirmed my impressions that no other course remained open to me than that of escaping to France, and placing myself and them under the protection of the French Government, where it was probable my family would no longer seek to molest my maternal authority.

I began secretly and quietly to make my preparations in spite of my health, which was literally deplorable.

As I felt, however, that I was going uniquely to save my children's souls, I felt I had a right to expect from Heaven extraordinary help to accomplish my project, but which, humanly speaking, seemed to be an impossibility, so much was necessary to be first realized

When all material arrangements were ready I felt one thing more remained yet to be secured, and that was the permission of the Bishop of Edinburgh, who had received me into the Church, and through whom I had a right to expect to learn the will of God for me

I accordingly wrote the whole affair to him, the advice of the Archbishop of Dublin, as well as the legal opinion of the Chief Justice, explaining as well as I could my own position relative to my father and family, and concluded by saying all was in readiness for execution, awaiting only his "*Fiat*," feeling that once he had spoken favorably as from God, I should boldly advance forward without dread of evil, although naturally I had such just reasons to dread the bold design.

By return of post a most unexpected answer came to hand, positively forbidding me to move until Almighty God should distinctly show me the hour had come, by my father making a move to become possessed of the children. He then urged as a motive for so advising, my father having so generously of himself given me up the children, which, he said, made it my first duty to repay that act by unlimited attention and confidence in him, if thereby I might in any degree remove his unfounded prejudices. He continued to say, "that such was so decidedly his opinion, that he hesitated not to say, that he would be answerable for the children, soul for soul, before God, and for me to leave and abandon all the rest into His all-powerful hands."

Immediately I showed this most unexpected letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, he at once replied: "My child, this letter is the voice of God for you: do as it tells you, and you will never repent it."

Perfectly resigned, I returned home, convinced that in submitting myself to such authority I never could err, and that by that path alone I need expect God would show his power in my favor.

To my daily duties once more I sat down, without an anxious thought for the future, drawing all my strength each day from the fountain of all strength, consolation, and light, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the most holy Communion.

Each day I sent my children up to see their grandpapa and grandmamma, but without intruding myself, where I had been plainly told I was not welcome. I did all I could to be affable and affectionate to any of the family who favored me with a call, and my mother was very frequent in her visits, almost daily.

A year and a few months had thus passed, when one day I saw my father approach my humble home, where seldom he appeared, but never without causing my heart to beat, recollecting his threat, that some day he would rob me of my children! This thought often blanched my cheek, and made my lips to quiver, and this time above all it had reason to do so, for as I advanced to welcome him in, I perceived his were bloodless also, and one glance more sufficed to show me the fatal hour had tolled, and the struggle, equal perhaps for us both, for he still loved me at heart, had already commenced.

We sat down, both equally embarrassed, when after repeated efforts he began: "You know, Fanny, my child, the conditions on which I lent you your children, and you also know the pain it gives me to afflict you. . . But my duty is paramount, and it devolves upon me to save my son's children from the errors of the Roman religion. The time has now come, I fear, and as you will yourself acknowledge, when I relate to you a conversation I had yesterday with your eldest son, whom I find I must remove from under your direction.

"I was sitting," continued he, "in the garden, tears flowing from my eyes, when the dear boy came bounding towards me, but perceiving my tears, he said: 'You are crying, grandpapa, what is the matter with you?'

"'I am in sorrow,' said I, 'because I have a child who is a fool, and that child is your mother.'

"'Mamma a fool! O grandpapa, indeed she is not; wait till you see, do come and see her yourself.'

"'Oh yes, but she is a fool,' I answered, 'for she thinks a little bit of bread can be God!'

"'But grandpapa,' he said, 'did you ask mamma to explain that to you?'

"'No, certainly I did not, nor would I listen to any explanation about it,' said I.

"'Ah! grandpapa, if you would listen to mamma, then you would soon see she is not a fool.'

"Now, my child," continued my father, "you see yourself that this boy, young as he is, would rather believe the absurdity itself, than believe you a fool. Consequently you must allow I ought not any longer defer my duty."

All the time he was speaking, I was supplicating Heaven to give me help and strength; and when he stopped, I was making an effort to speak, when he at once prevented me by continuing: "Now, listen to me, and hear what I have to propose. First, I intend placing the boys for their education with a Protestant minister, and in which education I will in no way permit you to interfere. But you shall be allowed to see your children frequently, and even enjoy their society. Their sister being so very young yet, I will still leave her with you as a companion, until such time as I shall again feel it my painful duty to take her also."

By this time I had recollected myself, and in that recollection had gained strength, knowing that God was on my side. The bishop's words also came to my memory: "*Soul for soul will I answer for your children before God!*" So I was able to say: "But, dear papa, as I am so delicate now, you surely won't press me too hard; you will leave them with me yet a little while?"

His heart was both touched and relieved by finding me accept, as it were, so easily his proposition, so he at once replied: "No, certainly not; I will not press you, my child. I am only telling you the plan my painful duty imposes upon me."

I thanked him warmly for his indulgence, which I felt a loving Providence permitted, and thus we parted.

Forty-eight hours after that conversation, I was inhaling the pure, free air of France, my darling children with me, and where I could for the first time contemplate them with a feeling of confidence and security,

which in itself seemed to give me new strength and life.

But for the glory of God I must tell how all this was accomplished, through difficulties all but insurmountable.

Well, my poor father had hardly left the house till I was on the road again to consult the Archbishop of Dublin, as to whether what passed between me and my father would justify me in the eyes of God as sufficient cause to start at once for France.

His reply was that he considered me not only justified, but absolutely bound to fly at once, as the very case the Very Rev. Gillis had alluded to had now actually happened; after which he recommended no delay

I returned home in all haste, after getting the venerable prelate's best blessing for the occasion I was also just in time to catch the post, by which I wrote to my husband's uncle and partner in business, who had just returned from India to reside in London. On him I threw myself and orphans, seeing in him a natural protector, but counting much more on the power of God than even this uncle's generous and affectionate nature, which was everything that was good and kind to all who came within his reach. I candidly declared to him my desire of bringing my children up in that faith which I believed the true one, and my father's intention of robbing me of them. I implored of him to aid and protect me in my design of escaping to France for their education, all of which I asked in the name of him whose eyes he had closed in death, the strength of whose love for me and my children he knew better than any one else living.

By return of post I had his reply, which was just what I expected, denouncing entirely the part his brother was taking against me, and offering to meet me on Saturday morning in Liverpool, to conduct me to France, promising to me at the same time every assistance and protection to carry out my intention, which he highly approved of.

This goodness of my uncle was the first proof of the special interference and protection of Providence in my favor; for, certainly, six months previous to this time, he would never have taken this special part against the wishes of his brother, who was his senior by twenty

years, and to whom he ever looked up as to a father. But as God permitted it, only a short time before this a little difference arose between them on money matters, which circumstance predisposed my uncle to believe his brother capable at least of an error of judgment, and thus to sway his interest on my side of the present question.

It was Wednesday when I received my uncle's letter appointing Saturday morning for our meeting in Liverpool, consequently Friday evening for our departure from Kingstown by the Liverpool steamer.

The next morning, Thursday, my mother called early, full of her own tiny preoccupations, little dreaming of the great ones for which I was preparing, and which was nothing less than to escape the next evening, through a crowd of loungers, who then every day, at five o clock, walked up and down to see the passengers depart, and amongst them my father never failed to be, along with my two youngest sisters.

This circumstance haunted me like a frightful nightmare; but faith told me to banish it, and to believe that as my departure was ordered by God, he was able to carry us all unseen on board, even if a miracle were necessary to accomplish it. My health, however, was so wretched that it seemed to expose me to sharper attacks from the enemy, who did his best, in vain, thank God, to make me doubt of the Divine assistance.

My dear mother's business was to inform me that she had just had a letter announcing the arrival of several cousins in Dublin, who intended to dine with her that day. She begged of me to go with her to market, and to promise to go up myself shortly afterwards to spend a long day, where, she little thought, I was destined never again to be.

Although my heart was full to overflowing, I had to make a great effort to prevent myself giving way altogether; still, as I supposed I was not to leave Ireland till the next day, I accordingly promised, trusting that God would give me the strength to go through the ordeal without breaking down at the risk of my secret, when the thought might seize me, that so soon the ocean would separate me from them all, and some of them forever.

My darling mother's little affairs were hardly accomplished, and my promise of being up with her soon, and which I was able truthfully to renew, than she left me for her home.

At mid-day the post then arrived from England, bringing me a second letter from my uncle, stating that urgent business would oblige him to be in London on Saturday morning, consequently that he would be obliged to meet me on *Friday morning* instead, naming an hotel in Liverpool where we would find him.

Breathless with emotion, I read this momentous letter, every circumstance of which I had to bend to, and which caused my head at first to swim, at the rush of thought which followed its perusal. . . . First, it was not only that very evening we should leave Kingstown, but actually in a very few hours. Then there was my promise to my mother to be up with her soon: . . . and my boys already gone to school, and their clothes to change, pack, etc. . . .

These difficulties all rushed at once before my mind, and for a moment they seemed physically impossible of being surmounted. But in that hour of darkness and temptation another thought came sweetly to my relief, suggesting that at the very moment the family dinner would be going on, we should just be starting on board the steamer, thereby removing the greatest impediment to our successful escape.

In this circumstance I at once saw the mighty hand of God, visibly and consolingly ordering events with a precision and power not surpassed at the escape of the Israelites through the Red Sea; so that all my fears were at once dispersed and my soul became strong in the conviction that Divine Providence was guiding the helm of our enterprise, and would secure the accomplishment of everything necessary, if only I would not give way to a thought to the contrary

One deep uneasiness did, however, force itself upon my mind, and that was the want of Dr. Gillis' approbation, where he had so unexpectedly stopped my going before.

I tried to banish this desire as a simple temptation

sent me, if possible, to rob me of my peace, if it could not of my purpose. So at once I set about arranging everything with all the order the circumstances would admit of. First, I wrote a hasty line up to my dearest mother, asking her to excuse my not appearing according to my promise, alleging that a letter of importance had unexpectedly arrived, and which obliged me to go elsewhere. . . . Then I added in a postscript, that, should I be prevented assisting at dinner, I begged she would not be uneasy, as nothing but an urgent necessity would prevent my being present.

Then I wrote a long explanatory letter, which I intended to post, and which she would not receive till the next morning, when we would be safely (please God) arrived in Liverpool. In it I told her everything, why and where I was going, urged alone to take such a step by the imperative necessity of securing to my children their mother's protecting care, as also her precious faith.

I then informed her of my uncle's protection, which I knew would please her, as she was very fond of him; and I then assured her of the deep and real pain it gave me to take this step, but which her maternal heart well knew how to excuse, as also to shelter me in the opinion of all my family.

I concluded by assuring her she never should have ignored my intention, but that I wished to spare her the pain of either betraying me to my father, or of concealing it from him, from whom alone she should have no secrets.

Then I sent to the school for the boys, changed their clothes, gave them food, and sent them off with their little sister and governess, to await my arrival at a friend's house in Kingstown, close to the pier for embarking; after which I packed up the few things we dared to bring with us merely in carpet-bags, leaving the rest of the luggage in trunks to be sent after us when once our flight became generally known.

Then came the last and worst of all my duties, which was facing my landlord, for whom I had not one penny of rent, not having an idea two days previously of what

awaited me, or that ever I should have had to abdicate my house without honorably paying my rent.

But he was a Catholic, and had faith, and that faith gave him an interest in my position, and made him think more of helping me to save my children than ot persecuting me for the paltry consideration of his own pecuniary interests.

At once he began closing my carpet-bags, and actually carried them on his own shoulders backwards over the garden-wall, to evade the observation of passers-by had they been taken through the hall-door.

My servant too, who was only a week in the house, was sent a message by his thoughtful directions, so as to prevent her seeing our speedy preparations, and having thereby her suspicions excited.

Even in these small and apparently unimportant matters did I see the wonderful power of God overruling and guiding everything, long before even I myself was conscious of his designs. For had my old servant, who knew all my ways, not fallen ill the previous week and left me, thereby obliging this stranger who knew nothing of us to be got in, she never would have kept quiet, as did the poor creature to whom I said on parting, that if I was not home by ten, she could shut up the house, as I would be going to stop out the night!

But all was indeed arranged from the beginning to the end by an unerring power, so as even to spare me the forbidden necessity of telling the shadow of an untruth, for when I promised my mother to dine with her, I most strictly intended to keep my word.

Having thus given my orders to this unsuspecting domestic, I left the house, lowering my deep widow's veil, as if on some guilty errand, whilst angels were guiding my steps. Whilst stealing down the path leading to my landlord's house, I thought my heart would burst or escape out of its frail shell. There I found him awaiting anxiously my arrival, all my luggage carefully concealed in a carriage, into which he handed me with a blessing as warm and as full as any father could have bestowed upon his child leaving home for a long and perilous journey, as France then was considered from Ireland.

But oh! how sublimely grand does our common faith appear, when we consider this gentleman, the father of a large family, struggling with many difficulties, aiding and abetting my escape, utterly forgetful of his unpaid rent, because there was question of preserving the good old faith to three little orphan children, who have since been taught to render back his services, by ardent prayers for the happy entrance of his soul into heaven, where, let us hope, he has long since been recompensed by Him in whose name even a cup of cold water cannot be given without its reward!

Once at Kingstown, I began to feel I should breathe freely, though hardly in time to snatch a cup of tea, before starting from those kind friends who had received and kept my children with such Christian charity during several hours. When once the anchor weighed, I did, indeed, realize that the free passage through the Red Sea for the true children of God was not more wonderful, more entirely his own work, than was our departure to a land of strangers, exiled for the preservation of our faith, cheaply bought, cost it what it might!

On arriving at Liverpool in the morning, I began to search for the letter my uncle had sent me, in which was named the hotel at which we should find him. But no, it was gone, lost evidently in all the hurry I had gone through before leaving.

I had hardly time to realize the difficulty of my position, when a porter seized upon our luggage, and told us to follow him. Finding he had a fine Irish brogue to recommend him, I was glad to let him take our things; but said I, in starting, "You must take us to every hotel in Liverpool, as I have lost the address," supposing as I did, that, like Kingstown, it might only have one or two to puzzle us with.

"Every hotel in Liverpool, my darlint lady? then yees mean to be on your legs for a long while, and no mistake, and with all these wee jewels too. No, no, my lady darlint, there's a shorter way to go to work than that, I'll warrant you."

So taking upon himself to be both guide and spokes-

man, he called out to the children to get on in front, and added he, "Look up once for all at the Vargin Mother, just every bit as nigh at hand as in the good ould country. There, now, away with yees, and don't forget the *Ave*, wee ones, as yees go along."

And so on we went, every one of us silently repeating our Ave, full of hope and confidence in such a guide.

On we went, through dirty streets, not yet six o'clock of a cold September morning, until at last the children seemed inclined to halt, when I ventured to ask: "Well, are we near where you are going to?"

"To be sure yees are, just at it; look up at yon great hotel afore us there."

And, sure enough, I saw it straight before us, and my uncle standing, without a hat, on the steps to meet us, where he had only that instant stepped out to see if there was any chance of us appearing.

At the sight of him I flew into his arms, and after he had embraced each of the children in turn, I looked about for our friend the porter, who seemed enjoying the meeting as much as any of us.

Suddenly, however, he put his hand to his hat, in the true Paddy style, and said: "Well, now, your ladyship will believe an Irishman again, when he engages to take you the shortest way. For, sure I knew, the first minute I seen yees, that the Vargin had her eyes on yees right sure."

Knowing well what that speech meant, I paid him well, thanking him in God's name for his good guidance of us in our really difficult position. We then all sat down to a good breakfast, before taking the train for London.

Once there, quietly seated, whilst in the act of thanking God over and over again for all his mercies, my heart suddenly sank, in the midst even of such evident protection from heaven, when I remembered that at that very moment, probably, my poor mother and family were being plunged into an agony of grief by the receipt of my letter, just about then being delivered by the post. Then, thought I, what proof have I that this frightful

step is the will of God after all? Oh! thought I, if only I could have consulted Dr. Gillis, perhaps he might again have decided against it as before.

My mind thus fluctuating secretly between joy and fear, one moment delighted to be out of my father's power, and the next wishing that only I had had the happiness of hearing the good bishop say: "Go, child, the hour has at last tolled for you to risk everything to secure your children the true faith. Go, and may God speed you all!" But no, that consolation I did not deserve: therefore I tried to calm myself, and to accept the pain and uncertainty I was in as the will of God, since evidently he was pleased to deprive me of that which would indeed have made the rest easy.

Thus passed half our journey, alternately in thanksgiving and again in anxious thoughts I could not control, when we stopped at Birmingham, where we were to alight and snatch, as best we could, a hearty dinner before proceeding on for London.

Just, however, as our train stopped, another arrived also, apparently meeting ours, and which discharged its contents on the same platform with our own, causing some six or seven hundred persons to be all rushing with the one intent of securing dinner during the few minutes allotted for it.

Surrounded by my children, whom I was endeavoring to keep together, and yet not lose sight of my uncle, I suddenly knocked up against another party, when upon raising my eyes to ask pardon for my rudeness, whom did I behold before me but Dr. Gillis, the Bishop of Edinburgh?

"Oh, my Lord," said I, in breathless haste, "we are flying to France, and I only want your blessing and your permission to go, to make me sure that I am doing the will of God, and consequently immensely happy." After a few words of explanation respecting the urgent necessity of starting as I did, I continued: "Do now bless us, and say I have done right, and am I to go on to a foreign land all alone, and away from all I care for on earth?"

"Yes, my child, by all means," said he, boldly; "go

on, for the hour has come when you must go to save the faith of your children," and raising his hand, I knelt down, dragging the dear children with me, when he blessed us there in face of that crowd, with a blessing which never left us more!

And the crowd? Well, the crowd rushed on after dinner, and luggage; both probably it may have attained, quite unconscious of what was my joy and very great reward!

And oh! my heart was overflowing, and my soul was bursting with gratitude; for how could I ever do enough for him who had thus done so much for me, even relieving me of an anxiety I felt so willing and so ready to bear, because of my great unworthiness.

When my uncle joined us, I introduced the good bishop to him, who staid with us at luncheon; and when we had time to speak quietly of our unexpected meeting, it turned out that he was on his way to Rome, when an unexpected call obliged him to return to Edinburgh, to attend the death-bed of a friend he had left in perfect health when starting.

To this circumstance I owed much peace of mind, and the Bishop's good blessing seemed never afterwards to have forsaken us. And oh! how truly wonderful are the ways of God, and to what condescending means will he often resort to prove his watchful care over the most trustworthy of his creatures, provided only they are ready to bear some little sacrifice for his honor and glory. How safely may one confide to his keeping the most precious interests of both soul and body!

On arriving in London, our uncle at once conducted us to the steamer at London Bridge, and then bade us adieu; from whence we started for Boulogne, where we arrived the next morning, feeling new life at every step we took.

A month, however, had not passed until I found it would be necessary to proceed further into France, in order to secure the future success of my mission.

The truly painful letters I was receiving from home, and the humiliating suspicions therein attached to my flight, proved to me that unless I moved further inland,

I might find myself, although in France, robbed some day of my children, for if they really believed the strange things they attributed to me, their duty would certainly have been to become possessed of my children by what means they could; and as from Boulogne three steamers left per day for England, how could I feel secure about my children's safety for one day only?

Once this dread presented itself, I could no longer enjoy peace or security; and why not suppose that it was inspired by God for the children's safety, as that all the rest was ordained and appointed by him? How do I know but, had I neglected the inspiration, that my fears would most perfectly have been justified? God only knows. However, my good angel whispered to me to fly further off with the children, if I would wish them secure. . . . All I know is, I heard the voice which I thought from God, and instantly I obeyed the summons.

I immediately wrote to Scotland to a friend of Mrs. Grey's I had heard speak of Brittany as a delightful residence, and one which offered great advantages for education amongst other things. She lost no time in forwarding me introductions for Quimper, a beautiful town near the western coast of France, and thither we steered, guided by the bright star of faith, and where I had ever afterwards reason to thank Almighty God for the many devoted and kind friends he raised up for us while residing there.

It was during my sojourn in Brittany that I again experienced His powerful protection over me and my children. Inasmuch as it was judged expedient, for the greater security of the children in case of my death, to place in France all our little property, to do which I had to confide in a total stranger, which I entirely did after imploring the assistance of heaven on the undertaking. An old military doctor who had served under the first Napoleon, and who was a true friend to us during our exile, possessing the most generous nature added to many brilliant qualities, but who had never practised his religion since the day of his first communion, assured me one day, with big tears streaming

from his eyes, that although he had witnessed a series of wonders, if not miracles, during the conversion of a whole Protestant family to the Catholic faith, still he had never felt his heart touched with the desire of making his peace with God, until forced to do so by the mighty protection of heaven granted me, a poor unprotected young widow, by being directed to place my confidence for all our earthly possessions in the one only man in the country out of hundreds who would certainly have left us penniless had a similar power been given them. I may add, this excellent man became a good and practical Christian, which he persevered in until the last moment of his life.

Just in the same way, some years afterwards, when the French Revolution obliged me to withdraw my little all from France to place it in America, where it remained until one day I felt urged to withdraw it thence without being able to assign any reason for it. The feeling was so strong I could not rest. I went, quite ashamed of my fears, to my banker in London, and begged he would at once sell out all my American securities.

In vain he asked me why, and from what motive; I could assign none, but only repeated my request, in spite of many assurances that that was not the time, etc. . . . The change was effected, and one fortnight had not elapsed afterwards until the fatal war broke out there. . . . But it could not then in any way affect us: we were preserved by an unknown Providence watching over us.

It was in Brittany also, though not in the same town, that I found at Redon a first-class college kept by a body of religious men, and where my sons later on were educated in a way to make of them men devoted to the interests of Christ's Church upon earth, no small matter for a widowed mother to attain. . . . Indeed, such was the bounty of Providence towards them and me, unworthy though I be to declare it, that one already is a priest and a Jesuit, and the other fast approaching the same favored destiny, which may God in his mercy ever preserve them in, by that grace above all others of

final perseverance! Thus have I lived to see realized that first inspiration which I was urged to solicit for my first-born ere he had seen the light—namely, that he might one day be consecrated to God's holy service, separated from all natural ties, to live only for God and the service of his Church, a priest forever after the order of Melchisedech,(*Heb. v.* 1, also *vii.* 3.)

And poor Mr. Grey! Can any one who has followed me so far be indifferent as to his fate, whose nature was the most kindly to all men? Alas! would that I could be so myself, and my recollections of bygone days and dear bygone hopes and fears would be that much lessened in anguish, which knows no relief here below!

Well, before I could bring myself to leave that dear home of my soul's true birth to life and liberty, Mr. Grey's house, I sought a few words of explanation and of serious import with him in private. As briefly as possible I urged everything, the solemn, serious, and true, upon him. I reminded him of the sincerity of my heart and mind on arriving at his house, of the acknowledged object of my visit, of the research and study I had gone through to secure myself from deception or delusion, in a word, of the indefatigable labor and efforts I had employed to overcome and frustrate the growing power and influence of the truth of Catholicity upon me; so *indefatigable* indeed, that ever afterwards he gave me that title as a familiar name by which to acknowledge the truth and justice of all I had said to him on the subject. Last of all, I traced for him the probable, or at any rate possible price, my new-found treasure of faith might cost me; and driven as it were to an excess of earnestness, as I thought of his precious soul and of the extraordinary chance God in his goodness had thus given him of knowing so much he would never have learned of himself, that I cried:

"Oh! dear Mr. Grey, you, whose holy wife led me to this treasure—you, who have witnessed my clinging to Protestantism and the hard resistance I endured before I could yield it up, and which I did not until I had proved it a shadow—you, who never cared for your own religion, because of its want of power to satisfy, and who

acknowledge the vitality and efficiency of Catholicity, oh! say, will you let me go without availing yourself of my experience? will you not promise to follow my example, which will not cost *you* a sacrifice or a sorrow? Oh! do give me that consoling hope to carry away with me, to cheer me through my many trials and difficulties." . . .

He heard me patiently; and when all was over, he said: "Dear Mrs. Pittar, I acknowledge the truth of every word you have said; I feel the justice of your argument: I even wish I could do as you have done, and I envy from my heart the graces you have received: but not having obtained the same, I cannot follow you, at least not now. May God bless you," continued he, falteringly, "for your courage, your devotion, your zeal, and your indefatigability, all of which I respect and envy, but cannot share!"

Surprised as much as pained, I left, to relate to his poor wife my little success. How inexplicable, again may I here cry out, are the most wonderful ways of God!

I was hardly gone from their house, than he came one day to his wife, like a poor suffering child who knows not what is the matter with it: "Mag," said he, "if I stay here any longer I shall go mad. I must go back to India, as there at least I shall have work to distract my thoughts. Oh, dearest! let me go, and there is nothing I will not do for you to make you happy and comfortable here during my absence."

There was no resisting such an appeal, especially as she herself had already judged of its necessity.

"Go, John dear," said she; "go, but I will not stay here without you. I will go to London to be near my children, and there we will await the will of God."

No sooner said than accomplished; thus, once again was I the innocent cause of their beautiful home with its valuable contents being dispersed and scattered to the winds. A house was taken and furnished in London, where not many months afterwards she gave birth to her third daughter.

While yet confined to her room, sad business brought

me to London, to take out legal steps necessary for empowering my uncle to act in India as executor to my late husband's will.

Good Mr. Grey only awaited his wife's recovery to start for India, where he was panting to be. On hearing my name announced, he came down to the hall to meet me, when, totally overcome at the sight of my deep mourning garb, he sought to hide it from me by attempting a joke, saying: "Now, I hope, dear Mrs. Pittar, that you have not got a priest under your cloak, for Mag knows this child is to be all mine; she is not to interfere with it at all."

About a week after, I called again before returning to Ireland. I found Mr. Grey gone, and his amiable wife much affected; for she had just received a letter from him, written a moment before embarking, desiring her to have the infant baptized a Catholic, and naming a holy priest he knew for its godfather!

"Mrs. Pittar," said she, "is this a man to forsake or abandon? Was there ever such a husband? Oh! I will die before I leave him to a merciless world. I will follow him out as fast as I can, and I will sacrifice every other consideration to his happiness."

She was very weak and delicate when she resolved this, but I knew her, and felt she would not stop till she accomplished her design.

Two months were not gone over until she was off once again on the great ocean, taking only her newborn infant and a Protestant nurse with her. She placed her sons at the Catholic College of Stonyhurst, and her two daughters at a convent for their education, and thus she embarked, truly sacrificing everything for him whom she loved better than herself.

On her passage out she met a young officer as thoughtless and worldly as she herself had once been. The moment she saw him she said to herself, "This almost boy is capable of great things for God. I will try if his soul can be bought at a price."

And accordingly a price was found which was acceptably received on high, for it was thus she won so many souls for God! However, before the voyage was over,

his regimentals, the pride of his heart, were thrown aside, and all his hopes for life were changed. He became a Catholic, and as soon after as possible a missionary priest!

Another military man came happily across her path; he was middle-aged, and had won honors by his valor in many engagements. In the same way God was pleased to bless her earnest desire of bringing him to the true faith. In almost her last letter to me she spoke of the fervor and devotion of her third conquest (I was her first), and she said he had just written her from up the country, saying that he had obtained the conversion of sixty of his men!

Thus it was that her short span of Indian life after her return was full of good works and the most wonderful conquests over souls, to the amount of thirty-one or two persons in the short space of four years. However, she was not long for this world, and began soon to show symptoms of great delicacy. She was at last ordered to leave the country, if she would not pay the forfeit of her life. She refused to do so, as her life was not dear to her further than she could spend it for God's glory. Her husband, however, obtained of the Bishop of Calcutta to interfere, when at once she yielded, and started for some distant island to which she would only be a month going. Finding herself much worse on arriving there, she simply embarked to receive all the rites of the Catholic Church, to secure for herself a happy death, and instantly took ship again to return, if possible, to Calcutta alive. But no, she expired on board ship, only seven days before reaching Calcutta, deprived of every consolation a dying Catholic could wish for, and yet praising and glorifying God that she had that sacrifice to offer him.

The country captain of this ship, when he heard she had breathed her last, said: "Well, to a watery grave she shall never go, for if she was not a saint, I do not know who was." And accordingly he had a metal coffin constructed on board, which, being filled with spirits, enabled her venerated remains to be carried home in the most solemn way possible under the circumstances.

The evening that little bark took anchor Calcutta saw a sight it never saw before nor never may again. The Catholic bishop, vested in his canonicals, preceded by a long procession of his clergy, acolytes, etc., *walked down* to the river's edge, despite the gay throng of carriages, etc., through which he had to pass during that only moment of the day when the European may venture out uncovered, to claim the respected remains of this so recently received child of the Church, which, true mother-like, longed to satisfy the tenderness of her maternal love by offering this new soul committed to her care Christian burial, with all the devotion and honors possible on the occasion.

Thus closed a life of twenty-eight years, four of which, though short in duration, were long and full of good works, which have followed her to the resurrection, to influence her happy soul thus marked for glory through an endless eternity!

And once again her poor, good husband! Well, yes, he survived her loss, in the truest sorrow possible, but promising and hoping soon to join her again in a better world by following her example here below.

But did he? Alas! no; his nature ever was to put off and delay, as if such matters would take care of themselves, or as if time were at his own disposal to choose when would be the most convenient season. In one final word, he procrastinated, and died a very few years after her, the death of a procrastinator: cholera found him with nothing done, and carried him off after three hours' illness.

Oh! when will the world be wise, and learn that what is necessary to prepare the soul for death should never be postponed, but be performed at once, since an eternity depends upon it?

May I now hope I have acquitted myself of the task appointed me, of proving by the few circumstances here related of my early life, though not in immediate connection with my change of religion, still proving that that change was not lightly nor thoughtlessly undertaken, proving rather that it was the result of a life of prayer, of serious and persevering reading of the holy Scriptures,

of a close and continued seeking after God, which unfitted the soul for sitting down contented, short of that which God had created and appointed for it, namely, a vital, practical, and all-efficient religion—a religion which could bear the test of trial and affliction, and, above all, which would tally in the greatest as well as in the least matters with the whole letter and word of Scripture?

That the Protestantism of my day did not, nor ever could do so, I think I have fairly proved in the sequel. Let me then hope that the unveiling of what has been most private and interior in my early life, of what it has cost me much to expose, and which obedience to superior authority alone could have obtained from me, may not be altogether lost, but may at least be blessed to some few, and serve to prove to them the all-powerful efficacy of prayer, the power and truthfulness of God, the most tender of Fathers, ever ready to hear and answer prayer, and who will never refuse to crown that violence which he himself both authorizes and recommends, with effectual and perfect success.

Oh! how fully shall I have attained my object, and how abundantly shall I be recompensed, if only these poor lines may urge and encourage on some few struggling and agonizing souls, so that they may never tire, never give up, until like myself safe within the true fold, they can sincerely and confidently add their testimony to all that has ever gone before them, that the Pearl of Price, the treasure of faith, is ever cheaply bought, won at what price it may; that no one is ever too little for God Almighty to bless and protect, whose thirst after truth is such as willingly to be ready to sacrifice everything else to attain it. To such he will never let himself be outdone in generosity, but will soon make them know and fully taste all the sweetness and unfathomable delights he has in store for their souls in return, and which is nothing less than the all-crowning gift of himself, alone possessed and alone found in the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ here below.

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

A PROTESTANT

CONVERTED TO

CATHOLICITY

BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED

TO CATHOLICITY BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK.

EARLY in 1842, under the good providence of God, I left Dublin, a sincere and zealous Protestant, to visit a friend then residing in Edinburgh.

She and I had been acquainted in India, from whence we had both returned the previous year; but our acquaintance had not then grown into friendship, for the poles are not more opposed than we were at that time to each other. She, young and gay, endued with every quality to make her pleasing, largely favored by fortune, followed, and was sought by, the world. I, on the contrary, wearing the mournful aspect of a restless soul, one great thought ever haunting me of eternity, without any certain assurance of possessing that which would enable me to meet it well. I was the very last person likely to attract or please her, she the last I should be desirous of forming a friendship with.

What we had heard of each other before our introduction, by no means tended to recommend us to each other.

We at last however met, and my eye, not yet habituated to the chaste white dress of India, gazed with mixed admiration, pleasure, and surprise upon her.

After our introduction, she gradually became pensive, and seemed to be considering with pity and pain all that she had heard of me, and deploring as it were the bias of my mind, which prevented me from enjoying the world as she did.

I too had my thoughts, and they were those of regret, that one who looked so like an angel exteriorly, should live and think of nothing beyond this world. From thence arose a hope that I might be made the means of drawing her to serious thoughts, through occasions of sudden death, which I had been led to suppose would not be long wanting there, to enable me to lead her to serious subjects, and with that hope I determined to seek and cultivate her acquaintance. Mutually attracted, our eyes frequently met, while a half-smile of recognition, which we neither of us dared encourage, yet could not restrain, simultaneously forced itself from both, leaving a strange impression behind it, whilst at the same time a certain soft peacefulness stole all over me, as on this and many other occasions I contemplated her intelligent expression, and felt what I could not then define, but still as if one day I should owe all to her.

Two years passed over, during which time we often met, but my health becoming impaired, I was ordered home; and when I went to pay my last visit to her, and communicate the painful fact of my departure (for I was leaving my husband behind me), she looked thoughtful, and smiled; and when I showed her how deeply I felt her want of sympathy, she said: "Forgive me, and promise me to return in a few days." I promised to do so, for after my husband there was no one in India I regretted so much leaving.

According to promise, I returned to pay her my last visit, and on this occasion my heart was still more sad and heavy than on the preceding one; but how was my pain increased to find she saluted me with a half-laugh; and when I turned from her with a look of anguish, as much as to say, "Is it for this you have brought me here?" she quickly answered, while tears flowed from her eyes, "Oh! do forgive me, and cheer up, my dear friend, for we shall be eternally united." These words, so unexpected,

made me fix my eyes upon her, as if I was in a dream, when she took me by the hand and drew me near her, and in a whisper said, "What do you think?—we are going also." "Where," said I, "where?" hardly knowing what I said. "Why, to England," she replied. "Impossible," I replied, "I cannot believe it." "Oh!" said she, "I just took it into my head after you left me the other day, and I told John [her husband] that he must come, and when he asked me why, I did not know what to say, for I don't know why myself, only I can tell you he has consented, and all our establishment is to be sold next week; so you see we shall *meet again.*" Hardly able to believe this strange announcement, I left her, bitterly regretting we could not go in the same ship. They, however, followed in less than a month, and during the voyage home, were sown in her heart the seeds of life, as already related.

The following year, some months after their arrival in Edinburgh, she wrote to me to Dublin, where I resided, to beg I would pay her a visit which might benefit my delicate health. Her letter was short, but very kind, without any other contents than simply her invitation, and begging of me not to refuse. By the same post, however, another letter reached me from a brother in London, informing me that my friend had since her return to Scotland become *a Papist!*

This was most painful news, though not surprising, for I had often detected in her an ardent mind and an affectionate heart, hidden beneath an apparently light and frivolous exterior. That she had therefore been caught by the outward beauties of the Catholic religion seemed easily accounted for; but why she did not speak of this change in her letter, I could not explain, unless that she was ashamed of it, and preferred explaining it verbally. Reasoning thus, instead of being discouraged by this announcement, I at once consoled myself, and decided, with the advice of my parents, upon accepting her invitation, as I felt certain, now that she had permitted herself to think of God at all, nothing would be easier than to bring her back to what I then believed to be the most pure and perfect religion, which she, poor thing,

had never prized, because of the general lightness of her mind.

This view of the subject not only filled me with the most lively hopes on her own account, but also seemed to hallow in a measure my intended visit, and in order that I might lawfully expect the divine blessing upon my mission of leading back this wandering soul into the Protestant fold, from which she had strayed, as I thought, more through ignorance than conviction, I began to prepare myself for the duty it seemed so evident Providence had called me to. A Protestant minister was sought, and the Bible consulted and dissected, to find out every passage that could confound her new and idolatrous religion. Weapons were procured, the best that our Protestant armory afforded. Books pronounced to contain the cream of argument against Catholicity were marked and studied, and, in short, my lesson learned upon the best and surest way of proving her mistake and folly. Thus I started, earnestly imploring I might be made the humble instrument of leading her *back to truth*, little thinking that the prayer I offered so sincerely for another's profit would so soon and so abundantly return upon my own soul.

A short time after my arrival I endured that heart-sickening feeling that comes over people when they learn for certain that any one dear to them has become a Catholic; a feeling which seems to say, "'Tis a malady without remedy;" for up to this time I still flattered myself that perhaps my brother had been misinformed upon the subject; however, I was determined not to yield to despair, until at least I had first exhausted the ammunition I had in store, and to make use of which I determined to wait the occasions Providence should throw in my way.

Besides the books I had brought with me, I conceived I thoroughly understood the Catholic doctrine; at least I knew I had heard enough of it to be satisfied it was both false and sinful, and so universally had I heard it abused by persons in every way my superiors, that I thought I should be perfectly safe in pronouncing it a shocking, soul-destroying system. Besides all this, com-

ing from a Catholic city, as Dublin may be called, I felt I had a double right to assert with boldness all the abominations of this "scarlet lady," as I had heard it called, not that I had ever personally witnessed any of its baneful effects, or even derived my knowledge from Catholics—no, but the opinions I held were so universally the opinions of all those with whom I had ever conversed upon the subject, that I conceived it an uncontroverted point; added to which, I had read *such things* of it that I thought what was in print must be true, especially as *the author was always some celebrated Protestant minister!*

Such was the justice of my poor judgment then; and alas! how universally amongst Protestants is the mind biased and prejudiced, and salvation compromised, upon information no better founded than was mine. But, glory be to God, more just and liberal light has since dawned upon me, as I pray God it may ere long on many, who need but the veil taken from their eyes, the prejudices of their early impressions removed, the proofs given them that the Catholic Church, though a scoff and derision amongst men, is nevertheless the *one only real and true Church of Christ*—to see her perfections and embrace her precepts and her persecutions; and I may add that one of the surest and speediest ways of obtaining the above result, is simply to place in the hands of such as are really sincere for *candid examination*, not only their Bible and prayer-book, but even some of those books containing the *cream* of argument against Catholicity.

The cool misstatements with which Protestants assert what Catholics believe and practise, the absurdities they charge upon them, and the labored arguments they get up against a phantom, is very wonderful, but when once detected, goes more to lead a mind in search of truth to Catholicity, than all that could be stated in its favor.

But to continue. After a fortnight or so given to seeing the "lions" of the noble city, I thought of the mission I had come upon, and looked with anxiety for an opportunity of addressing my friend upon the important subject of her change in religion. A favorable

moment soon arrived, when I addressed her very seriously on the fatal step she had taken, and then one by one enumerated to her the soul-destroying doctrines of the Church of Rome. With great composure she listened, and then firmly replied, that such and such as I had just named were not Catholic doctrines at all, and that if I would allow her, she would give me proof for her assertion.

This was a turn I never expected the affair to take, and one for which I confess I was unprepared. I thought she would have tried to defend this and that doctrine; but at once boldly to deny they were Catholic doctrines at all, startled me not a little; however, although I felt much puzzled, I took care she should not see I was so, although in my heart I felt, either that she was not yet initiated into the mysteries of her most mysterious religion, or else that I had been grossly deceived from my cradle upwards upon the subject.

Amongst the lions of the city her good husband took me to hear the Rev. Mr. C——, of the Episcopal Church. He was called a great preacher, and certainly gave us a very good sermon. Next in order came the Rev. Mr. D——, of the same Establishment, celebrated more for the depth of his piety and spirituality, which made him pleasing to all sorts of thinkers, than for his extraordinary eloquence. From him also we had an excellent, and to me most pleasing sermon. Then again the Rev. D. C——, a Presbyterian minister of universal renown; and last of all, the Episcopalian bishop.

Descanting on the merits of these different preachers, all of whom I found my friend had heard before her change in religion, and regretting we had already heard all the celebrated preachers, she timidly inquired whether I would venture to hear a sermon in her church. Anxious to prove to her the stability of the faith which she had forsaken, and that I should be unshaken by any thing a Catholic priest could say, I assented, because I had visited Catholic churches on the Continent, and knew my parents to have conducted their children to them as things worthy of notice; so that the idea of fear, or hazarding my principles by so doing, never

once entered my head: indeed I should have felt ashamed of such a fear, had I entertained it for a moment

The preacher, the Right Rev. Dr Gillis, chose for his subject a topic which, when he announced it, filled my soul with a feeling of triumph, for I thought it needed no better proof of the ungodliness of the Catholic religion.

He commenced by calling the attention of his congregation to the Protestant and Catholic Calendars, one of two little books he held in his hand, the one a Protestant almanack printed for the same city. I shall here give a copy of each portion quoted, as I felt so doubtful on the subject at the time, that I afterwards obtained the books in order to have ocular proof on the subject

PROTESTANT CALENDAR.	CATHOLIC CALENDAR.
FEBRUARY.	FEBRUARY.
1 *Fisheries North of the Tweed open.*	1 St. Ignatius.
2 *Partridgeand Pheasant Shooting ends*	2 Purification of the B.V. Mary
3 Sexagesima Sunday.	3 Sexagesima Sunday, and St. Blase.
4 *Purification of the Blessed Virgin*, or *Candlemas.*	4 St. Andrew Corsini.
5 Dr. Cullen died, 1790.	5 St. Agatha.
6 Dr. Priestly died, 1804.	6 S. Dorothy.
7 Bishop Keith born, 1781.	7 St. Ronald.
8 *Mary Queen of Scots beheaded.*	8 St. John of Matha.
9 Dr. Gregory died, 1733.	9 St. Apollonica.
10 Quinquagesima Sunday.	10 Quinquagesima Sunday, and St. Scholastica.
11 Descartes died, 1615.	11 St. Raymund of Penafort.
12 Shrove Tuesday.	12 St. Catherine.
13 *Ash Wednesday.*	13 Ash Wednesday—St. Benedict.
14 *St. Valentine!*	14 St. Valentine.
15 *Tweed Net and Rod Fishery opens*	15 SS. Faustinus and Jovita.
16 *Melancthon born*, 1497.	16 St. Onesuimus.
17 First Sunday in Lent.	17 First Sunday in Lent—St. Fintan.
18 *Luther born.*	18 St Simon.
19 *Sun enters Pisces.*	19 St Barras.

20 Rev. Charles Wolf died, 1823.	20 St. Tyranio, etc.
21 James I. Assassinated, 1427.	21 St. Severianus.
22 *Adam Ferguson died.*	22 The Chair of St. Peter.
23 *The Duke of Cambridge born.*	23 St. Serenus.
24 Second Sunday in Lent	24 Second Sunday in Lent—St. Mathias.
25 St. Mathias, Apostle	25 St. Tarasius.
26 Sir. J. Craig died.	26 St. Alexander.
27 *Dr. Virbulgnotdied.*	27 St. Leancr
28 *Montaigue born,*	28 St. Prorius.

After having calmly read out the above lists, with strong emphasis from time to time laid upon certain days, the learned prelate began his never-to-be-forgotten sermon. I am afraid I must, with the best intention possible, fall very short of giving any just idea of what this sermon was; for unless my memory, in which I am lamentably deficient, was to furnish me with his own words, I should need to be a theologian, a biographer, and logician, etc., to speak on the subject as he did. All I can now recollect of it is its general tendency, the powerful argument, and still more convincing facts adduced; in short, its overwhelming effects: but, as I said before, I will do my best to give an outline of it.

He commenced by stating, that as an index pointed out the contents of a book, so a calendar disclosed the habits and practices of the nation or city to which it belongs. He then showed how every day in the Catholic calendar is dedicated to God by some pious and holy remembrance; every day the Catholic Church is opened, and every day she invites her faithful children to join her, in offering to the offended majesty of heaven the all-meritorious, acceptable, and satisfactory sacrifice and atonement of Jesus Christ, crucified for our redemption. Every day the lowly Catholic can make an acceptable offering to God, in and through this all-appeasing sacrifice, of his life and his new day, of his labor, and of his love,—and oh! how provokingly did that captivate my heart, and seem to be just what suited my wants, and would satisfy all my desires; but it was Catholic, and that was sufficient to make me think there must be some evil hid under the semblance of so much goodness and sweetness.

He then in the most touching manner alluded to the lives of those saints who were named in the calendar, none of whom I then knew anything of, but through whom so much honor and glory had been given to God, in that creatures so weak and frail in themselves had, by his grace strengthening them, been enabled to face all sorts of tortures and deaths, sooner than renounce their dearly-bought faith.

A little word was then said upon the virtues which shone brightest in each; upon their mortifications, their fasts, their life of prayer, their abundant charity, and, in short, upon the great and superhuman acts which history hesitates not to record of many of them, whereby God seems not only willing but jealous to testify to the world that they were his faithful servants, and that through their prayers he would do what otherwise never would be granted

Then he turned to his own people, and said to them: "Ah! dear brethren, what a practical lesson is here for each and every one of us. What a reproach to our coldness in His service who has bled for us, and who has prepared for us so many examples and so many ways of devoting ourselves to Him: to our want of love, of gratitude, of ardor, of perseverance, of"— Here tears flowed from his eyes, and a deep-drawn sigh seemed to finish a sentence, and express a feeling words could not convey; and then I thought to myself, if that be hypocrisy, how deep it must be! And feeling as if I wanted to weep, too, I wept, but it was with sorrow that the man had ever been born who could so speak and so feel upon anything Catholic.

He then turned, after a considerable pause, to the Protestant calendar: "*The Fisheries north of the Tweed open.*" An announcement purely material and interesting only to fishermen and lovers of salmon. Next, "*Partridge and Pheasant shooting ends.*" Sorrowful tidings to the sportsman and the *gourmand.* Then, "*The Purification of the Blessed Virgin*!" Why announce a religious ceremony or feast in no way observed by their Church? and why call the Virgin *Blessed*, when they so openly abuse the Catholics for so doing? Then he said a little word

on the death of "*Dr. Cullen*, and *Dr Priestly*, and *Bishop Keith*," etc., and, oh! how truly ludicrous did he make all this appear when compared with the devotion and spirituality of the Catholic announcements. Arrived, however, at the eighth day, "*Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded.*" Oh! it was then that he burst forth into a torrent of eloquence and of woe, worthy a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and which made me, and I am sure every one else present, forget all prejudices and everything else, to take part in the trials and sufferings of that martyred queen as he painted them, and how unlike the account I had read in my history of England!

He then again changed from the pathetic, which, in spite of all my endeavors to the contrary, penetrated to my very soul, to speak of those days in the calendar which followed. It is not necessary to refer to them all; only that which made the most impression upon myself, and which was next in order—"*St. Valentine's Day!*" At the mention of this day, after a pause, he looked about him, with a look which seemed to me almost malicious; and then in a very quiet way spoke of some of the most remarkable circumstances in this saint's life, and of the application and profit to be derived from them by every Catholic who listened to him, and who was equally called by God to sanctify himself as had done this saint. Then lowering his voice he said: "These are what *we* celebrate on St. Valentine's day, but the Protestant, the young Protestant, if there be any present, let him speak for himself, let him say what idea comes, and is fostered at each return of St. Valentine's day." Here I felt really angry, for it seemed like taking an unfair advantage to be talking so where no one could refute what was said; but when he said let them speak for themselves, I looked in vain for some one courageous enough to follow his advice, and wished I could have stopped him in any way, and yet when I entered into myself, and thought, if I were to stand up, what testimony could I in truth have given, but such as would bear evidence in favor of what he had just advanced, and against our observance of that day being a religious one.

A passing word then, upon the profit of being reminded

that the "Sun enters Pisces." Good for astronomers, no doubt, who might have forgotten their calculation; but query, would it ever make a man a holier or better liver? Then came "the birth of the Duke of Cambridge." By which he acknowledged he was baffled to find out who could profit, but he supposed the Protestants could tell! At length he drew to the close by naming "Shrove Tuesday," or *pancake day*. Pancakes, he said, were very good things (nevertheless, if eaten on that day, after twelve o'clock at night, they would bring death to the soul)

From that he spoke of obedience to the Church, and how that in the smallest and apparently most unimportant things, the Catholic was constantly called upon, and obliged to submit himself to God, through the voice of the Church· to prove which, he said, one might imagine it a very small matter the eating of an apple, or rather the eating of one apple instead of another, and yet, my brethren, continued he, we do not think it a very small thing that we are obliged to die, to moulder with our mother dust, and become the food of worms; and yet all that is the result of one act of disobedience on the part of our first father, Adam, of his having eaten one forbidden apple, while numbers of others were at his disposition to do with as he pleased. So likewise with the pancake, it is pleasant to the taste, and good for food up to twelve o'clock, but, because the next day is ordained a fast by the Church, to eat of it in defiance of that appointment after that hour, is a sin unto death

At last came "Ash Wednesday," at the mention of which the good Bishop seemed animated with new life. "Ash Wednesday," said he again. "What does it mean? If the Catholic wants to know, he will come to his church, and there he will be told that '*He is dust, and unto dust he must return*,' and then he will have ashes put upon his forehead to enable him to realize, *to feel* the truth which he has just heard (so unlike the many who do all they can to forget it), and after he has fully realized his complete misery, he will be shown how by penance he may appease God's wrath for so many transgressions as his heart will doubtless accuse him of. Nor will the Church leave him there, but like a good mother she will call him to con-

tinual prayer, furnish him with additional occasions of instruction suited to a time of humiliation, and last of all, appoint him certain fasts, the necessity of which she will prove from the whole Scripture testimony, beginning with the ancient Law, the Saviour's example, that of all the saints, and last of all, by his own priest, who will not fail to urge upon him so important a duty both by word and example.

But you, Protestant, if there be such to hear me (and there was one who writhed under his word, and to whom he was by the gracious providence of God bearing a message), what will you hear in your church of ashes, or penances, or such like things, on Ash Wednesday? What injunctions will be given you to *fast* and afflict yourself before God, whereby you may appease his wrath for a life of sin? Alas! none, I venture to say, for your minister dares not, if he would, order you to do what he does not do himself, consequently he will take care to keep quiet on that subject, although our Saviour both practised and enjoined it.

O poor Protestant! think of this, and ask yourself why your church is open on that day more than another, and why there is mention of *Ash Wednesday* in your prayer-book at all, when it is only an empty sound without any vital meaning. But if you would really like to know why, I will tell you, and it is simply this, that book does not belong to you, it was never written by your Church, but borrowed from us Catholics, taken from our missal, because at the *Reformation* (falsely so called) they were afraid to leave out too many of our holy days and practices, and so a few were retained just to quiet the poor consciences of those who preferred the easy-going *new way*, which would not require such a foolish pharisaical observance of such disagreeable things *as fasting, confession*, etc. But by and by, poor Protestant, they will manage, as have already the Methodist and Presbyterian, to leave out even these few remnants of Catholicity, which still remain before you of the Anglican Establishment as a loud warning, and then you may lull yourself gently asleep to awake. . . where? Ah! that is the question,—where? Protestant, the question

now is, is fasting of God? is confession of God? Your Bible and prayer-book speak, counsel and recommend both; and if necessary for the Catholic, they are also necessary for you. Look to it then, lest when the bridegroom comes, you be shut out from the marriage feast, because you have not on the wedding garment.

Go then, poor Protestant! go to your church on Ash Wednesday, and tell me if you will be anything wiser from what your minister will say to you about it? You will see it in your prayer-book and in your calendar, and thus an explanation is due to you upon it. Ask him, if you will, why it is there, and why he has said nothing of it?

Much, very much more was said, which I am utterly incapable of repeating, but for me, enough and quite too much had already been heard, and most bitterly did I regret that all he had said was so much to the point, and proved so forcibly to my mind, as far as the matter then went, that the Catholic Church *alone* is practical in her teaching, influencing and aiding poor weak man to work out his salvation, not one day in the week alone, but from Sunday morning to Saturday night.

All this which I had just heard was fearfully and alarmingly true; for my conscience bore witness in its favor, and while I *felt* its truth, I also felt astonished and puzzled beyond measure. In fact, such a medley of a sermon, comprising such a variety of things, I never before had heard, and so provokingly applicable to all my wants and all my desires, and so interesting, that while I hated its effects, I was still forced to listen and consent to its truth. In short, my feelings were as various as the matters treated upon; for it contained both the sacred and the profane, both God and the world—both precept and practice—pathos and satire—laughing and crying, in fact, much more than I am able to give any just idea of. This only do I know, that coming from a Catholic preacher, it left me almost without the power of speech, and made me wish from the bottom of my soul that the man who could thus metamorphose a lie into truth, had never been born, or else that I had inherited with my life that truth, which he made appear so beautiful, so necessary, so perfect; and so easy.

For the first time in my life, did I seem to understand what God really required of me; and a subject which had begun, as I thought so anti-Christian, ended with Christ as its all in all, and by giving me a clearer idea of my duty towards God than all the sermons I had ever heard before had done. In short, I was bewildered. The idea that perfect truth could be in the Catholic Church, to the depreciation of my own, almost deprived me of reason, and yet I felt the preacher's words were true, and his argument good, and I also felt that two things so diametrically opposite as the two religions in question, could not both be ordained by the same God. What internal agony did I not endure for want of knowing how to arrive at the real truth between two extremities so perplexing!

In the midst of all this internal conflict I was very far from admitting to my friend that I considered myself or my religion in any measure baffled by the Bishop's sermon; on the contrary, I urged there was nothing easier than to get up a fine argument in a pulpit when it is in no one's power to reply. Oh, no! far was it from me lightly to fling over a treasure so long and so sincerely cherished, that which had been the companion of my earliest years, and for which in days further advanced I had borne so many reproaches hard to endure. No, no; but that I might be guiltless in the sight of God, I resolved to prove the preacher by his own words, by doing just as he had told me to do; I determined going to a Protestant church on Ash Wednesday, and if needs be, I would address myself to a Protestant minister, whose business and delight it would be to supply my defects, instruct my ignorance, and put me in the way of proving the Catholic Bishop, with all his eloquence, as profoundly in error as I once believed him to be.

Ash Wednesday came, and, all anxiety, I prepared to go and hear the Rev. Mr. D——, the Episcopalian before alluded to, and particularly recommended to me by the sister-in-law of my friend, who watched the progress of events with intense interest, and who chose him, although a Presbyterian herself, because of his reputation for learning and piety, as also because of his being generally approved by all parties, and, on the whole, just the man for me.

Accompanied by this same lady, I went to church and after securing one of the best seats, I knelt down to implore of God to come especially to my assistance, by putting such words in the mouth of the preacher as should apply to my peculiar wants, and not only entirely satisfy my own mind, but also be the means of delivering my friend from her delusion.

At last the sermon commenced, and it was then that my heart beat, and that I lent my attention, expecting every moment I should hear all and enough to silence my friend, and satisfy myself that the poor deluded Bishop had made a grievous mistake in supposing our clergy could not give a reason, and a good one, too, for everything in their church.

In the midst of these thoughts I was overtaken by a conviction which rushed upon me with pain and anxiety, and which was nothing less than that the sermon was fast progressing, and not one word as yet of "Ash Wednesday," no more than if such a day never existed.

There is yet time, thought I; but no, it ended as it began, without as much as an allusion to the subject so much desired. What was I to do? The preacher was a total stranger to me, and my companion, not being of his congregation, added to some private reason, declined addressing him; and yet return home without having obtained some light, some assistance, was impossible. What, then, was I to do? for I felt this was no time to stand upon ceremony, since it was of every importance to me to be enlightened upon the subject, as, should what the Catholic preacher had said upon the calendar and Ash Wednesday be true (which, of course, I could not suppose possible, and still, the effect of his words I was still less than ever able to shake off, since they had been verified by the course adopted by my minister) it might be true also on other subjects, and then, alas for me!

While all those thoughts were passing and repassing through my mind, I saw the reverend gentleman begin to descend the pulpit stairs, and knowing if once I let him escape out of my sight, it would be both more difficult and more painful to approach him elsewhere, I determined, let the consequences be what they might, since

it was necessary for my soul, I would boldly advance.

With this resolution I arose, approached the foot of the stairs just in time to prevent him going further, and then getting near enough to him to speak in a whisper, I apologized for stopping him there, but said I was a stranger in Edinburg, anxious to have a question answered which had been put to me by a Catholic, viz: What the meaning of Ash Wednesday was, which I regretted to say I had been unable to answer satisfactorily, either to my friend or myself.

He then took my hand most kindly, and cheered me with such a friendly reception as filled my soul with the brightest hopes; then looking me very hard in the face, he said: "You are aware, of course, that we Protestants have nothing to do with *Ashes*, *Candles*, *Crosses*, or any such nonsense." "Yes, sir," said I, "I know that." "Well," he continued, "that being the case, the day is more a name than anything else, and indeed it should not be in the prayer-book, no more than *Christmas day*, which with us ought to be called: 'The nativity of our Lord,' as *Christ'smas* day announces itself to be a Roman Catholic term, the Mass of Christ, as 'Ash Wednesday,' etc; indeed, common sense tells us they ought not to be in a reformed prayer-book at all."

At these words my heart sank, and all the Catholic preacher had said rushed upon my mind with double force, and a torturing thought crossed me, that perhaps my long treasured faith was insecure.

When I could speak, I said: "But, sir, am I to say *that* to my friend?" "No, no, by no means," said he, "but just, say, that as ashes are typical of humility, therefore the day is called *Ash* Wednesday, to remind us of the time it ushers in, a time in which we are to humble ourselves by prayer and fasting."

"Fasting, sir!" said I, almost choking with the feelings contending within me, "I never fasted but once in my life, when the Queen ordered it; therefore if I say '*fasting*,' my friend will naturally triumph over me again, for you know, sir, *we don't fast*."

"That, my dear," said he, "is quite another subject, but as it seems to trouble you, say nothing then about

fasting," and looking at me very hard, he drew me quite close to him by my hand, which he still held in his all the time, then he continued: "You know, my child, there are many different meanings which can be attached to that word 'fasting,' besides, you know, many good Protestants *do* fast, and many of those who do not or cannot, fast in spirit, and God, who alone reads the heart, accepts their disposition. But since your mind does not seem *quite established*, I would advise you not to use that word at all, but merely say, '*to humble ourselves by prayer.*'"

"And is *that* the answer, sir?" said I, hardly able to articulate: upon which I raised my eyes, and at the same time they met his, which were most anxiously resting upon me, and with much alarm in his look, for I suppose he read in my dejected countenance the dissatisfaction I felt in my heart. He again took my hand, which I had withdrawn from his, and enclosing it within both his, with an earnestness which touched my heart, he said: "May I, a total stranger, urge upon you the ill effects of Catholic society,—avoid it, do; for, believe me, you will get no good from it, whatever harm you may."

We here parted, my head full of confusion, my heart of sadness:—and how to return to my friend, and what answer to give to the numerous questions I anticipated she would put to me on this now most dreaded subject.

But no; conscious at a glance of my internal pain and struggle, and with evident sympathy for my position, she forbore for a time from all further remark.

However, after a few days had passed, knowing in herself, as she afterwards told me, the treasure she possessed, and which she longed to see me share with her, she felt she dared not persevere in that silence.

With as much good taste as feeling, she ventured at last to ask me if my question to the Protestant minister had been satisfactorily answered, and what it was.

A few days' reflection and prayer had done much to compose and fortify my mind, so that with entire calm I answered her word for word, as the minister had given it to me, to which she replied: "And do *you* think *that* a satisfactory answer?"

"No," said I, "most certainly not; but do not suppose

I am going to abuse a mighty system, because one individual of its community proves himself incapable of defending its principles;" and although I would not, nor dare disclose to her, or even allow to myself, that I had then the most distant thought that my religion could be anything but the true one, still I never lost the feeling that the subject was one differing from all others, involving the eternal destinies of immortal souls in it, and that whether it turned out she was right or otherwise, it must always end in *one of us* being wrong.

Added to all this, the great change, which was visible in her, puzzled me, and alarmed me for my own cause; for there was in it something, my heart told me, that could not be the fruits of error: a gentle calmness and sweet peace which formerly were strangers to her. Yielding to all these powerful influences, I determined to treat the subject with that seriousness and sincerity it deserved, and thus I proceeded to say to her: "If you will kindly lend me your carriage to-morrow, I will go and see some other clergymen upon that and other subjects, after which I shall be better able to judge of the affair."

The morrow came, when I went to call upon three other gentlemen, whose names I had heard spoken of as being great preachers and clever men; but certainly in all sincerity, before God, I do declare they were but one more unsatisfactory than another.

Revolving these things in my mind, I resolved that if I must be conquered, it should only be in fighting hard, and if I could not satisfactorily defend my own religion, I would try what would result from attacking hers, because I thought that if mine were deficient in good practices, hers was not in evil ones, and thus something might be done.

The first assertion I therefore started with was, that the Pope was considered by all Catholics equal to God and every title given to him which in Scripture is applied to Jesus Christ, (this assertion I got out of one of the books I had brought with me to convert my friend).

To my astonishment she coolly but decidedly said such was not Catholic doctrine; that so far from his being considered impeccable, he continually humbles himself by

kneeling at the feet of a poor monk to confess his sins, nor would any theologian think of extending his infallibility beyond the dominion of faith and morals; besides which, he can never offer the sacrifice of the mass without first making a public confession, by reciting out loud the *Confiteor*, whereby he acknowledges himself a sinner, and humbly implores, as does every priest, pardon of God, before celebrating that greatest of Christian services, the most holy sacrifice of the mass. And as to his being styled "God," he is no more so than any nobleman would be, when addressed "My Lord," or in Latin, "*Dominus*."

As much confounded by the placidity of her manner as by the words she pronounced, for I never for a moment thought the priests had themselves to confess,—I thought it was only a yoke they imposed upon their people, whereby the better to hold them in bondage, I quickly changed the subject for one I felt more sure of; and with equal or perhaps more assurance, I advanced the fact so often proclaimed, that the Catholic Church prohibits the use of the Scripture to the laity, from which diabolical despotism what evil must arise?

The words, however, were hardly out of my mouth, when I remembered that the Bible, a book she knew little or nothing of as a Protestant, was her constant study since she had become a Catholic. Indeed, on several occasions she had lately astonished me with her biblical knowledge.

To this second assertion her answer was much as before, a dignified and firm declaration, that no such command or restriction was laid upon Catholics: so far from it, *proper translations* of the Bible were and are circulated by order of the Church, wherever people are found capable of reading them. "Besides," said she, smiling, "surely I ought to be a better proof to you of the contrary than any other I could adduce."

Not a little discouraged in heart, though still maintaining an air of assurance, I next named "Confession," that most awful practice, known alone in the Catholic Church, and leading to more sin, as I had often heard asserted by pious Protestants, than any other device Satan ever in-

vented. Here I exclaimed with horror at a doctrine so repugnant to human nature, and finished by denouncing the folly that could imagine the priest, a poor sinner like ourselves, capable of pardoning after hearing our sins.

This I knew to be Catholic doctrine, so I hoped at least to gain such an advantage over her on this point as would make up for my defeat on the others. But, alas! although I was more successful this time than on the two former occasions, inasmuch as she did not tell me that what I had stated was false, still I doubt whether my defeat was not more perfect.

"Yes," said she, "you are quite right in saying confession and absolution are Catholic doctrines, which are and have been practised at all times by our Church, in compliance with the express words of our Saviour in the Bible. But," continued she, "I cannot allow that the doctrine belongs to us alone, since the Episcopal Church, of which you are a member, enjoins upon her ministers in the book of common prayer, at the visitation of the sick, '*to move the sick person to confess his sins, and then to absolve him*,' as also at their ordination, their bishop professes to give them the power to absolve sin."

More astonished than ever at her coolness in advancing so strange an assertion, I seized my prayer-book to prove her error, when, lo! I found it word for word as she had just stated it.

With a beating heart lest my cause should really turn out a bad one, I acknowledged myself puzzled; for common sense told me that if Christ had left power with his ministers to absolve sin at one time, he also had at all times. Besides, I felt that if it be good to confess one's sins to a priest at the hour of death, when a man's sins, or the occasions of sin, are about to leave him, how much more necessary and profitable to his soul to do so whilst in the full vigor of life, and liable every moment to fall again, rather than postpone it to a time which to many is never granted, since we want not sudden deaths enough to show us the folly of deferring to the last hour anything good or necessary for the soul's benefit when about to meet its God.

Divesting myself for a moment of my Protestant ideas

upon the subject, and regarding confession as a divine institution, which, from seeing it recognized in the ordination of our ministers and recommended in our prayer-book, I began to think just possible, I felt how the humiliation of such an act must serve as a powerful check to sin, and the advice and graces which she assured me are given, both to the confessor, the minister of reconciliation, as St. Paul tells us, (*II. Cor. v.* 18–19)—"Who hath given us the ministry of reconciliation . . . and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation," and the penitent, a wonderful assistance to leading a pious and holy life.

Full of such thoughts, I knew not what to make of it all; I seemed to myself to be but awaking out of a long deep sleep, the past being like a dream compared to the reality opening upon me.

I thought, however, I would not yield lightly, and that if I must die, which indeed would have been preferable to me than to yielding up feelings and opinions which had grown with my growth, and seemed dearer to me than life itself, it should only be, as I have said before, fighting hard.

As a last hope, then, I thought of the idolatrous practice used in all ages by the Catholic Church, viz.: that of worshipping the Virgin Mary, the angels and saints, and thereby taking from God that glory he has said shall never be given to creatures. Besides, I asked: "How can you be so silly as to suppose they hear your petitions, or could grant them if they did?"

She replied to me again with a composure and self-possession almost provoking, for, thought I to myself, it's very strange, if her religion is as bad as Protestants think it, how it should have changed her so much for the better, and made one who was once so ignorant and heedless of God and holy things in so short a time become so earnest and so full of feeling as sometimes to shed tears!

But to her answer: She firmly denied her Church had ever sanctioned the worship of the Virgin, angels, or saints, as God: but as Scripture proves they have power to assist us by their prayers, she sanctions and recommends

their intercession being sought. If the Church be not right in this point, why then did Jacob call upon an angel to bless his sons? *Genesis*, *xlviii.* 16—"The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads;" or why did Joshua fall down to worship the angel? *Joshua*, *v.* 14, 15—"And Joshua fell on his face to the earth and did worship." "For," added she, "you know there are different kinds of worship; since your husband did not hesitate to say at your marriage: With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, etc., nor would you yourself hesitate to do as every one else does when being presented to the queen, to kneel down and kiss her hand, which certainly is a kind of worship: and to simplify the matter still further, tell me," said she, "if you had a favor to ask of Queen Victoria, would you not prefer asking it through some member of her court than doing so yourself? Having a court advocate on your side, your suit would gain force. Just so in religion, we pray often and continually to God; but when there is anything urgent to be got, so necessary for our happiness as to induce us to use every effort to attain it, we always implore the Virgin, or some other great saint, to aid our poor, miserable prayers by their intercession, which act is as much as to say to God: 'Such and such is my necessity, but oh! I am so wretched, so sinful, if not for the sake of my misery, at least through the love you bear *her* who has undertaken my cause, don't refuse it.'"

"Thus is presented to God the life of suffering and sacrifice of his blessed Mother or other saints (for the saints have all combatted, and glorified God by carrying the cross); and the humility of our recognizing our own wretchedness by employing another more worthy, more pleasing to him, is agreeable to God; and the consequence is, we gain our suit, at least much sooner, if not at once. For surely you must allow the Blessed Virgin, from whom our adorable Saviour actually received his flesh and blood, and who so largely partook of all his sufferings and pains during her life, must now, seated at the right hand of her divine Son, as she is, be all-powerful with God. If then," continued she, "your husband did not hesitate to render

you a partial worship, and you do not hesitate to render it to your queen or her representative, why hesitate in favor of a celestial being, all pure, and enjoying forever the beatific vision of God's adorable presence?

"Again, if such is not permissible, why did our blessed Lord himself say, *Matt. xviii.* 10, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven *their* angels do always behold the face of my father, who is in heaven,; and in *Luke, xv.* 7, 10, 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance,' and 'Likewise there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' Why would he declare to us the joy that the angels feel in heaven at our conversion, if indeed they are incapable of seeing or hearing us, as you assert; for have we not reason to suppose, on the contrary, that they both know our wants and are ever ready to procure us all the relief in their power, since the rich man spoken of in the gospel, although in *hell*, still pleaded the wants of his family before God, from out of that place of suffering?

"A Catholic, therefore," said she, "feels it not only consistent, but most profitable, to implore the assistance and intercession of the angels and saints, since they see it sanctioned in Scripture, practised by the faithful in all ages, and every day feel its advantage through the powerful help they receive from it.

"Besides all this, one might well suppose from the Collect to St. Michael and All Angels, in your own prayer-book, that at least the Protestant acknowledges the principle, though he disowns and despises the practice."

More truly puzzled now than ever, I really did not know what to think of all I heard her say; for while on the one hand I had strange misgivings that I was being misinformed, on the other, my eyes beheld the proofs before me in Scripture and in my prayer-book, and my heart could not but acknowledge the justice of all she had said. In vain did I try to discover what advantage it would be to her or any one else, designedly, to deceive or lead me astray. Nor could I conceive people of common sense hoping to increase their numbers and extend their faith

by disguising or concealing what they really professed, and still I had always heard it imputed to Catholics, that they had double meanings for everything, and dared not communicate the whole of their system, but, little by little, initiated their followers; instead of which, all she explained to me seemed the simple practice of what is professed, whereas with us, in our prayer-book as well as Bible, much is expressed without any practice resulting from it.

Considering all this profoundly in my soul, and placing myself in the presence of God, as if I was there to be judged, and divesting myself for a moment of every other thought but that of my soul's interest, I found a voice there which said to me: "Examine all this to the utmost of your ability, for if, indeed, all this be true, what more could God do to warn you of your error, than he has done? And whom will you have to blame at the great day of reckoning, should you be found without the wedding-garment, but yourself? Whereas, after an upright and sincere examination, your soul will stand guiltless before God."

No sooner had this reasoning passed in my soul, standing as it then did before God, than I resolved, with an ardent desire to be enlightened, to search out and learn from the best authority what the Catholic religion really was; as all I had just heard seemed to me so simple, so natural, and so perfect, that I felt in adopting it I should no longer endure the torture of uncertainty which had ever, in spite of all my efforts to please God, racked and blighted my youth.

This resolution once made, I next determined to apply to a Catholic priest for the knowledge I desired to acquire; for my soul rejected all injustice in a cause where *God* was to be the judge, and I felt after all that he had done for me, that it would be an injustice which would merit the vengeance of heaven, were I to address myself for this knowledge to a Protestant minister, as, alas! so many do to their own loss. For, surely, we do not ask evidence concerning a man of his enemies, nor is a cause lost and condemned but upon a *fair trial:* if, then, we know how to be just for the things of this world, ah!

why not also for those upon which an eternity is depending?

Just at this critical moment, by the direction of Providence, an old friend, the Rev. Mr. H., the very same Protestant clergyman who had assisted my religious education, at the moment of starting for Edinburgh, and pointed out to me how I was to bring back my friend to her old religion, arrived. He instantly called upon me to know how I was getting on, and when I asked him what brought him to Edinburgh, he said he really did not know, that he came on his way from Dublin to London.

Many may here wonder where the interference of Providence appears in this arrival; but I would ask such, is Edinburgh the way of going to London from Dublin? besides which, I have it in writing from himself, that he had *only come to see me*, although we had only parted in Dublin a short time before; and when there, although we were very good friends, still weeks, nay, months, sometimes passed without our meeting, and neither of us were less happy on that account: as also this additional fact, that although he came to go to London, he did not afterwards do so, but returned to Dublin, without being able to assign any reason for not proceeding to London.

I now thought God had sent me one who would fight all my battles for me, for without at all yielding my intention of inquiring myself from Catholic authority, I thought I might as well see what my friend would make of him, never doubting, however, for a moment, but that her arguments would fall before those of a clergyman.

After an introduction had taken place, I soon managed to turn the conversation upon controversial subjects, and once or twice remarked with pain, that whenever my friend had gained or was about to gain a decided advantage, my clerical friend instantly broached another subject, in order to shun a defence which he evidently felt himself unable to adduce in a straightforward way.

My friend, becoming annoyed at the apparent advantage he seemed to gain by shifting so often his argument, applied to me as to the justice of his manner of acting, and my conviction being decidedly against him, I felt obliged to declare against my own cause, upon which my

friend said, that if the Rev. Mr. H. would have no objection to meet a Catholic clergyman just to discuss the one or two points of interest then in question, she should feel particularly happy, as then there would be an equality between the disputants: and as she had a reverend friend who lived close by, she would seek him without a moment's delay.

To this proposition my clerical friend most kindly assented, saying he had no objection to meet any man living, as long as he held his Bible in his hand, more especially if thereby he might hope to bring her to a better way of thinking.

This being arranged, my friend left us to seek the Catholic priest of whom she had spoken, and great was the internal struggle I endured until her return, for I felt fearfully disappointed with what had already passed, and could not disguise from myself the importance of the moment before me, upon the result of which so much depended. For, as I reasoned with myself, since the occasion had presented itself without my seeking it, should I not be justified before God in never again entering upon the subject if my clerical friend got through the points in question satisfactorily?

While turning this over in my mind, I felt so much interior uncertainty and pain, that to restore peace to my soul, I promised God secretly that if I perceived my defender in any way unstable or unsatisfactory, I would instantly consider myself bound to search for that faith which could stand the test and which was founded upon a rock.

There was during all this rather an awkward silence between myself and my clerical friend, each of us profoundly buried in our separate thoughts. However, that it might not become so long as to excite any uneasiness in his mind on my account, I turned towards him and said: "Where do you think, Mr. H., did the soul of our Saviour go while his body remained in the grave?" To which he instantly replied: "Certainly it went to limbo." "And where is limbo?" said I, having at the moment a faint recollection of having heard another Protestant clergyman talk of 'limbo" as a place of repose for the souls

who could not be admitted into heaven. "O!" said he, "no one knows that: we do not even know where heaven or hell is, and yet we do not doubt their existence. But," continued he, "I have *very peculiar views* upon this subject, for I believe in a *third state*, but of course," said he, looking at me in rather a doubtful way, "I shall take care and argue with a priest as if I did not so believe, since, as a Protestant clergyman, I ought not to think so."

The priest arrived, and before a few minutes had elapsed they were far advanced in a religious discussion, and I, to my extreme grief, fully convinced of my deep misfortune!

My clerical friend, naturally as hot headed as good hearted, soon displayed his excitable temperament, together with an indecision of manner most painful as well as discouraging to me. Whereas the priest was most provokingly calm and composed, and as self-possessed and happy looking as if the whole depended on his repeating the Lord's Prayer without a blunder.

It was quite impossible for me, as I sat looking on, to help forming a contrast between these two men equally calling themselves the "ministers of Christ;" for while the one was cool and collected, the other was excited and exasperated, adducing with precipitation, text upon text of Scripture, in isolated portions, no way bearing, to my mind, upon the point in discussion. Several times, when pushed to a defence he was unable to make, he meanly attacked his opponent's religion in a manner to make me blush for my cause. On two different occasions he lost his temper, and ended with expressions both ungentlemanly and unchristianlike.

On the other hand the priest said very little, but what he did say was entirely to the purpose; his manner was dignified, and where he might have retorted he simply held his peace, as one possessing enough in possessing truth and himself into the bargain.

Indeed, the thought of Jesus came into my head, as I felt the power of that composure and peace which pervaded the whole expression of this Catholic priest, and when I looked at my own clergyman to try and find one trace of the Saviour there, alas! I looked in vain, for I

could nowhere see it, although I was partial to him as a friend. Thus my heart sank, and I said to myself, what is now to be done? I had made God a promise; was I to keep it? If so, alas for me! for all that I could see before me in the event of my becoming a Catholic was distress and bereavement.

Yet the *true faith* I was determined to have, were it to cost me my life, well knowing that in so doing all the promises in Scripture would be mine; and however impossible it might appear to me in the perspective to give up nature's strongest ties, still I knew all things are possible to God, and therefore I resolved to think no more of myself or anything else but of that promise, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*"

Without uttering a word to human being, the meeting once over, I ran to my room, and there throwing myself upon my knees, I promised God I would not rest until I had taken the only honest way of knowing what the Catholic religion teaches and really is, that is, from the Catholic Church itself: after which I took up a pen and wrote what follows, signing my name to it as in the presence of God:

"This day there was held in my presence a controversial conversation between my friend the Rev. Mr. H. and the Rev. Mr. R—g, Catholic priest. Up to this day I was a stanch Protestant; I thought not but that I was a child of Christ, after the true scriptural sense, and that from Scripture I, or at least my minister, could prove that I belonged to Christ's Church, held the doctrines he left, and, in short, followed Scripture with such precision as would shame Catholics, who, while they profess to serve Christ, disregard, as I had always been led to believe, these same Scriptures.

"The conference began, when my spiritual pastor, instead of showing an established mind regarding the sense of Scripture, was completely vanquished by the priest in point of argument, acknowledging he had peculiar views of Scripture that perhaps no other man had. Whereas the priest, instead of disregarding or not knowing Scripture, was so thoroughly acquainted with every line, and so

established on every point, that he seemed to advance it with the simplicity, facility, and clearness of one who spoke the truth in his mother tongue. My friend denied once or twice having said what I with my own ears heard him say, nor would he assent to points when even Scripture was cited in proof of them.

"Therefore, as a *Protestant*, before God I dare not but *protest:* the priest was drawing from Scripture all his arguments, completely defeated his opponent, and was calm, unruffled, and Christianlike; he said he came to speak the truth, and that if he possessed it not, he would instantly embrace it, could any one prove to him that he had it not; whereas my friend was agitated, confused, and ended by saying: '*those, sir, are my opinions, and I care not what any other man living thinks.*'

"Alas! where was the care for the soul we should look for in Christ's minister, and which I had hoped to find in mine? I blush to say I saw it in the despised Catholic priest; I saw the composure of the conscious possession of truth with him, a willingness to yield to conviction if it could be produced; where it could not, a desire to convince.

"I therefore hereby declare, if I were to be guided by what I have this day heard, I should at once become a Catholic; but I will not yield my native faith because one of my Protestant ministers proclaims himself incapable of defending it. No, but from this moment I feel it binding upon me to search the matter before God, and I pray that if in being a Protestant I am what I ought to be, to be able to dwell with him forever, that he will strengthen me against all argument and all endeavor to lead me from what is pure and true. But if the reviled Romanists be of the true Church of Christ, then I pray, O my God! that all my prejudices may be overcome, that I may by the power and truth of God be persuaded that my darkness, which I had thought was light, may be made manifest, and my mind and my heart may be established in the way of truth, even to the loss of all most dear to me upon earth, my own flesh and blood. O my husband and children! but Christ be my all. "F. M. P.

"February 10th, 1842."

My mind being thus far relieved, I returned to where my clerical friend was sitting, determined I would not let him know or see the effect which had been produced in my mind.

He was to leave Edinburgh that night, and I thought, if after I had made further search, I should be obliged conscientiously to become a Catholic, it would then be time enough to tell him what he had done for me.

When about to leave me, his last words were: "Now I hope, from what you have heard this morning, that you are fully convinced of the fallacy of those Catholic doctrines, and how *unsatisfactory* that meeting was. Therefore, let me beg of you on no account ever again to go into a Catholic chapel or even talk upon the subject, as it cannot do you any good, but must leave your mind more and more unsettled." Thus we parted.

I now felt most anxious to begin my work of finding out what the Catholic doctrine really is. I therefore devoted much of my time to the close examination of Scripture, to see how far the doctrines of the Catholic Church could be proved from it, and as I each day and each hour devoted myself to my Bible, I found I proportionately progressed more and more to Catholicity. In fact, from all I gathered from Scripture, the Book of Common Prayer, and some other historical and biographical works, I learned that perfect consistency, the concomitant of truth, was nowhere to be found but in Catholicity; and as the prayer-book is in many most important points in direct opposition with the Protestantism of the Church of England, I felt that I must either act up to my conscience and become a Catholic, accepting the trials I saw before me, or deny my Lord, to the eternal loss and misery of my soul.

At this stage of my advancement towards Catholicity, I felt it due to my parents to acquaint them with what was passing in my mind, and the conclusion I had come to, from the study of my Bible, more dear to me now than ever.

Although my time was short, it was sufficient to enable me to discover from my Bible the marks which distinguish the Church of Jesus Christ from the *false* Churches which Christ himself warned us from the very commencement

of his ministry should be many. In *Matt vii* 15, he says, "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing" And in the same gospel, *xxiv* 11, we read, "And many false prophets shall rise and shall deceive many." Again, at v. 24 of the same chapter, we again read: "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect" (so like real shall they be).

Again, at *I. John iv.* 1, the saint says: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." A multitude of similar passages I could bring forward, of the same import, enough to make us tremble, did we not know that God is stronger than our enemy, and will never refuse the light of his truth to those who seek it with their whole heart. But from what we see around us, it is evident that there will be, and are in the world, other churches besides the Church of Jesus Christ, as there are other prophets and ministers besides those of his sending.

We also see that much precaution is necessary on our part, since our Lord tells us to "*beware*," and St. John, "to try the spirits," thereby giving us to understand there will be an exterior imitation on the part of the false prophets and their religions, of the true religion of Jesus Christ, so close and so deceptive, that unless we be very diligent, sincere, and fervent, we run a very great risk of falling into the snare, *since hardly shall the elect escape it.*

Dr. Newman describes this plainly enough, where he says: "Antichrist, when he comes, will be an imitation or counterfeit Christ (and this applies to his precursors, which all false religions may be said to be), therefore he will look like Christ to the many, otherwise he would not be a counterfeit; therefore, if Antichrist looks like Christ, Christ of course must look like Antichrist. The idolatrous sorceress, if she is to have any success in her enchantments, must feign a *gravity*, an *authority*, a *sanctity*, and a *nobleness* which really belong to the Church of Christ alone: no wonder then, since Satan is to be able to per-

suade men she is like the *Church*, that he will also be able to persuade them that the Church is like her."

Thus it is very evident we have each and every one of us a part to perform in the great drama of life, as regards religion, and upon which will depend the issue—a blissful or a woful eternity; that part being "to try the spirit" of our Church and religion, as it will not do blindly to follow, as alas! so many do, the persuasion of our parents, since they themselves may be but the heirs to a delusion, and, from some deficiency or other, may still have but a delusion to bequeath to their offspring.

In speaking thus I mean no personal disrespect to any one living, for, however deeply I deplore in my soul the accomplishment upon our otherwise favored nation of St. Paul's threat against those who shall swerve from the ancient faith, where he says, *II. Thess. ii.* 11: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion," I still have not forgotten that many excellent souls are unconsciously laboring under this great delusion, just for want of realizing the necessity of *choosing* their own religion; which does not mean blindly accepting that one which they have inherited from their parents, as they would a gold watch or a silver spoon, and which they adopt as a matter of course, satisfied with virtue's present recompense, a certain peace which they enjoy in themselves for their works of virtue. Thus it is that numbers rest contented, and feel satisfied in themselves that all is right, because they have a certain peace of mind which they are pleased to imagine the true peace, without ever having put it to the test; and thus they go on in their delusion, forgetting or not heeding the warning of Christ—"*beware*," and of St. John, "*try*," to their own irreparable loss.

The question for each of us then is: do we owe our religion, whatever it may be, to our own examination and choice, or do we owe it to the accident of our birth?

Now, as it appears to me, there is nothing more certain or more necessary in itself from the nature of God's attributes, than that the Church of Christ is attainable to every human being; for were it too high for some, or too low for others, it would make God unjust, and *that* we

never could think, for we know that justice is the essence of God ; therefore, it is impossible, from the nature of God but to suppose that we can all, if we will, arrive at a *certain knowledge* of the only true faith and Church of Jesus Christ.

It is very true, that if we had but ourselves to depend upon in endeavoring to discover it, we should only fall the deeper into error. But Almighty God, ever alike jealous of his own truth as of those precious immortal souls for whose redemption he gave his only beloved Son, has made a way by which sincere souls, who desire their salvation above all and at the price of all, can and will be saved.

The Scriptures, both old and new, furnish us with marks which are to belong to the Church of God, and which are so natural, and so necessary to the real Church, that no false religion, though laying claim to some of them, has ever pretended to all.

To realize these proofs of God's Church, needs only one grace, which God has reserved as his own most precious gift, the gift of faith, refused to none who are humble, who seek it of him with a sincere and upright heart, which only the lofty and proud seek in vain. The Catholic Church lays claim to be One, Holy, Catholic or Universal, Apostolic, and Infallible. These are the marks which assure us she is the true Church. I shall proceed to show how holy Scripture supports her claim.

THE CHURCH *One.*

That the Church of God should be *One*, always and forever the same, one in faith and doctrine, unchangeable as her Creator, seems not only reasonable, but necessary, and so thought our Lord, when he said : "A nation or kingdom divided against itself cannot stand." Therefore, it would seem, if we had no other Scripture proof than this of its oneness, we should have enough : the fact of our Saviour's alluding to it as a means of proving his own divinity, suffices to convince us he did not overlook *union* in establishing his Church.

In *Isaiah, liv.* 17, we read : "No weapon that is formed

against *thee* shall prosper," speaking of Christ's Church, as the Oxford Bible heads the chapter.

Then again the whole Book of Canticles, or the song of Solomon, a book so inexplicable to me as a Protestant, and to numbers of others who have had the candor to acknowledge it, not knowing how to apply its contents to a Church so divded as ours is; at the 6th chap. and 9th verse, we read: "My dove, my undefiled, is but *one*, she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her." How then reconcile that declaration with a Church which boasts of her charity in admitting all divisions of belief into her pale?

Again, at *Isaiah*, *lx.* 12, we read "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve *thee* shall perish." Take notice still as we proceed, of the headings of chapters where it is clearly stated that the figurative language therein used applies to the Church of Christ. *Matt. xvi.* 18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build *my* Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against *it*." (the gates of hell, as all must acknowledge, signify the powers of darkness, the spirit of *error*, which in matters of faith brings eternal death to the soul). Again, *Matt. xviii.* 17: "Tell it to *the* Church, but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be to thee as an heathen man and a publican." *John*, *x.* 16: "And other sheep I have, which are not of *this* fold, them also I must bring, ... and there shall be *one* fold and *one* shepherd." Again, *xvii.* 21, of the same book: "That they may all be *one*, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee." *Acts*, *ii.* 47: "And the Lord added to *the* Church daily such as should be saved." Again, *xv.* 22 of the same book: "Then pleased it the Apostles and the elders, with *the whole Church*." Also, *xx.* 28: "The Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." *Romans xii.* 4, 5: "For as we have many members in one body . . . . . so we being many are one body in Christ." Again, *xvi.* 17, of the same book: "Mark them which cause *division*" (as if he had said, "mark them who seek to destroy the *oneness* of my Church"). *I. Cor. i.* 10: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak

the *same thing*, and that there be *no divisions* among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

Do Protestant ministers all speak the same things, and are there no divisions amongst them? Alas! do not the disputes and divisions which have been amongst them for the last twenty years about Baptism, and other most important and fundamental doctrines of their religion, prove the contrary?

But hear St. Paul again on this subject, *Galatians*, *i.* 8, 9: "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that (which we have preached unto you), let him be accursed . . . . . As I said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel, ... let him be accursed."

Why then did Luther preach a new doctrine in the sixteenth century, and say he stood alone in his religious belief? If St. Paul did not make a mistake, one may justly conclude that he is accursed. We read again, *Ephes. iv.* 4, 5: "There is *one* body, *one* spirit, even as ye are called in *one* hope of your calling, *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism, *one* God, and Father of all." Then again, at verses 13, 14: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith . . . . . that we henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine."

Where is *unity of doctrine* to be found but in the Catholic Church? In all Protestant communions I have ever found, as I am certain others have also, that there are as many ways of thinking as there are preachers, or even individuals.

The Church *Holy.*

Effectually to reveal the promises of God to His Church on this point, in that she shall be "holy," would oblige me to copy most of the prophetic psalms of David, where the prophet exclaims so often in rapturous contemplation of the glory and beauty which could not exist without holiness, and which are to belong to the spouse or Church of Jesus Christ. The ardent and metaphorical language

of the Canticles, or Song of Solomon, as coming from Christ to his Church, forces upon us also the recognition of her holiness.

But let us look at *Isaiah, xxxv.* 8: "And it shall be called the way of *holiness*, the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Again, *liv.* 17, in the same book, we read: "Their *righteousness* is of me, saith the Lord;" and again at *lix.* 20, 21: "And the Redeemer shall come to Zion (typical of the Church) . . . saith the Lord, and my spirit (which is a *holy* spirit) that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever." Precious promises fulfilled so fully in the Catholic Church!

Malachy, speaking of the gospel time, says, at *i.* 11: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure (or *holy*) offering." St. Paul, however, is still more clear, *Ephes. v.* 27: "That He might present it to himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." *Coll. i.* 18: "And He is the head of the body of the Church." I. *Cor. iii.* 17: "The temple of God is *holy*, which temple ye are." *Ephes. i.* 4: "We should be *holy*, and without blame." *II. Tim. i.* 9: "Who hath called us with an *holy* calling." *I. Peter, i.* 15: "So be ye *holy* in all manner of conversation." Again, in the second Epistle, *i.* 21: "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." *John xx.* 22: "He saith, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." *Acts, ii.* 4: "And they were filled with the Holy Ghost." Same book, *xi.* 16: "But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost." Again, *xiii.* 52: "The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." *II. Cor. xiii.* 14: "The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you." *I. Thess. i.* 5: "For our gospel came . . . . . in the Holy Ghost." *Titus iii.* 5: "He saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

Now, there can be no doubt, from all these passages, but that the true Church of God is holy with the holiness

of God, and that her children are called to and can obtain holiness.

We read in *St. Matt. v.* 48: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Also at *St. Luke. vi.* 36: "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." *Col. i.* 28: "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." *James, i.* 4: "That ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." *I. Peter, i.* 15, 16: "But as he which hath called you is *holy*, so be ye *holy* . . . . . because it is written: Be ye holy, for I am holy.'" All which texts go to prove that the Catholic, in aspiring to Christian perfection, does but aim at that point to which the Scriptures urge him to aspire, and until he has attained which he need never hope to enjoy the presence of God.

Let the Protestant, who so often jeers at the Catholic's presumption in desiring to be perfect, take heed to himself, lest at the day of trial he should find himself deplorably deficient, for want of having aimed at that which the Catholic sometimes shuts himself out from the world, its snares, and its fascinations, the better to attain.

But these passages are not all, for the Old Testament abounds with many more to the same purpose; for the ancient prophets, when alluding to the gospel time, and the Church of Christ, or the holy mountain, invariably use the term "*holy.*" Look at *Isaiah, lvi.* 7: "Even them will I bring into my holy mountain," and at *lvii.* 13: "And he shall inherit my *holy* mountain." *Daniel, ix.* 16: "Let thy anger be turned from . . . . . thy *holy* mountain." *Zech. viii.* 3: "The mountain of the Lord, called the *holy* mountain."

Perhaps some may doubt whether these texts refer to the Church of Christ; but if they do not, then the Oxford Bible, from which they are taken, has led me astray, for it heads the chapters with "Prophecies regarding the Church of Christ."

THE CHURCH *Catholic* OR *Universal.*

Isaiah, ii. 2: "And it shall come to pass . . . . that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in

the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow into it" (so it is not an invisible Church, as the Protestants say theirs was). This passage corresponds wonderfully with our Saviour's own words to those who have become members of his Church, as in *Matt. v.* 14: "Ye are the light of the world; a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." Again, in *Isaiah ix.* 7: "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be *no end.*" *Daniel, ii.* 35: "And the stone . . . . became a great mountain, and filled the *whole world!*" *Malachy, i* 11: "And in *every place* incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering" (this passage more particularly alludes to the great and holy sacrifice of the mass, the only pure and perfectly agreeable offering we can make to God.) *Matt. xviii.* 17: "Tell it to the Church," an universal law, which would not have been given, had Christ not foreseen that the Church would also be universal, for otherwise he would have advanced a law all people could not practise. In the same book, at *xxviii.* 20: "And lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." *I. Cor. i.* 2: "To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with *all* that in every place call upon the name of Jesus." *Eph. iii.* 9: "And to make *all* men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God . . . . according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus." *I. Peter, v.* 13: "The Church which is at Babylon elected together with you."

THE CHURCH *Apostolic.*

Psalm lxxxix 3. 4: "I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant, thy seed will I establish forever." And at the 29th verse: "His seed also will I make to endure forever." *Matt. xxviii.* 19–20: "Go ye and teach all nations, . . . and lo, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world." As the Apostles to whom our Saviour addressed these words were to die, and did die, as all mankind are doomed to do, our Saviour could not have spoken these words had he not included their successors, in whom he will ever

abide, and who shall exist as long as the world is. *Luke x.* 2, 3, and 16: "Pray the Lord that he would send forth laborers into his harvest. . . . Go your ways, behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves. . . . He that heareth *you* heareth me, he that despiseth *you* despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me."

Learn here of what vital importance it is to discern well who are the real disciples of Christ, lest, despising the Catholic priesthood, a class of men so generally maligned by the world, who knoweth them not, because they are not of the world (and especially so by Protestants), it should turn out one day to their eternal confusion, that in despising them they have despised Jesus, as well as Him who sent Jesus,—awful thought.

John xv. 16: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen *you* and ordained *you*, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." *John, xvii.* 18–21: "As thou hast sent me, so have I sent *them* into the world . . . that *they all* may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that *they* also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." In the same Gospel, at *xx.* 21, we read: "As my Father has sent me, even so send I *you*." *Acts, xv.* 4: "And *they* were received of the Church and of Apostles," etc. *Eph. iv.* 11–14, we see: "And he gave some *Apostles* . . . for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity, . . . that we be henceforth no more children tossed about." *I. Cor. xii.* 28: "And God hath set some in the Church first *Apostles.*" *Heb. vii.* 1–3: "For this Melchisedech . . . priest of the most high God . . . *abideth a priest continually.*" Again, at the 21st verse: "The Lord sware, and will not repent, Thou art a *priest forever* after the order of Melchisedech."

THE CHURCH *Infallible.*

Isaiah, xxxv. 8: "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Same book, *xl.* 8: "But the word of God shall stand forever." Again, *liv.* 10, 15–17: "But the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall

the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee . . . Whosoever shall gather together against thee, shall fall for thy sake . . . no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn: this is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

Be it remarked, the heading of this chapter is "*The Church Comforted*," and well indeed may it be so said of that Church which has stood unshaken the conflicts of hell and its agents for nineteen centuries. O happy, holy Church! which hast such promises to rest upon; and happy, thrice happy, they who can without fear or hesitation say: I am of this *Infallible Catholic Church.*

Then again, in the same book, chap. *lix.* 21: "This is my covenant, . . . saith the Lord: my spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and forever." *Ezechiel xxxvii.* 26: "I will make a covenant of peace with them, and it shall be an everlasting covenant with them, and I will place them and multiply them, and I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore." *Daniel, ii.* 44: "And God shall set up a kingdom which shall *never be destroyed* . . . and it shall stand forever." *Matt. xii* 18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall *not prevail* against it." *Matt. xxviii.* 19–20: "Go ye therefore, teach *all nations*, baptizing them . . . and lo, I am with you *always, even unto the end of the world.*" *Acts, v.* 59: "But if it be of God, *ye cannot overthrow it.*" Same book. *xv.* 28: "For it seemed good unto the Holy Ghost and to us (in council)." *I Tim. iii.* 15: "The House of God, which is the *pillar* and *ground of truth.*"

Having found these marks from my Bible, it may be, supposed I naturally desired to see if the doctrines of the Catholic Church, the only Church having claim to infallibility, could be equally well and satisfactorily proved from Scripture; so to begin at the beginning, we will first take the Blessed Trinity.

TRINITY.

Genesis, xviii. 1–3: "And the Lord appeared unto him . . . . and he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him." *Matt. xxviii.* 19: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." *II. Cor. xiii.* 14: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." *I. John, v.* 7: "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

PRIMACY OF PETER

Matt. x. 2, 3: "The names of the twelve Apostles are these, the *first* Simon, who is called Peter"(or a rock, upon which the Church is founded). Same book, *xvi.* 18: "And upon this rock I will build my Church." *Luke, xxii.* 31, 32: "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." (Why did Satan desire to have Simon Peter more than any of the other apostles, but because he was to be the foundation and visible head of the Church?) *John, xxi.* 15–17 "Simon Peter . . . . feed my lambs. Simon, son of Jonas, feed my sheep . . . . Simon, son of Jonas, feed my sheep," as if he had said: "Three times I ask thee, that by a triple force, through Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, thou mayest be over my little ones as over my great ones—over my lambs as over my sheep—over my people and over their pastors." *Acts, i.* 15: "And in those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples."

Again, at *xv.* 7–15: "And when there had been much disputing, Peter stood up, etc., ... then all the multitude kept silence. *Ezec. xxxvii.* 24: "And they all shall have one shepherd." *John, x.* 16: "There shall be one shepherd," etc.

HOLY ORDERS.

Luke, xxiii. 19: "*This* do in remembrance of me." What was this command or power given, but to consecrate

his sacred body and blood, which none but a consecrated hand can perform? *John, xx.* 21–23: "As my Father hath sent me, so send I you: and when he had said this, he breathed on them, and said unto them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins *ye* remit, they are remitted, and whosesoever sins *ye* retain, they are retained." *Acts, vi.* 5–7: "And they chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, ... whom they set before the Apostles, and when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them . . . . and the number of disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly, and a great company of priests were obedient to the faith." *Acts, x.* 42: "And he commanded (or authorized) *us* to preach unto the people." *Acts, xiii.* 2, 3: "The Holy Ghost said, Separate me Saul and Barnabas for the work whereunto I have called them: and when they had fasted and prayed, *and laid their hands on them*, they sent them away." *I. Tim. iv.* 14: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee . . . .with the *laying on of the hands of the Presbytery.*" *II. Tim. i.* 14: "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Ghost."

APOSTOLIC TRADITION.

Deut. xxxii. 7: "Consider the years of many generations; ask thy father, and he will show thee thy elders, and they will tell thee." *Matt. xxviii.* 20: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."* *Luke, x* 16: "He who heareth you heareth me." *John, xvii.* 17, 18: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth: . . . as thou hast sent me, so send I them." *Acts, xx.* 28: "Take heed, therefore, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God." *I. Cor. xi.* 2: "Keep the *ordinances* as I delivered them to you." *II. Thess. ii.* 15: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast and hold the *traditions* which ye have been taught, whether by *word* or our epistle." Again, at the same epistle, *iii.* 6: "Withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly, and not after

*"Which, had they been written, the world could not contain the books."—*St. John, xxi.* 25.

the *tradition* which he received of us." *II. Tim. i.* 13: "Hold fast the form of sound *words* which thou hast heard of me." At the same epistle, *ii.* 2: "And the things thou hast *heard* of me among many witnesses, the same *commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others.*"

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES NOT OUR SOLE RULE OF FAITH.

Matt. xviii. 17: "If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen." *II. Thess. ii.* 15: "Hold the traditions, whether by word or our epistle;" *iii.* 6: "Withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh not after the tradition." *II. Peter, iii.* 16: "As also in all his epistles . . . . in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do the other scriptures, unto their own destruction." Again, in the same epistle, *i.* 20: "Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation."

Here we find St. Peter declaring, first, that no prophecy of Scripture is of any *private interpretation*, a declaration in direct contradiction to the Protestant rule of every man to search the Scriptures for his own belief; and secondly, the *unlearned* and the *unstable* wrest the Scriptures to their own *destruction!* Most solemn announcement, which surely ought to make every Protestant enter into himself; for what will it serve a man to have been his own prophet, or his own interpreter, or even to gain the whole world, if after all he is to lose his own soul? And where an eternity is in question, is it not better to seek that rule and way in which *the wayfaring men, though fools, cannot err?*

BAPTISM.

Matt. iii. 6: "And were baptized of him." *Matt xxviii.* 19: "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them." *Mark, xvi.* 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." *John, iii.* 5: "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." *Luke, vii.* 29: "And all the people that heard him . . . . justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John." *Ephes.*

iv. 5: "There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism." *Heb.* vi. 2: "Of the doctrine of baptism, and laying on of hands." *I. Peter*, iii. 21: "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us." *Acts*, xix. 5: "And when they heard this, they were baptized in the name of our Lord Jesus."

CONFIRMATION.

Acts, xix. 6: "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them." *II. Cor.* i. 22: "Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." *Heb.* vi. 2: "Of the doctrine of baptisms, and laying on of hands." *Acts*, xvi. 41: "And he went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the Churches."

ABSTINENCE.

Gen. ii. 17: "But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat; for in the day whereof thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." *Exod.* xii. 15: "For whosoever eateth leavened bread . . . . that soul shall be cut off from Israel." *Lev.* xi. 8: "Of their flesh (swine) shall ye not eat." *Dan.*, i. 8: "And Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat." Same book, x. 3: "And I, Daniel, eat no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth." Again, 12: "Fear not, Daniel, for from the first day that thou didst chasten thyself before God, thy words were heard." *Acts*, xv. 28, 29: "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things, that ye *abstain* from meats offered to idols, from blood, and from things strangled."

How often, alas! do Protestants sneer at the humble Catholic, for his blind obedience to his Church in respect to abstinence; as if there could be any virtue in fish over flesh! But, poor boaster, doomed as thou art to mingle with thy mother earth, and pay the penalty imposed upon the human race, say why death was imposed, why pain, humiliation, degradation, and woe were

entailed upon us, and you will find out the virtue of abstinence, and perhaps understand how the eating of a forbidden apple could forfeit paradise.

The Catholic Church commands her people to fast as well as to abstain. The practise is vain and foolish, says the Protestant; yet it is a learned Protestant, Cruden, who says: "Fasting has in all ages and in all nations been an exercise much in use in times of mourning, sorrow, and affliction. Moses enjoins no particular fast in his five books, except that upon the solemn day of expiation, which was generally and strictly observed. *Lev.*, xxiii. 27, 29: 'On the tenth day of the seventh month, ye shall afflict your souls; that is, ye shall humble yourselves deeply before God, both inwardly by godly sorrow, judging and loathing yourselves, and outwardly by *fasting* and *abstinence* from carnal comforts and delights.'

"Since the time of Moses," he goes on to say, "examples of fasting have been very common among the Jews. Joshua, and the elders of Israel remained prostrate before the ark from morning until evening, without eating (*Josh.* vii. 6). The eleven tribes which had taken arms against Benjamin, seeing they could not hold out against the inhabitants of Gibeah, fell down before the ark upon their faces, and so continued till the evening, without eating (*Judges*, xx. 26). Moses fasted forty days on Mount Hebron (*Exodus*, xxxiv. 28). Elijah passed as many days without eating: (*I. Kings*, xix. 8.) And our Saviour fasted forty days and forty nights. The very heathens fasted (and do fast); and the king of Nineveh, terrified by Jonah's preaching, made an order that not only men, *but beasts* also, should continue without eating or drinking" (*Jonah*, iii. 6–8).

"It does not appear," continues the same author "by our Saviour's own commands, which He gave to His disciples, that He instituted any particular fasts, but when the Pharisees, in the way of reproach, told Him that His disciples did not fast so often as theirs or John the Baptist's, He replied: 'Can the children of the bride chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away

from them, and then *shall they fast*': *Luke*, v. 33–35. That is, fasting is a duty fitted to a day of mourning: it is not yet a time of mourning to my disciples, while I am bodily present with them; yet the time will come when I shall be taken away from them, and then it will be seasonable to perform this duty of fasting."

"Accordingly, the life of the apostles and first believers was a life of *self-denial, of sufferings, austerities, and fastings*, as appears from the life of the Apostle Paul, *II. Cor.* vi. 5 and xi. 27. Fasting is likewise confirmed by our Saviour's discourse on the mount." Then he goes on to give numerous references to the Old and New Testaments, in favor of fasting, and I think I cannot do better than copy from him the Scripture texts he quotes, to prove the advantage, necessity, and universal custom of fasting.

II. Samuel, xii. 16: "David fasted and lay upon the earth." *I. Kings*, xxi. 9: "Proclaim a fast." *II. Chron.* xx. 3: "Jehosophat proclaimed a fast." *Ezra*, viii. 21: "Ezra proclaimed a fast." *Jeremiah*, i. 14: "Sanctify a fast." *Jonah*, iii. 5: "The people of Nineveh proclaimed a fast." *Matt.* ix. 15: "Then shall they fast." *Mark*, ii. 10, same words. Again, in *St. Mark's* gospel, ix. 29: "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting." *Luke*, v. 35: "The day shall come when they shall fast." *Acts*, xiii. 2, 3: "And when they had fasted." Same book, xiv. 23: "And had prayed with fasting." *II. Cor.* vi. 5: "In stripes, in fasting." Same epistle, xi. 27: "In hunger and thirst, in fastings often."

But I must stop somewhere, or I am afraid I should but be copying a large portion of the Scriptures, known by heart as well to my readers as to myself; so that in short it comes to this: every one under the Jewish dispensation fasted; Christ Himself fasted, His Apostles fasted, the whole Catholic world fasts, and I myself, whilst in India, have often wondered at the severity, devotion, and perseverance of the Brahmins' and Mussulmans' fasts; and Mr. Cruden says enough to make one think the Protestant ought also to fast. But no; Protestants alone, of all the world, exempt themselves

from this duty; and how strange, that they who talk so much of "*the Bible*," should neglect what it enjoins, thereby meriting one of its most awful threats: "Woe be to them who say, Lord, Lord, and do not the will of my Father: in that day I shall say to them, depart from me, for I never knew you!" While the Catholic, ever maligned, misunderstood, and contemned, continues on, faithful, not only to speak the word, but to practise it also.

CONFESSION.

Matt. iii. 6: "And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." *John*, xix. 23: "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." *Acts*, xix. 18: "And many came and confessed their deeds." *James*, v. 15, 16: "And if he have committed any sins, they shall be forgiven him: . . . confess your faults one to another." *I. John*, i. 9: "If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us!"

The great Protestant writer, Cruden, explains *Confession* in his celebrated *Concordance* thus. He says: "We are to make confession first to God, whom we have offended, who knows our sins, can pardon us, or else punish us, if we refuse to confess. Secondly, to our neighbor hurt by us, who, otherwise complaining to God, shall have Him to revenge his quarrel. And thirdly, to the *Minister of God*, that, pitying the sinner's case, can and will give him spiritual advice against his sin, and pray for him."

The passages are many in the Old Testament which prove that confession was originally ordained by God Himself. It ought therefore to hold good until the same authority pronounce the ordinance null and void, but nowhere in all the New Testament can such a command be found. See *Lev.* 5: "And he shall *confess* that he hath sinned in that thing." Also xvi. 21: "Aaron shall *confess* over a live goat *all* the iniquities and all the transgressions of the children of Israel." Also xxvi. 40: "If they shall confess their iniquity." *Numbers*, 7 (remark here that not only confession is ordered, but also the

third part of the Catholic Sacrament, which is *Satisfaction*): "Then they shall *confess* their sins, and shall recompense their trespass with the principal thereof, and give it unto him against whom he hath trespassed." *Josh.* vii. 19. "And Joshua said, My son, give glory to God: and make confession unto Him, *and tell me* now what thou hast done, *hide it not from me.*" *Neh.* i. 6: "And *confess* the sins of the children of Israel." *Neh.* ix. 2: "And Israel stood and *confessed* their sins." *Psal.* xxxii. 5: "I said, I will *confess* my transgressions." *Prov.* xxviii. 13: "But whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy." *Dan.* ix. 4: "I prayed to the Lord and made *confession*" Also 20: "Whilst I was praying and confessing my sins." In these passages is found not only confession but also satisfaction and penance.

ABSOLUTION.

Matt. ix. 6: "But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins;"—then we read in *St. John*, xvii. 18: "As thou sent me into the world, even so I have sent them into the world," from which may be very justly concluded, with the same mission that my Father sent me into the world, even so send I my disciples. And what was that mission, but to announce repentance and the pardon of sin? Again, at *Matt.* xvi. 19: "And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." *John*, xx. 23: "As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so I send you: and when He said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whosesoever sins *ye remit* they *are remitted*, and whosesoever sins *ye retain* they *are retained*." *II. Cor.* ii. 10: "For if I forgave anything, to whom I forgave it, for your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ."

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

Matt. xxvi. 26–28: "And Jesus took bread, and blessed

it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said: Take, eat, *this* is *my body:* . . . . . drink ye all of this, for *this* is *my blood*." *Mark*, xiv. 22–24: Same words. *Luke*, xxii. 19–20: "And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave it unto them, saying, this is my body which is given for you, this do in remembrance of me," etc. *John*, vi. 27–32, 51, 52, 53–60: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is *my flesh*. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth *my flesh* and drinketh *my blood*, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For *my flesh* is meat indeed, and *my blood* is drink indeed. He that eateth *my flesh* and drinketh *my blood*, dwelleth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that *eateth me*, even he shall live by me." *I. Cor.* x. 16: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? the bread that we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Same epistle xi. chap. 26-29: "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord . . . for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." *II. Peter*, i. 4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." *Col.* i. 25-27: "Whereof I am made a minister . . . . . to fulfil the word of God, even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would have made known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the gentiles, which *is Christ in you.*"

EXTREME UNCTION.

Mark, vi. 13: "And they anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them." *James*, v. 14–15: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with

oil, in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." Add to this the testimony of the fathers and the practice of centuries back, to which history attests.

FREE WILL.

Genesis, iii. 6: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit therefore, and did eat." *Deut.* xxx. 19: "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore *choose* life, that thou and thy seed may live." *Prov.* i. 24–25: "Because I have called and *ye refused*, I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof." *Isaiah*, v. 4: "What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?" *Ezekiel*, xviii. 31–32: "Cast away from you all your transgressions, and make you a new heart and a new spirit, for why *will* ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, wherefore *turn yourselves* and live." *Matt.* xxiii. 37: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings: *and ye would not!*" *Luke*, xiii. 34, the same words. *Acts*, vii. 51: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye." *Heb.* xii. 15: "Looking dilligently lest any man fail of the grace of God." *II. Peter*, iii. 9: "The Lord is long suffering to reward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should *come* to repentance." *Rev.* iii. 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man *hear* my voice and *open* the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

PURGATORY.

Isaiah, xlii. 7: "To bring out the prisoners from the prison." Same book, xlix. 9: "That thou mayest say to the prisoners, go forth, and to them that are in darkness, show yourselves." Again, li. 14: "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he may not die in the pit." Same book, lxi. 1: "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek. He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." *Zachariah*, ix. 11: "As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water."

Take notice, the prophet is speaking in the spirit of the office of Christ, as the heading of the chapter announces, and therefore this prison spoken of cannot mean the material prisons or places of punishment in this world, since Jesus Christ in no way came to interfere with the civil authority of this world, nor ever proclaimed liberty to the captives, or the opening of the material prison to them that were therein bound. Consequently, there must be another prison to which allusion is here made, one which the blood of Christ's covenant alone can open, whereby the prisoners are set free; and that prison is Purgatory. But we will see what the New Testament says of it. *Matt.* v. 25–26: "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." *Matt.* xii. 32 and 36: "But whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him in this world, neither in the world to come. . . . Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." What does this "account" mean which we are to render in the next world, or what does our Saviour mean by these words, if it be not to warn us that a place of expiation or punishment awaits us after death, where the forfeit of all our sins and imperfections must be paid to the very last farthing, at least such as has not been expiated by penitence in this world? *I. Cor.* iii. 13 and

15: "Every man's work shall be made manifest, for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work of what kind it is. . . . If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, *but himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire.*" *Ephes.* iv. 8: "Wherefore He saith, when He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." *I. Peter*, iii. 19–20: "By which also He [Christ] went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometimes were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God awaited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing, wherein a few, that is eight souls, were saved by water." Not only we have no reason from Scripture to suppose that our Saviour ever exercised any authority or power over the prisoners confined in the material prisons of this world, but we have proof to the contrary, for in *Matt.* v. 17–18, we read: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil," etc. Therefore we are justified in concluding that the prophets prophesying of the office of Christ, that He should lead *captivity captive*, did not speak of the captive in the prisons of this world. And added to this, we must remember that the Jews, the ancient people of God, believed in purgatory and prayed for the dead, as we learn from the *Maccabees*, xii. 43–46: "It is a good and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead." Besides which, our Saviour, who preached to the converted Jews, as also the Apostles, who represented to them the error and inutility of many of their ancient customs, would surely have told them to cease this practice if it were useless. But this is not all, for we see that Christ is said by St. Peter to have gone, after his death, to preach to the spirits in prison; that He led those in captivity captive; so that it appears evident that the souls of the faithful previous to Christ's advent, waited in this place of expiation to be released by Christ. And does not holy David, a prophet as we are told, say (*Acts, ii.* 31) "He seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell, neither his flesh did see corruption?" This passage would have no meaning were there no place for

the souls of the dead in which they were kept till delivered by the conqueror of sin and death.

HELL.

Its torments eternal—*Isaiah*, xxxiii. 4: "Who among us shall dwell with devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" *Mark*, ix. 43, 44: "To go to hell into the fire that *never* shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." *Rev.* xx. 10: "Where the beast and false prophets are, and shall be tormented day and night forever." *Matt.* xxv. 46: "These shall go into everlasting punishment."

SIN.

Original—*Psalms*, li. 5: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." *Rom.* v. 12: "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." *Ephes.* ii. 3: "Among whom we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of the flesh, . . . and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others."

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

Prefigured by Melchisedech.—*Gen.* xiv. 18: "And Melchisedech, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine, and he was the priest of the most high God." *Malachy*, i. 11: "And in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering." *Luke*, xxii. 19–20: "*This* do in remembrance of me." (What is the *this* which our Saviour here orders to be done in remembrance of Him, but what is operated in the most holy sacrifice of the Mass, the consecration of bread and wine, made by the power of God into the body and blood of His ever adorable Son and, consequently, a perfectly pure and acceptable offering?) *I. Cor.* x. 16: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?" *Heb.* v. 1–5: "For every

high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and *sacrifices for sin* (this is what the Catholic priest does when offering the sacrifice of the Mass), who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity, and by reason hereof he ought, as for the people so for himself, to offer for sin. And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." (Therefore it is that no man can be a priest in the Catholic religion until he has passed such a probation as proves he is called to that state. How different is it in the Protestant religion, where all that is necessary after a good education is a lucrative living). *Heb.* vii. 3, 15–17, 20–21: "Without father, without mother, without descent, etc. . . . for after the similitude of Melchisedech ariseth another priest, . . . for he testifieth thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchisedech, . . . for those priests (speaking of those under the Jewish dispensation) were made without an oath, but this with an oath," etc. *Heb.* xiii. 10: "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle."

INDULGENCES.

The power granted by Jesus to St. Peter and his successors.—*Matt.*, xvi 17th, 18–19: "And Jesus said unto him (Peter), Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, . . . and I say unto thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and *whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.*" *John*, xx. 21–23: "Then Jesus said to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. . . . and he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost, . . . whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained,"

etc. *II. Cor.* ii. 10: "For your sake forgive I it in the person of Christ."

Of all Catholic doctrines there is not one more universally misunderstood by Protestants than that of indulgences; it may not, therefore, be amiss to state here, that an indulgence is not, as is generally conceived, the remission of sins past, or permission to commit future sins, but simply the application to the soul of portions of those treasures which are in the Church's keeping, and of which St. Peter and his successors alone have the key; those treasures consisting of the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ and his members. For, since Christ could have redeemed us with *one drop* of His sacred blood, it necessarily follows that having from love for us spilt to the last drop of it, there remains in the keeping of the Church an inexhaustible store of the over-abundant merits of Christ, the application of which to the soul remits a portion of the temporal punishment due to sin, and advances it towards that purity which it must attain before it can be united to purity itself—its God. As for instance, in the case of David, we see, that after his sin was forgiven and fully pardoned, there remained still a temporal debt to be paid, for the prophet says: "The Lord hath put away thy sin: thou shalt not die, *but* the child that is born of thee shall surely die." An indulgence is, therefore, the remission or payment of this temporal debt, through the treasures of the Church, which are confided to the particular keeping of St. Peter, and after him to his successors, by our Saviour Himself, when He said: "I give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," and we all know that he who has the key of a door has the means of opening it.

Why, then, should there be such ignorance abroad on the subject of indulgences, but that the enemy of souls does his best to keep the world in ignorance of what is so ready a means of entering heaven? Where he cannot make it a cause of heresy, as he did through Martin Luther, he is satisfied with preventing their use, by which means so many souls have long sufferings to endure in that place of expiation, which they might have avoided, had they only better understood in this world

how to profit by so powerful a means of satisfying the justice of God. For surely the Almighty is free to do with His own what He will, since the petty princes of this world are not refused such a power. What more common or more reasonable than for a wealthy nobleman on the eve of quitting his palace for a time, to remit to his steward a certain portion of his riches to be dispensed for the wants of the poor in his absence? Would any one call that steward presumptuous or unjust, in giving out of those stores from time to time? No, certainly; then neither is the Pope so, for he is Christ's steward, and in dispensing indulgences, he but dispenses the treasures which his Lord has committed to him for that purpose.

IMAGES.

Sanctioned, nay, commanded by God.—*Exodus*, 18, 19: "And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat. And make one cherub on the one end, and the other cherub on the other end, even of the mercy seat shall ye make the cherubims on the two ends thereof." *Numbers*, xxxi. 8, 9: "And the Lord said unto Moses, make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live; and Moses made a serpent of brass" (which was but a type of the cross, towards which one look of faith is capable of producing even as wonderful results in the soul). *I. Kings*, vi. 23, 32: "And within the oracle he made two cherubims of olive trees, each ten cubits high. . . .and he carved upon the doors carving of cherubims, and palm trees and open flowers."

Relative honor to be paid to them authorized.—*II. Samuel*, vi. 12, 14–15: "The Lord blessed the house of Obededom . . . . because of the ark of God, so David went and brought the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with gladness . . . . and David danced before the Lord with all his might." *Philip.* ii. 9–10: "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name, which is above

every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow." If we are required to render homage to the *name* of Jesus, which, after all, is not Himself, but only that which reminds us of Him, why also may we not venerate, respect, and love every image, picture, or crucifix, which brings His life, passion, and love before us? See the sums spent on the pictures of our fathers and mothers, our friends and benefactors, to remind us of them, and of all they have done for us. And why do we sometimes weep, as we retrace those features so much beloved, and actually press the canvas to our lips, but because we love, not the *matter* before us, but the object represented? Why, in regard to religion, should we not make use of the same means of reaching our hearts and moving our affections?

ANGELS.

Devotion to them authorized from their having charge over us.—*Gen.* xlviii. 16: "The angel which redeemed me bless the lads." *Exodus*, xxiii. 20–22: "Behold, I send an angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared . . . . Beware of him and obey his voice, provoke him not: for he will not pardon your transgressions: for my name is in him . . . . . But if thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak, then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries." *Psalm* 91, 11–12: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways . . . . they shall bear thee up in their hands." *Osea*, xii. 4: "He had power over the angel and prevailed, he wept and made supplication unto him." *Joshua*, v. 14: "And Joshua fell upon his face to the earth and did worship." *Zacharias*, i. 12: "Then the angel of the Lord answered, and said, 'O Lord of hosts, how long wilt thou not have mercy upon Jerusalem?'" *Matt.* xviii. 10: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven *their angels* do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven." *Luke*, xv. 10: "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the

angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." *Heb.* i. 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" *Rev.* i. 4: "Grace be unto you and peace from Him which is, which was, and which is to come, and from the seven spirits which are before the throne." *Rev.* viii. 3: "And another angel came and stood at the altar, ... and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne."

INVOCATION OF THE SAINTS, WHO ARE EQUAL TO THE ANGELS.

Matt. xxii. 30: "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." *Mark*, xi. 25, the same words. *Luke*, xvi. 9: "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." This verse is full of consolation to the Catholic, but as a Protestant I never could make anything of it, as I dare say is the case with many; but now that I have learned to admit Catholic doctrines, the passage speaks for itself—give alms or money (which all will allow to be the mammon of unrighteousness), in the name of the poor souls in Purgatory, that when ye fail, that is, find yourself in that place, where there is a failure of all our powers, they (having reached heaven something sooner through your alms, done for their assistance) may, by their prayers and intercession, receive you in your turn into everlasting habitations. *Luke*, xx. 36: "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal to the angels." *I. Cor.* xiii. 12: "Now I know in part, then I shall know even as I am known." *I. John*, iii. 2: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." *Rev.* ii. 26: "He that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations." *Rev.* v. 8: "The four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of

odors, which are the *prayers of the saints.*" For invocation, see *I. Kings*, xvii. 21: "And he cried unto the Lord and said, O Lord, my God, I pray thee let this child's soul come into him again," and the Lord heard the voice of Elijah. *James*, v. 16: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Here we find that after death the saints shall know even as they are known, which certainly implies a knowledge something very much above the idea of those who urge as a motive against the invocation of the saints, that they are incapable of hearing or knowing anything of us. Again, we are told they are equal to the angels, and if the angels, as we have just seen in *Zechariah*, could intercede with God for Jerusalem, why cannot also the saints? Again we see, that they who overcome or attain to be saints, shall receive power over the nations: does it not follow that it is good to endeavor by our prayers to obtain that their power be displayed towards us rather in mercy than in judgment?

RELICS.

Their virtue—*II. Kings*, xiii. 21: "And when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood on his feet." *Matt.* ix. 20, 22: "And she touched the hem of his garment . . . . and the woman was made whole from that hour." *Acts*, v. 15–16: "Insomuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets . . . . that at least the *shadow* of Peter passing by, might overshadow some of them." *Acts*, xix. 11–12: "And God wrought special miracles by the hand of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick, handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

BLESSED VIRGIN—MOTHER OF GOD.

Isaiah, ix. 6: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the *Mighty God*, the *everlasting Father*, the Prince

of Peace." *Matt.* i. 23: "And behold a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and shall call his name *Emmanuel*, which being interpreted *is God* with us." *Luke*, i. 35: "Therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Also at the 48th and 49th verses: "For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, for he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name."

CONTINENCY.

Both possible and profitable.—*Deut.* xxiii. 21: "When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it, for the Lord thy God shall surely require it of thee." *Matt.* xix. 11, 12: "All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given, for there are some eunuchs which are born so from their mother's womb . . . . . there be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake." *I. Cor.* vii. 7, 8: "For I would that all men were even as I myself. . . . . I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I am." Then again, 32, 33: "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord, but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." See also the parable of the *virgins*, *etc.*

CONVENTS.

Sanctioned and recommended by Scripture.—*Matt.* xix. 21, 27, 29: "Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: . . . . . then Peter said to Him, Behold, we have left all and followed Thee: what shall we have? . . . .Every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit eternal life." *Luke*, xiv. 33: "Whosoever he be

of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be my disciple." *Acts*, ii. 44: "And all that believed were together, and had all things in common." *I. Cor.* v. 34, 40: "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and spirit . . . . . but she is happier if she so abide after my judgment, and I think also that I have the spirit of God."

WORKS—GOOD AND MERITORIOUS.

Gen. 4, 7: "If thou *doest well*, shalt thou not be accepted?" *Gen.* xxii. 16, 18: "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing and hast not withheld thy son . . . . . I will bless thee . . . . . and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, *because thou* hast obeyed my voice." *Psalm* xviii. 20: "The Lord rewarded me according to *my righteousness.*" *Psalm* xix, 11: "Moreover, by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of *them* is *great reward.*" *Matt.* x. 42: "Whosoever shall give to drink . . . . . a cup of cold water, only, in my name, verily, I say unto you, he shall, in no wise, lose his reward." *Matt.* xvi. 27: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His holy angels, and then shall reward every man *according to his works.*" *Rom.* ii. 6: "Who will render to every man according to his *deeds.*" *I. Cor.* iii. 8: "And every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." *II. Tim.* iv. 8: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." *Titus*, iii. 8: "Be careful to maintain good works: these things are *good* and *profitable* unto men." *Heb.* vi. 10: "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." *James*, i. 22: "Be ye *doers* of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Again, ii. 14, 17, 20, 24, 26: "What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he have faith, and have not works? can faith save him? . . . . . Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead. . . . . But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead," etc. *Rev.* xiv. 13:

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Rev. xxii. 12: "And behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give every man *according as his work shall be.*"

Just as this my search of the scriptures was concluded, letters came pouring in, not only from home, but also from my friends to whom my mental disease had been made known, all begging of me to read my Bible and to pray, as pride was the cause of my fall.

All they recommended me to do I did, for, added to the search of scripture, the proof of which I have just given, I prayed without ceasing, that I might be preserved from Catholicity, *if it were false.*

Having no wish but to possess myself of God and to know His divine truth, these words signified nothing more or less than: "Lord, I believe: help thou mine unbelief," or, I am ready for whatever thou shalt order and reveal unto me, even though it be to embrace that which so lately I despised,—to take for my lot that for which so much must be forsaken. Thus my heart told me my prayer was one which could not fail to reach and to please heaven, and therefore from my soul I wish every Protestant would adopt it, not because it has any other merit than that of being sincere and from the heart, and such God will never despise.

As I have said before, proof is not wanting that I did not neglect my Bible in my distress and difficulty; but what did I find there but Catholicity in every line? Where was I, or where were my senses, when, a Protestant, I read and re-read all those passages over and over again, without seeing anything in them to raise a doubt in my mind as to my religion?

It is very true, I had often deplored, and indeed sometimes with bitter tears, the darkness and mysteriousness of scripture language; for I thought within myself, if God has given the Bible to be my guide, I ought at least to be able to understand it; but alas! for me, I found it full of promises to the Church of Christ, which reason

told me ought now to be accomplished, but in vain did I try to trace one of them to the Protestant Church. And still worse, when I contemplated those made to her children, not one of them could I see accomplished either in my poor mock Church or in myself. In the Psalms, under the heading of "the privileges of the righteous," I read, "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord"—Psalm xxxiv. 8; and yet, while *I* felt ready to *trust* Him for everything, I also felt I was far from "*blessed.*" Again, 22: "None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate;" and still, in my soul, I was truly desolate. Also, in the xxxvi. Psalm, 8: "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Again, Psalm xlvi. 4: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high." Afterwards, Psalm cxix. 165: "Great peace have they which love thy law."

When I read such passages of scripture as these, of which the ancient prophets abound, I really felt sick at soul; for that peace, satisfaction, and gladness of heart above described, were exactly what my soul pined for without possessing.

And how often in my anguish have I pleaded with heaven the utter want of accomplishment of the above promises, and wondered why my soul thus suffered. Tempted thus on the one side to despair, to prevent so great an evil, I went to the other extreme, believing the whole evil lay in my own poor wretched heart; that heart telling me at the same time, and telling me in such a way that I feared not in exposing its misery before its Creator, that *one* redeeming disposition, His own gift, existed there, and would one day find mercy before Him, that disposition enabling me to plead with heaven my willingness, if it were necessary, to cut off my right hand or pluck out my right eye, if thereby I might please Him better.

With such a consciousness as this, a partial peace never failed to come, but such a peace as did not satisfy; yet it gave me everything to hope. With such thoughts, such sentiments as these, how often have I closed my Bible,

unable longer to receive consolation from it, to deplore my own depravity, which could deprive me of so much good, and then, partially relieved by the acknowledgment of my misery, placing my hand upon my heart in token of my sincerity, and with one look of confidence towards heaven, which said as much as that I would still wait its good time, I have been enabled again to return to the world, and take my place in the family circle as others, believing my secret grief undiscovered by any. But no; I was often unable to hide my sufferings and disappointments; for I mourned the want of God, and the accomplishment of those promises made in the Gospel, that those who seek Him shall find Him, and that without eating Him we can have no life in us.

But, oh! how different do those precious promises sound in my ears, now that I read them with a Catholic mind, now that I test them with the Catholic Church!

My mind full of such thoughts, I was as one waking out of a *deep sleep*, that had well-nigh ended in death. Something had passed over me in so short a time, that although I could not say how it came or what it was, still it prepared my soul for greater things; for that a change had been effected was certain, since I felt its happy influence, but no more could I account for how it had been wrought, than the blind man who was questioned, how he came to see, having been born blind. His reply was what mine must be: "I cannot tell. I only know that whereas I was born blind, I now see!" I cannot tell, indeed, how that I now see in my Bible, which I had read hundreds of times, and studied hard, comparing passage with passage, what I never saw before. The substance seems to me truly changed, whilst the appearance remains the same. I cannot think my Bible has been enterlined with Catholic doctrines by wily priests, as they are called:—*that* I know to be impossible, for the book has never been out of my possession; but even if it had, its unaltered appearance must prove that man had nothing to do with it. The ability thus to change the substance, whilst the appearance remains the same, I am forced to trace to a divine power, who has thus graciously prepared a way in my heart for the reception of another

and a more blessed belief, even that of the most Holy Eucharist. Yes, I do believe the substance I receive is the *very body and blood* of my crucified Lord. I believe it simply because *He* has said it, and because I feel in myself the effects of such heavenly food, when my Saviour says: "*This is my body*," *and* "*This is my blood*," and "except ye eat *me*, ye can have no life in you." I believe—I cannot help it.

Christ came to save us and give us life, and if He says we cannot have life unless we eat Him, then it follows, He died in vain unless we can get Him to eat. What am I, a Bible reader, to think or do with such passages as these before me? reject them, perhaps, because I cannot reduce them to my finite mind?—To do so would oblige me equally to reject the first article of our Christian creed—"I believe one God in three Persons." If then I am obliged to begin with a theory above the powers of my reason, upon what principle can I reject this mystery of divine love? St. Paul says, I. Cor., xi. 29, speaking of communicating unworthily,* "Ye eat *damnation* to yourselves, *not discerning the Lord's body*." And yet as a Protestant I am told His body is not really, substantially present, so that it must evidently follow by this scripture, if the Protestant is right, that I am to be damned (and that is a hard word) for not discerning what is not there to be discerned. But no! glory be to God, one other alternative awaits me, and I will adopt it. I will seek that blessed food through fire and water, if needs be, for who can contemplate but with horror that word "*damned*," and still it is all that scripture holds out to me if I remain a Protestant; for most certainly as such never was I invited to prepare for the reception of the "body of Christ;" therefore the warning of scripture must not be neglected; I must seek Jesus anywhere, everywhere, and since the Catholic Church alone offers Him to me, to the Catholic Church alone must I irrevocably attach myself for life.

But that those who read this may share my convictions —for surely it behooves us all where *damning* is in question,

* Protestant Version.

to examine the subject to the best of our ability.

First, then, the Jews said to our Lord: "But how can it be?" and so says the Protestant; but does our Lord answer their "*how*," or clear up their doubts, as he was ever wont to do, where the case would admit of explanation? In the case where our Lord proposed as apparently similar difficulty, in that "we must be born again to enter the kingdom of heaven," Nicodemus said: "But, Lord, how can that be?"—*John*, iii. 4: Jesus instantly explained that He did not literally mean that a man was to enter his mother's womb a second time, but that He alluded to their being reborn in baptism by water and the spirit. But in this case how different. He replies to their "*how*" only by increasing the difficulty. I tell you, except ye eat *me*, ye have no life in you. And when they said, This a hard saying, who can hear it?" He again replies: "Does this offend you?" as much as if he said: "Does it offend you to be told you must eat me? How much harder, then, will it be to believe it, when you shall see my body ascend up to where it was before; and yet if you will not even then believe it, ye shall have no life in ye."

But, yes, Lord, I do believe it, and blessed be God for it. I believe that He who has made all things out of nothing, can make His body present when and where He will, especially since it is food for my soul, which has always pined, and pined in vain until now, for a nourishment that could sustain it. To the Jew and the Protestant it is indeed a hard saying, for they have no faith; but to me, though most unworthy, it has become through the one only true faith, both life and peace.

A Protestant clergyman, to whom I confessed my belief in this doctrine, said to me: "And is it possible you have fallen so far in so short a time, as to believe a doctrine not only blasphemous, but so thoroughly contrary to human reason?" "It is not more contrary to human reason, sir," said I, "than is the incarnation of our Lord, and yet you believe the one and reject the other. Now, I find them both equally unintelligible to our human reason, but my happiness is to be able to say, I believe in them both, because both were alike per-

formed by an omnipotent power, to whom nothing is impossible."

Added to the above testimony, I found upon looking into my Protestant catechism upon the subject, that in answer to the question, "What is the *inward sign* of the sacrament of the Lord's supper?" the answer is: "The *body* and *blood* of Christ, which are *verily* and *indeed taken* and *received* by the faithful in the Lord's supper."

The Holy Ghost has said of the Church of Christ, by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, "that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein." Now, I would ask any Protestant (who is candid enough to give an honest answer) how he would understand these words, "the *body* and *blood* of Christ, which are *verily* and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper." I venture to say his answer would be the same as mine. I take them as the Catholic Church has taken the words of Christ for the last eighteen hundred years. But the Protestant religion says the Catholic Church *errs* therein, though the Holy Ghost has said *it can't;* so that it comes to this with me, to which authority shall I bow?

Much astonished at all the testimony which presented itself to me in favor of this and other Catholic doctrines and all from sources which had taught me before diametrically opposite opinions, I could not help thinking of that passage where it is said: "They have eyes and see not, and ears but cannot hear." And so, thought I, it must have been with me, for certainly it is wonderful that I now see and understand as I never did before.

I did not, however, rest satisfied with even the proofs I have given in favor of Catholicity, for although in my heart I felt convinced, still I thought, for the sake of others, I would leave no means untried, of thoroughly examining the subject to the best of my abilities. To do so effectually, I was obliged to look at ancient history, to see what the belief of the Christian world had been on those doctrines which seemed to me of the most vital importance; and universally I found up to the sixteenth century, they were favorable to the Catholic view of the matter, unless with the exception of an odd heretic, who appeared from time to time.

Now, it may appear to some, who have followed me through my scripture proofs, and who have in consequence, ere this, promised God from the bottom of their hearts, that they too will be sincere, and do their best to find out the truth, that it is a more difficult undertaking than they had anticipated, since the study of history has been made mention of. But, no; for it has been said: "Where there is a will, there is a way." And so, from having often heard this proverb cited to me in my youth, I now determined to apply it to this case. Having but little time at my disposal, I did not at first conceive how it could be accomplished; but knowing I had the " will," I remembered the old saying, and determined to find out the way, which all must allow when once known, nothing can be more effectual, and which is simply this: to turn to the index of works, whatever they may be, and simply to choose out such portions as bear on the subject in question, and thus confining myself in this way, my object was perfectly accomplished in a very short time.

Here, however, a difficulty presented itself, which was that these histories were, with few exceptions, by Catholic authors, and consequently, to form my decision upon their authority, would have been to condemn my old religion upon the testimony of its enemies, which injustice I had already rejected in regard to my new one, and therefore I felt my search would fail in sincerity, if I favored one side more than the other.

In order, therefore, the better to please God, and draw down His blessing upon my effort, after much consideration, to know how I could be impartial, I decided to spare no pains that could better insure the interests of my soul. Therefore I took down every reference made in these Catholic histories to Luther and other Protestant authors on paper, and when my list was completed, without saying a word to any one, for I would not then trust a Catholic priest to translate these references, which were in *Latin* works, and therefore out of my own reach, I set off all alone to the University of Edinburgh, determined to brave every difficulty, and overcome every repugnance for my soul's sake, knowing that there I

would be in the midst of Protestantism, and that thus my mind would be preserved from any future doubts arising respecting the translation I might receive, upon my references to Protestant writers.

After some difficulty and much embarrassment, I found myself with my scrap of paper in the splendid library of the Edinburgh University, where were books enough to satisfy a world, and so old and dusty looking, that I felt sure some of them had never been removed since first placed there, and how could I ever have courage to require them to be brought down for me?

Such thoughts as these for a time depressed me, so that I was near giving up my first intention, especially as I perceived the few students present were profoundly engrossed, each with his respective study, and besides them, I saw no one who could befriend me in my undertaking.

Perfectly at a stand-still, and not knowing what to do, I was about to give up and retire, when a thought of the great judgment rushed into my mind, and of the awful account to be rendered upon that day, as also the verdict to be pronounced upon myself, the result of which in a measure would depend upon the accomplishment of what I was then about.

This tremendous thought was enough for me; what had I to dread from men I have never seen before, and probably never should see again until that very dreaded day, and suppose even they were to think me a fool or a mad woman, what the worse should I be for that?

So my determination taken, I looked about for the least disagreeable face amongst them, and thus approaching a gentleman, I said, in a low voice: "Sir, pardon this intrusion, but I am under particular circumstances, and require some books down: would you kindly assist me to obtain them, as I am a stranger here?"

The good gentleman raised his eyes, and asked what books I required. I then said those to which I had references, which were written on the paper which I showed him.

On looking at my paper, he smiled and said: "But these books are all in Latin." "I am aware of that,"

said I; "but perhaps, sir, if you are a Protestant, you won't refuse to translate those passages which are marked for me."

He instantly replied, with an air of great satisfaction; "Why, yes, thank God, I am a Protestant, and shall have much pleasure in doing what you ask."

A porter was then called, and a ladder brought, and Luther himself could not have caused more confusion than did the hauling down of his dingy, dusty old books.

They were got down, however, and referred to, and what was my surprise to find the Protestant gentleman read out the passages one by one, and word for word, as I had read them in the Catholic works. I thanked him much for his kindness, and feeling I could do no more in favor of my Protestantism, I left him.*

Having had occasion, as I have before noticed, to refer to my catechism, which is bound up with the Protestant Book of Common Prayer, I was thus led to a close examination of that book, which, like my Bible, had hitherto been in constant use, but which now seemed, like it, to speak a diametrically different language to what I had read therein as a Protestant. Indeed, if my Bible had seemed to my newly opened eyes to turn traitor upon my Protestantism, this book, to my surprise, appeared ten times more so.

I will here, for the sake of others, point out as briefly as I can, the inconsistency of this little volume, which, from being in general use with every Anglican Protestant, may almost be styled the summary of their belief and practice.

First, then, I copy out of it:

A Table of the Vigils, Fasts, and Days of Abstinence to be observed throughout the year.

The Evens or Vigils before	St. Mathias.
The Nativity of our Lord, or Christmas.	St. John Baptist.
	St. Peter.
The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or Candlemas.	St. James.
	St. Bartholomew.

*It seems a strange coincidence that this very gentleman became a Catholic about two years after this time.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.	St. Matthew.
Easter Day.	St. Simon and St. Jude.
Ascension Day.	St. Andrew.
Pentecost.	St. Thomas.
	All Saints.

NOTE that if any of these feast days fall upon a MONDAY, then the Vigil or Fast shall be kept upon the SATURDAY, and not upon the SUNDAY before it.

Days of Fasting or Abstinence.

1st, The forty days of Lent (can any one believe it?).
2nd, The Ember days at the four seasons, being the WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY after the first Sunday in Lent—The feast of Pentecost—September 14th—December 13th.
3rd, The Three ROGATION DAYS, being the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the Ascension of our Lord.
4th, ALL THE FRIDAYS IN THE YEAR (oh!) except Christmas day.

Now, would any one who knows how Protestants live, and how, alas! they but too often permit themselves to talk of Catholics and their religion, believe that the preceding extract is a true copy from the Protestant prayer book? I know, for my part, if I did not see it with my eyes, no one could persuade me it was there; and why I never saw it as a Protestant, I am unable to say, unless it was that my hour was not come.

But we have not yet finished with fasting, for at the communion service, just after the creed, we read the following words: "Then the curate shall declare unto the people what holy days or fasting days are in the week following." An injunction I never heard put in practice in all my Protestant days, and for a very good reason, I doubt not, since the persons present might have turned upon their minister, by telling him first to practice, before he need expect them to heed his preaching.

But the prayer book goes still further.

At the service for the solemnization of matrimony, it is ordered that the minister give out, "that all persons prepare themselves for the holy state of matrimony by abstinence and fasting," an order to which I am just as great a stranger as to the former, notwithstanding that I have been married.

This order, however, has probably been condemned amongst the old fashioned customs, and therefore it is that at my marriage it was passed over.

In the collect of the first Sunday in Lent we read a prayer addressed to Almighty God to beg grace to use such "abstinence," in short, grace to do that for which they so often task their humbler brethren with superstition for so doing.

While we are on the subject of mortification, let me beg of my reader to turn to that portion of the prayer book called "a Commination," or as I have heard it called by persons of a merry turn, "the service for cursing day." "Brethren, in the Primitive Church, there was a godly discipline, that at the beginning of Lent, such persons as stood convicted of notorious sins were put to open penance and punished in this world, that their souls might be saved in the day of the Lord, and that others, admonished by their example, might be the more afraid to offend, instead whereof (until the said discipline may be restored, which is much to be wished) it is thought good that at this time should be read the general sentences of God's cursing against sinners," etc.

The inconsistency of Protestantism does not, however, end here, for every Sunday Protestants are obliged by their service to declare they believe in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, a declaration, it is true, many make (since I made it myself) without weighing the words they are uttering, or ever imagining their last judgment will very much depend upon this solemn announcement of their belief, hardly one word of which is true in their mouths, or acted up to in their lives.

I believe, says the Protestant, in One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. How that Church can be "one" which is separated into Episcopalians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Dissenters, Presbyterians, Independents, Seceders, Baptists, Pœdobaptists, Quakers, Methodists, Jumpers, Universalists, Destructionists, Moravians, Sabbatarians, Sandemonians, Hutchinsonians, Irvingites, Dunkers, Shakers, Mystics, Swedenborgians, Johnsonians, Joanna Southcottians, Millenarians, and fifty other sects, surpasses comprehension!

And although it be said as often as these facts are adduced against Protestantism, that the differences between all these motley sects are only in non-essentials, and

therefore of no consequence, and incapable of destroying the unity of the Protestant religion as a Church, I would ask, then, what the essentials of the religion are? or whether God could have taught some that baptism is necessary to salvation—others, that it is not? To some, that He is really and substantially present in the holy sacrament—to others, that He is not? To some, that His flesh and blood must be eaten to have life—to others, that they have life without it? To some, that His Church (which is called in the Old Testament, "a mountain" to signify that it should be raised above and be visible over all things, and from every part), should be visible as "a city set upon a hill, that all nations might flow into it,"—to others, that during hundreds of years it should be invisible? To some, that Jesus is God—to others, that he is not?* To some, that it is not permitted to women to speak in church—to others, that they may teach and speak there? To some, that the sacraments are necessary to salvation—to others, they are not? To some, that sin can be remitted in this world—to others, that it cannot?

But this catalogue would never finish, since the errors abroad in the world are as numerous as there are fanatics to adopt them, and as contradictory to the words of our Saviour as Satan himself could desire. It is not surprising that such differences should be termed non-essentials, for being the author of confusion, and a liar from the beginning, he is thus enabled by non-essentials to rob God of His essential nature—truth and consistency, and to claim for his new religion, in spite of its numerous progeny, "oneness, or unity," to which it has not the shadow of a pretension.

It may not here be beside our purpose to notice the various changes through which the articles of this poor Church have passed since Henry VIII. created six.

* This may almost seem an extreme supposition, and yet a very near relative of my husband's, and father of a large family, holds the Socinian belief, which deplorable circumstance is allowed to pass by those nearest and dearest to him, as a matter of very little importance, whilst my adoption of the holy Catholic faith is bemoaned as an irreparable evil, compared to which all former family afflictions appear of no moment. Strange deception in favor of every belief but the only true one!

Afterwards, in the reign of Edward VI., they swelled into forty-two. And in the reign of Elizabeth they diminished again into thirty-nine. And who can say but that in this, our own day, they will not take some new shape or meaning?

It has already been proved there can be but one religion or faith, as coming from God, since He Himself has said, by the mouth of St. Paul: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism;" and to admit or suppose more than one, would involve the blasphemous supposition that God is the author of confusion. If, then, there is but one religion, so it follows there can be but one holy religion.

Here I would wish not to be misunderstood; for while I say there is but one religion, holy with the holiness of God, I am very far from saying that in other religions there may not be, and are, many good things and persons, and even an appearance of holiness, which, in proportion as it approaches the reality, is dangerous, because proportionately deceptive.

Scripture tells us, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." Christ always says: "Many shall come in my name, saying, 'I am Christ,' and shall deceive many." Also we learn from the same source that "the devil transformeth himself into an angel of light," the better to deceive souls: added to all which, our Saviour again says: "Many shall say to me on that day, 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?' and then I will profess unto them, 'I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity.'"

From all these passages it is clear that there is a holiness which is not of God, and which shall deceive those who profess it up to the very hour of their judgment, so that they will actually plead it before God, together with the works they wrought in it and by it, from whence we ought to learn its extreme deception and danger, and leave no means untried of detecting its fallacy, knowing it to proceed from our wiliest enemy, who has chosen it as the best and surest way of deceiving and capturing

poor creatures who have really a desire to be holy and to save their souls.

Since, then, the Church of Christ is a holy church—holy in doctrine, holy in practice, holy in good works, and holy with a holiness which belongs to it alone, let us endeavor to understand what that holiness is, which is claimed by other religions.

That the Protestant Church is not holy in doctrine, has already been clearly shown, since those doctrines proved from scripture as belonging to the Church of Christ, it does not generally profess, nor practise those it does. It next follows, to show that the Protestant Church is not holy in her practice with the holiness of God, having only that outward appearance which will not bear the test, and which is in reality nothing more than saying, "Lord, Lord," without doing that which God requires.

In the first place, the Protestant Church has no sacrifice for sin, and St. Paul says, "that priests are taken from among men, that they may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sin; and that by reason of their own infirmities they may have compassion on others, therefore they ought as for the people so for themselves to offer for sin."—Heb. v. 1–3. These words having been written by St. Paul many years after the death of Christ, they could not have allusion to the actual sacrifice on Calvary, which is the only one admitted by Protestants.

Melchisedech offered bread and wine as a type and shadow of that body and blood which should under the Christian dispensation be daily offered for sin. That dispensation having arrived, we have come to the reality, and can no longer continue satisfied with types and shadows. Our Saviour was a priest after the order of Melchisedech, offering Himself daily, body and blood, soul and divinity, a sacrifice for sin. And our Lord, in whom was all power, chose out for Himself a royal priesthood, men who should be like Himself, priests forever, after the order of Melchisedech, who also being without father or mother, or any earthly tie, the better typified the disengagement from all earthly attachments which should qualify the true priest of Christ for his heavenly office in the Church.

No one who really knows what the life of a Catholic priest is, but must recognize and rejoice in the applicability of these words of our Lord and Saviour to him. He has left father and mother, house and home, every earthly tie which could attach him to this world, the better to verify the real type, "Melchisedech." He is despised by the world, because not of the world, and one with God and in God, he daily offers the adorable sacrifice for sin, thereby reconciling the children of the true faith with their God, through the merits of Jesus Christ, their Redeemer.

Now, every Protestant knows that there is no such sacrifice for sin in his Church; and indeed, were it even not a point free from all dispute, which it is, since the Protestant Church utterly rejects the mention of any daily sacrifice, the thing would be an impossibility with them, since they have no priests; for St. Paul says, a priest's office, and for which he is ordained, is to offer gifts and sacrifices—neither of which the Protestant minister does, as I shall now prove.

The Jewish sacrifices prefigured and were typical of the one all-sufficient expiatory sacrifice wrought for us on Calvary's cross, whereby the world was redeemed from sin, that so, Christ dying once for all, purchased at once all graces by which the just are sanctified; for we read, "By one oblation He hath perfected forever them that are saved." But it does not follow that those graces when purchased were in consequence applied; else, how is it that, notwithstanding being purchased, as all Christians allow, the largest half of the world is still lost? For does not common sense tell us that the most efficient medicine ever compounded, or the most useful ordinance ever issued, must be totally without effect until applied?"

The most holy sacrifice of the Mass, that only pure oblation spoken of by the prophet Malachi (for surely none would dare to call their prayers a pure oblation, which is what the Protestant says the prophet here speaks of) which is to be offered up everywhere from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, applies to our souls, and to the world in general, the merits of the one

expiatory atonement made on Calvary. Thus it is clear the Protestant Church is without this sanctifying sacrifice by which the Catholic Church is being daily purified, and by which she is obtaining mercy for the world, although the world knows it not, that through this most effectual sacrifice Christ's atonement is daily offering satisfaction to God, averting the vengeance which otherwise the sins of the world could not fail to draw down upon it.

It is very easy for the Protestant minister, who has not one of the qualities which belong to the real priest of God, to tell his people that the sacrifice of the Mass is idolatry, that it derogates from the all-sufficiency of the great sacrifice of Calvary. But while we deplore the deception, played, alas! but too successfully on a world loving darkness, and ever ready to be deceived, let us rejoice who have, by the power of God and the influence of His grace, learned to understand and appreciate the life-giving principle, by our own daily practice.

And while we thus rejoice, let us keep ourselves very humble in the recollection of that time when, like those we now deplore, we too could listen to the defamation of holy things which we did not understand, and from the mouths of their avowed enemies too, which is not only a crying injustice that cannot fail to displease God, while it is for ourselves a deplorable folly we should be incapable of in matters of minor importance. For assuredly the knowledge of these things is not to be obtained through human wisdom, but solely by the spirit of God, which these poor men do not possess, although so often full of learning and capacity, according to this world, by which they only verify the words of St. Peter, in that they wrest these, as also the other scriptures, to their own destruction. Also the sacrifice of the Mass, though offered for the same end as that of Calvary, differs from it so far, that the Mass applies to the souls of the faithful the merits purchased by the sacrifice of the cross, from which it derives all its excellence. Thus the Protestant Church is sufficiently proved to be minus the holy practice of offering sacrifice for sin, which the Catholic Church has uninterruptedly enjoyed since the

Apostles' day, and through which it daily sanctifies all its other offerings and actions.

It next remains for me to speak of confession, a most holy and most profitable ordinance, in daily use in the Catholic Church, but which, although acknowledged and recommended by the Protestant liturgy, is not only utterly neglected in practice, but even maligned and scoffed at. For Protestants, for want of experiencing its effects, judge of it as of everything Catholic, after the prejudiced and malicious testimony of those to whom it is a reproach, and thus they find themselves reduced to one of two extremes, either to practise it and expose themselves to the rigor it imposes, together with the humiliation of adopting the old and acknowledged Catholic doctrine on the subject, or to reject it, and maintain that rejection, by an unjust and unlimited abuse, which being the easiest is the course generally adopted.

And thus in the Protestant minister, the very mouth which may be said to have sworn to the practice at his ordination, when the power of forgiving sins was apparently transmitted to him, since that book enjoins him to confess the dying, dares to assert it is a practice got up and invented by priests for bad purposes.

Now, let me here say as from authority, that the man of letters was never yet found, who could say at what time, or for what cause, or in what way, this wonderful invention was got up. And if it were got up, as the Protestant minister so often unblushingly urges, it is evident there must have been a time preceding, when it did not exist; and if the practice be so very shocking, as we are made to suppose, how terrible must not this dreaded invention have appeared to the primitive Christians upon whom it was first imposed, and yet nowhere mention is made of its introduction.

Now, if all these suppositions be true, how strange it is that so monstrous an evil could have inflicted itself upon the world, without any one being able to say when and how it came, and for what plausible cause. But no; such is not the case, for of all the precious practices in religion whereby the soul is really helped onward, this exceeds and surpasses them all. This it is which causes

a vigilant watch to be kept over our actions, words, and even thoughts, and in one word, over the whole interior man. Here it is every evil finds a remedy, every stranger a friend, every feeble one a support, every orphan a father! In short, that so great an enemy to sin should have drawn upon itself the wrath of the evil one, is not to be wondered at; for where is God more sensibly, more powerfully present than in the confessional, where no power of this world or of hell has ever yet obtained one breach of confidence during the various persecutions against it for the last eighteen hundred years? Surely here is something worth maligning by those who will neither understand its power nor try its influence.

Nor is it strange that the minister of the reformed religion should be confused in witnessing the crowds of Catholics who flock to their church every Saturday, and on the vigil of every religious feast, to prepare themselves by this sacrament for the still more mysterious one which awaits them on the morrow. Nor that he should be reproached by the thought that the Catholic priest not only possesses the hearts, affections, and respect of his people, but their very minds and consciences also, and that thus he not only gains upon the poor and the ignorant, but equally on the rich and the great, who perhaps in a larger degree need the assistance of his ministry, and feel the efficiency of the power bestowed upon him. Oh, no! that such should be, is in the order of things, and for those who have had the happiness of experiencing in themselves the divine influence of this most holy practice, there is no longer wonder or amazement, that a world which loves, and is still determined to love sin, should be unmeasured in its expressions and abuse of what it does not comprehend, and desires not to be restricted by.

But here let me earnestly appeal to those who love truth and justice and their own salvation, to form the determination to test and learn for themselves what it is.

And in order to do so, let them enter the Catholic churches in any town, during Advent or Lent, or at the time of a mission, or before any great feast, and there they will see benches crowded with hundreds of persons, waiting sometimes three, four, five or six hours, to be

able to approach the sacred tribunal; and there, too, if they have but the patience to await the end, they will perceive apostolic men, who seek not their own ease, and whose lives are not dear to them but in as much as they may serve the flock over which Christ has placed them, retiring fatigued and exhausted, after six, eight, and often nine hours of service by the day, inhaling the infected air of a crowded church, and the still more confined and injurious atmosphere of a closed up confessional, surrounded by creatures, rich in faith and grace also, but often exteriorly poor and dirty.

And there also will be seen aged heads bowed down with sorrow, mourning a life ill-spent, and youth and beauty shrouded in tears and sighs and groans, which from excess of feeling have escaped from hearts no longer under the world's influence, no longer restrained by its cold and heartless precepts.

Such as these, then, will they soon perceive, are the "bad purposes" which the priest has attained through the confessional, and if the eye that witnesses such real, undeniable effects, be convinced, let the heart and reason suggest at least this question: why the priest, if so wily as said to be, has not known how to attain his bad ends at a cheaper rate?

I will here just give a few beautiful lines upon confession, which I translate out of a French work which lies before me, entitled "Philosophical Studies upon Christianity, by Augustus Nicolas."

"Who but must see the immense succor which society thus destroyed by an intestinal evil would draw from confession, in this tribunal of souls, which envelops all the mystery of the will from its indefinite jurisdiction; whose action bears upon thoughts and desires, as the public strength of the law does upon evil and crime; which arrests and punishes not only homicide but slander, not only adultery but a simple look, not only vengeance but the least want of charity, and constitutes us interiorly guilty in our own eyes, long before that we are so to the eyes of men? Posted at the first avenues of the conscience, this sacred tribunal watches while human law sleeps, listens to the least disorder, prepares

hearts for the accomplishment of all public and social duties, by the intimate observance of religious and private duty, preparing deeply in the soul, by the harmony of the virtue of Christian perfection, that harmony of common virtues which constitutes public morals. A Protestant lawyer, not able to contain his admiration at the sight of this beautiful institution, exclaims: 'What security, what pledges, are not thus required of each individual for the accomplishment of his social duties; for the exercise of all virtue, integrity, benevolence, charity, and mercy! Can anything equal to it be found elsewhere? Here the conscience is regulated before the great tribunal of God, not by that of the world. Here the guilty one is himself his accuser and not his judge. And whilst the Christian of another communion examines himself lightly, pronounces in his own cause, and absolves himself with indulgence, the Catholic Christian is scrupulously examined by another, waits his decree from heaven, and sighs after that consoling absolution, which is ever granted, refused, or deferred in the name of the Most High God.

"'What an admirable means of establishing between men a mutual confidence, a perfect harmony in the exercise of their different functions! The authority of the prince cannot degenerate into despotism, nor the liberty of the people into license. The magistrate cannot render justice without impartiality, the senator is equitable and disinterested, the priest is pure and zealous in his ministry, the soldier loyal, the subject faithful, the sovereign just.'—*Fitzwilliam, Letters of Atticus, pp.* 181, 182.

"'It cannot be denied,' says another Protestant, and a great philosopher, Leibnitz, 'It cannot be denied that the whole of this institution is worthy of divine wisdom, and there is assuredly nothing more beautiful and worthy of praise in the Christian religion. The Chinese themselves, and the people of Japan, have been seized with admiration at it. In effect the practice of confession turns many men from evil, those above all who are not yet hardened in it, and it offers the greatest consolations to those who have had the misfortune to fall into it.

Thus I look upon a pious, serious, and prudent confessor as the greatest organ of the Divinity for the salvation of souls; for his counsels serve to rule our affections, to make us remark our faults, to make us avoid occasions of sin, to make us restore that which has been unjustly acquired, to repair scandals, to dissipate doubts, to raise that broken spirit, in short, to heal or to soften all the evils of diseased souls: and if it be difficult to find in human things anything so excellent as a faithful soul, what will it be when this soul is bound by a divine sacrament of an inviolable religion, and thus held to keep towards you his faith and friendship?—*Leibnitz, System Theologicum de Confessione.* Such is confession. Again "Confession is too conformable to the nature of man, not to have presented itself from the beginning to the minds of legislators and philosophers: thus do we find amongst nearly every people in the universe the trace and proof of it. Moses first established in his laws a confession express, and even public.—Leviticus, v. 15, 18, and vi. 6. Numbers, v. 6, 7. An ancient legislator of India has said: "The more a man who has committed a sin really and voluntarily confess himself of it, the more he disembarrasses himself of this sin, as a serpent of his old skin."—*Laws of Menu, son of Brahma,* in the work of W. Jones, 4th vol. 3rd chap. 11th page. The same author continues: "We have already cited upon confession the remarkable words of Seneca; here, then, are those of Socrates, nothing less powerful. 'Whosoever has committed an injustice,' says Socrates, in the *Gorgias* of Plato, 'ought himself to seek from a judge and a physician a ready chastisement which awaits him there; let him accuse himself, discover his crime, and expose it to the light, so that he may be punished and healed: . . . let him be his own accuser, and let him not hide anything but courageously give himself up, his eyes closed to all but the operation of the physician, in the fear lest this malady of his soul degenerate into an incurable ulcer.'

"How much, then, would not Socrates have admired the institution of confession! and how consoling is it for Christians to see themselves in full possession by their

faith of advantages foreseen and presented by the reasoning faculties to the ancient philosophers. The same ideas having acted on all sides and in all times, confession has been found with every people who have received the Eleusinian mysteries. It has been found with the Brahmins, the Turks, in Thibet, Japan, and even to the people of America. It is upon these natural and universal bases that Christianity has established the supernatural theory of sacramental penance and confession. In the divine hands this institution has purified and perfected itself, so that from the state of mystic and of a symbol or emblem, it has passed to a state of perfect reality; it has, in short, met its real object."*

It would be as presumptuous as useless to add anything more from myself on the subject, after the testimonies in its favor which I have been enabled here to give from such high authorities; however, I will just add what my own experience authorizes me to testify—that

*It may not be uninteresting to the Protestant reader to know what Martin Luther once thought on the subject of confession. He says: "There is no doubt of confession being necessary and established by God. But the secret confession as now practised particularly pleases me, and is not only useful but necessary. God grant that it may ever exist: and I rejoice that it is to be found in the Church of Jesus Christ, because it is the only means to give peace to agitated consciences."—*Luther*, 1st vol. page 84, B., Latin edition, Wittenb. 1546.

Again, he says: "Two motives should incline us voluntarily to confess our sins: The first, the sacrifice of the Cross, because the humiliation and the shame which man feels in accusing himself, and displaying his shame and his nakedness before other men, is a precious portion of the Cross of Jesus Christ. Oh," he continues, "if we knew how this voluntary shame is estimated as a satisfaction by our God, how it attracts His mercy when the sinner thus humbles and annihilates himself to *honor Him*; if we could justly appreciate this, we should go, as I may say, thousands of miles, even to the bowels of the earth, to seek confession. All Scripture attests the mercy of God towards the humble sinner. There are no fasts, no prayers, no absolution so salutary as this *voluntary shame*. And what is it after all to blush before a man, when at death (which is never distant) we must blush before God, the angels, and the demons, which will be a thousand times more terrible, and which we can easily prevent by taking upon us the shame of our sins before a single man; and neither can I conceive that any one can have a lively faith, if he cannot resign himself to suffer the confusion of thus carrying a light portion of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

"The second motive," he goes on to say, "for a voluntary confession, is the precious promises of God Himself. *Those whom you release, are released*; '*Whose sins you forgive they are forgiven*.'"—*Luther*, 7th part on Confession.

to him who tries it with entire good will, it will prove to him infinitely more efficient, more soothing, and more divine, than anything expressed or supposed in what is above.

But the want of confession, of so holy a practice as it has been proved to be, is not the only proof of this nature against the want of true holiness in the Protestant religion; for this poor phantom of a Church is without another most powerful means of attaining holiness, which the Catholic Church alone has at all times possessed, and now more than ever offers and presents to any of her favored children, who are called to profit by it. I allude to convents, where holy men and women offer themselves up, living sacrifices unto God, where every moment of their life is given to the one great object, that of dying to themselves, that Christ alone may live in them.

Oh! how little is it to be wondered at, that a wicked world, neither desirous of holiness, nor in any way capable of appreciating or comprehending this mysterious life, where man is no longer man, but living the life of angels, though still exteriorly clothed and doomed to train along with him a flesh he is henceforth vowed to crucify, that a wicked world, unable to understand what is so much above its debasing tendencies, should defame, belie, and seek to annihilate what so often reproaches its liberties and hateful sins!

Again, the Protestant Church has not that holy practice to offer to her children which the Catholic Church, especially in Catholic countries, is ever proposing, ever pressing upon those of her communion who, while they are still in the world, and doomed there to remain, have, nevertheless, souls to sanctify and to save, and therefore have need of what is called spiritual retreats, where men of the world and of business, the matron and the mother, may each of them, in respective communities, according to their sexes, retire for a week to occupy themselves with one only pursuit,—that of arranging the affairs of their souls,—in short, of preparing themselves for death, the only certainty which awaits them in this world.

Oh! what a holy and profitable practice this is, what changes take place within this short week, and what

peace follows, is only known to those who have experienced it!

The Protestant Church has no fasts, no pilgrimages, no prayers for the dead; their poor dead! whose works are being tried in a burning pit, as St. Paul says, and out of which the Saviour Himself says they shall never come until the very uttermost farthing be paid; and yet for whom the Protestant never offers so much as one little prayer, forgetting it was ever since the beginning of the world a natural as well as religious duty for the living to release the dead. For if such an obligation had passed away, surely our Saviour, His apostles, St. Paul, or somebody would have said somewhere in scripture, that a law so natural, so precious, so necessary, so sweet, so graven on every heart, had passed away, and for why? But no! not one word is anywhere to be found to tell us that prayers for the dead are useless, or their necessity done away with; and still their poor, poor dead are left in that pit of infinite suffering, unheeded and unaided! Oh! cold and heartless religion! suited only for those who draw their happiness, or rather seek to find it, in worldly pleasures and amusements from which they never can attain it, what will you who profess it feel, when that deceptive world recedes, and leaves you to the embraces of that relentless enemy, death?

O chilling death! which severs so cruelly the living and the dead! so unlike our holy, happy faith, which reserves so much warmth, so much hope, and so much charity, for that last hour of trial, that last enemy to be combated and conquered!

But that is not all; for the poor soul, when once it has burst its fetters, and has taken its flight, and is actually in the presence of its God, about to render up the tremendous account of all, even to the idlest word, then it is more than ever that the inseparable union of that mystical family is the more closely linked together; for as in death all animosities, all human frailties are forgotten and repaired, so then it is that all, whether friend or foe, stranger or brother, all unite to testify their respect for the dead, all pray that the departed soul may find mercy before its judge, if thereby they themselves may also obtain the like favor.

Nor again has the Protestant Church any sacraments but two, the principal of which is baptism, the efficacy of which is now a disputed point between her clergy, the very great number of whom have declared against its power to cleanse away original sin; and the second, or the Lord's supper, has already been proved no sacrament, but the mere elements of bread and wine, a continuation of types and shadows, long since accomplished and realized in the true Church of Christ.

Thus, what life can there be in a religion, when it is thus robbed of all vitality, under the false idea that all they have to do is to "believe" in the Lord Jesus, and they shall be saved? forgetting that the devils also believe and tremble, by which we learn that the right belief implies the adoption and practice of all Christ taught and willed, and added to which our Lord Himself has warned them, saying, "Lord, Lord," will not be sufficient, unless they do the will of His Father in heaven.

Thus it seems evident that the Catholic Church alone is holy in practice. We shall now show how the Protestant Church is deficient in holy fruits of good works.

To commence, then, turn to the life of Henry VIII., who made the first step towards Protestantism by breaking with the Pope, to whom he had hitherto always been subject, because the Holy Father would not give his sanction to the divorce of Queen Catherine, with whom the king had lived in wedlock nineteen years, but now wished to put her away, without any other motive but to gratify his passions, and enable him to marry another wife.

All this time the king kept two mistresses, Elizabeth Talbois and Mary Boleyn, and when refused by the Pope the divorce of his lawful wife and queen, he married Anne Boleyn, who was, according to some authors, his own illegitimate daughter. And then, ere long, becoming enamoured of Jane Seymour, he had Anne Boleyn's head cut off, and the next day married Jane Seymour. But it did not end here, for shortly afterwards, having managed to rid himself of this last, he again

marries Anne of Cleves whom he beheaded afterwards, to marry Lady Catherine Howard whose marriage cost her also her head, after which this monster and first champion of Protestantism takes his sixth and last wife, Catherine Parr, who had the good fortune to outlive the king, though her death-warrant had been signed.

To fill up this tale of iniquity there were sacrilegious plunders, murders, and all sorts of horrors committed by his command without remorse. Indeed, history (see Cobbett's Reformation) as well as our own eyes, prove the relentless system of plunder carried on by order of this beginner of Protestantism against Catholic property and Catholics. For do not all the ancient and splendid abbeys which one sees in travelling through England, now in the hands of Protestant proprietors, attest, by their very names, to their lawful owners, and the injustice by which they were taken from them to be bestowed upon Protestants? But, to be brief, no less than 645 monasteries, 90 colleges, 2,374 chantries and free chapels, and 110 hospitals, were taken away during this reign from their lawful owners, and either sold at a low price or divided openly among the courtiers, many of whom were as depraved as their wicked sovereign.

Next came the horrors of Queen Elizabeth's reign, murders and martyrdoms which defy calculation, and every iniquity that could satisfy a miserable woman, led away by her passions.

But as I have as little ambition as ability to turn historian, I must here refer my readers to facts which stand revealed to the world in Lingard's History of England, and Cobbet's History of the Reformation.

One word, however, of Martin Luther, the founder of Protestantism, who has left recorded by himself that in his religious opinions he stood alone, having forgotten that St. Paul said: "There were to be no divisions, no differences of opinion on faith, but all were to speak the same thing, all to keep the traditions he had left, whether by word or epistle."

This man was a friar of the order of St. Augustine. Pope Leo X. having granted an indulgence, the Archbishop nominated the Dominican friars to preach on the

occasion to the people, instead of nominating the Augustinians, as Luther desired, one of whom he was. He therefore determined that since he could not preach for it, he would preach against it, and in order to do so, he had to cast off the vow of obedience which he had made to God, he had to invent lies respecting the said indulgence, thereby to raise doubts and misconceptions respecting it in the minds of the people.

All this he commenced boldly, and finding he succeeded in attaining his principal end, his own elevation and that there were plenty ready to avail themselves of an easier religion, which would leave them wider scope for the gratification of their passions, and deliver them from the restraints which the practice of the Catholic, religion imposes, he devised the idea of a reformed religion, and began it by breaking the vow of chastity which he had made to God, and making his ill-fated partner, Catherine Boran, who was a nun, and had also made the same vow to God, do the same thing.

He has left many strange declarations of himself in writing, many of which ill-become my pen to trace; but as justice to the cause I have taken in hand, the love of truth, and the value of souls, all oblige me to be faithful to my task, I do so, hoping that those who, by the consideration of language so degrading, and so incapable of proceeding but from an agent of the devil's, and of which they may hitherto have been in ignorance, may thus be assisted in discovering where truth and holiness really are to be found. He says: "When I lived in my monastery, I observed my vow of chastity, of poverty, and obedience; but now I am burnt with flames of my untamed flesh. I am mad almost with the rage of lust, with . . . . I, who ought to be fervent in spirit, am fervent in impurity, in sloth."* Again, "Relying on the strong foundation, my learning, I yield not, in pride, either to emperor, king, prince or devil; no, not to the universe itself."† Again, speaking of devils, he boasts of having constantly kept company with them, indeed he mentions having had particular devils, to whom he was much attached, and

* In Coll. Mens.
† Resp. ad Maled. Reg. Ang.

who often sat with him at his meals, walked with him and even went to bed with him; some, he says, "were merry devils;* some eat salt and cracked nuts with him;† some were learned devils, who attended him continually;‡ and another that slept closer to him than his Catherine."§

But to leave this wretched man of whom Protestants have got up such histories as might make one believe him a very saint notwithstanding these testimonies from his own pen proving him rather a wicked man, given up to the indulgence of his passions and from that to the corruption of truth, the spread of delusion and heresy, and thus the very agent of hell, whereby souls may be eternally lost.

Once again, the Protestant Church has no miracles, and so far from even pretending to them, she loudly cries out against the presumption and folly of the Catholic Church for laying claim to them; and in proof of this statement no other testimony is necessary than the conscience of every Protestant before whom this assertion may fall; but in rejecting which, strange to say, they do but prove their own distance from God and separation from His truth; for our Lord has Himself said: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils . . . . they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover." And again, in another place: "And greater works than these shalt thou do, because I go to my Father."‖

As a just consequence of all we have hitherto stated, the Protestant Church has no legitimate saints; for although she has in her calendar saints' days, a few, still she takes little or no notice of them, because she bears them not the feelings or affections of a true mother, inasmuch as she knows them to have been saints of the

* Epist ad Elec. Sax. v. 5, Ed. of Jena, p. 485.
† Con. Dom. Rem. f. 19.
‡ Col. Mens. Ed. f. 32.
§ De Missa Privata Ed., written tom. 7, fol. 228.
‖ Hear the opinion of the great reformer on miracles. He says: "I, Martin Luther, do teach in the seventh of my writeins, and seventh page, where I confidently affirm, with all Christendom, that the saints should be honored and invoked; because, who can call into question, at the present time, that God, by virtue of His holy name, works miracles upon the tombs of the saints?"

first centuries of Christianity, when all the world was Catholic, saints who lived and died hundreds of years before Martin Luther was dreamt of, and to whom in consequence she can have no just claim. And as regards the still smaller number of those whom Protestants call their own saints, it would be well, for the sake of truth and justice, to consult different authors as to the sanctity of their lives, as there is upon that subject the very greatest difference of opinion, even amongst Protestant writers; and if they are determined to canonize Luther, notwithstanding his own testimony to the contrary, may it not also be the same with others?

It may not here be amiss to say a few words upon the process which takes place in the Catholic Church for the canonization of saints, a subject much misunderstood by Protestants, and upon which the sincere amongst them might be glad of information.

Few, very few indeed, compared to the many who die fully sanctified, are canonized. The canonization of a saint is never seriously thought of until heaven seems to demand it by the repeated miracles which are wrought through the intercession of the departed spirit.

Let it be remembered, the Catholic Church very often does not proceed to the canonization of a saint till many years, and sometimes centuries, after his death, nor is the matter contemplated until the faithful have called the attention of the Church to repeated and frequent miracles obtained at the shrine of the saint, or through his intercession. Application is then made upon the subject to the holy father, the visible head of the family of the faithful, who, before he assents to the first steps even being taken towards the canonization, requires such proofs as shall probably insure success, after which the process is commenced, and then the canonization proceeds, which, for one saint only, lasts sometimes fifty, sixty, seventy, and up to a hundred years.

Such is the precision and minuteness with which the examination is carried on, and according to the difficulty there may be in collecting the necessary evidence, the expense is more or less, but never under several thousand pounds. When all this is considered, surely Pro-

testants would do better to reserve some of the irony so frequently indulged in on the subject of canonizations in the Catholic Church, for the thousands which take place amongst themselves daily, at no further expense than a delusion of the mind and a declaration from the mouth.

For what Protestant will deny that a death-bed repentance is even something still more doubtful? The name of Jesus, for instance, forced by the dread of an opening eternity and the horrors of death from a mouth perhaps ill-accustomed to holy articulations, suffices to have it said the moment the soul has left the body: Alas! he is dead, but the soul is in bliss with God! And thus a Protestant canonization is performed without the expense even of a thought. How deplorable, then, is the delusion in which Protestants amuse themselves on this subject, a delusion from which numbers of them are never delivered but by their own sad experience, when time is no longer theirs to repair the evil.

Hence, then, it appears very plain, that with the Protestant Church there are not either holy doctrines, holy practices, or holy fruits.

Let me next speak of her apostolicity. For the Protestant Church to be apostolic, it would be necessary for her to have come down in an unbroken line and succession from the apostles, as the Catholic Church has, like a chain in which no link is wanting, and which is able, from century to century, to trace its lineage up to St. Peter, the first Pope and Bishop of Rome, to whom the charge was given, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven, to feed and watch over the whole flock of Christ's fold upon earth.

The Protestant Church not only is not able to establish, but does not pretend to such a proof in favor of her apostolicity, since its book of homilies declares that "every man, woman, and child of the Christian world was drowned in damnable idolatry, or in other words 'Popery,' and this for eight hundred years." Where, then, was the Protestant Church all those years? She could not have been in the world, since all the world, according to her own testimony, was overrun with Popery. The plain truth of the matter is, the Protestant religion

and Church had no beginning at all before the sixteenth century, and, therefore, it came into the world fifteen hundred years too late to be apostolic.

Again, the Protestant Church has not received, and does not teach, as we have already shown, the doctrines of the apostles, but those of her own making, since history and the holy fathers prove that the bishops and priests of the early times taught that there were seven sacraments instituted by Christ Himself, and handed down to them by their predecessors, the apostles, and that through these sacraments the merits, passion and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can alone be applied and avail our souls unto salvation.

Now, we all know the Protestant Church talks of but two sacraments: the one *Baptism*, upon which they are at this moment in high dispute; the other, consisting of *bread and wine*, remains still but a shadow, and therefore cannot be called a sacrament. And here at least the Protestant has just reason to tremble, for the word of God has said: "If any man shall take away from the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life."—Rev. xxii. 19.

If this view of this most important subject appears harsh to any one, who, judging from the sincerity of his own heart, finds it difficult to understand how, with a perfect desire and intention to serve God, he has, nevertheless, been in gross error, let him remember that his former error was more his misfortune than his fault, and that all God requires of him now is to make use of the light given him, to repair the evil as soon as he can, consoling himself with the Saviour's own words, when He said "I have other sheep which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, that there may be but one fold and one shepherd." Whereby he will learn that though he was in error, he is still the dear child of that loving Father, who looks to the heart, and knows that through ignorance only did he hitherto persevere in error.

But to continue, the Protestant clergy are not apostolic, since they have not received their orders from the apostles, as the apostles were dead fifteen hundred years before there was a Protestant bishop or minister in the

world; consequently, neither the Protestant Church nor her ministers can claim apostolicity. For not only did she not receive her orders from the apostles, but neither did she from their lawful successors, since Barlow, their consecrator, was never himself consecrated, no records existing in the world either to prove or even allude to his ever having been consecrated. Then if Barlow was not consecrated, he could not consecrate Parker, and on him is laid the foundation of the Protestant episcopacy. But even supposing that Barlow had been consecrated, the Protestant Church made use of an invalid and unlawful ordinal for one hundred years, from 1552 till 1662.

Then again their ministers are not priests, for they have not the intention in ordination to offer sacrifice, which is the principal office of a priest, as I have already shown St. Paul clearly states.

And lastly, they have no mission, they have not been sent, therefore they do not come from God, nor have they any authority to preach. For so necessary is a lawful mission to the true priest of God, that our Saviour thought it necessary to prove His own credentials and authority to preach to the world, before He could claim their respect, or enforce obedience to His doctrine and preaching. In giving this mission to His apostles, He says: "As the father hath sent me, so I send you; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Then we see the apostles laying hands upon others, and sending them, even as they themselves had been sent. "They then sent them away, so they being sent by the Holy Ghost went to Seleucia."—Acts, xiii. 3; and St. Paul, speaking of the apostles, says: "How can they preach unless they be sent?"—Rom., x. 15. Thus, neither having apostolic orders nor an apostolic mission, how have they entered the sheepfold? Is it by the door? for all, says our Lord, who come in by any other way are both thieves and robbers. But listen to what Dodwell, a Protestant writer, says: "Where there is no episcopal ordination there is no ministry, no sacraments, no Church, men are out of the covenant of grace, and hope of salvation."*

* Fletcher's *Sermons on Mor. Sub.*, 2nd vol., p. 294.
Luther himself writes thus on the ministry: "The mission," says he,

We now return to the "Communion of saints" and the "forgiveness of sins," having, I think, clearly stated the case, and proved the inconsistency of the Protestant, professing to believe in one holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, to no one of which titles his Church has the shadow of a claim.

I shall next proceed to examine what that communion of saints and the forgiveness of sins is, of which he also makes profession every time he repeats the Apostles' Creed. In the 17th chap. of St. John's gospel, we find our Saviour's most beautiful and touching prayer made to His Eternal Father in favor of His apostles and all who should believe in Him through their word. Wherein He supplicates His Father that after His departure those whom the Father has given Him, though in the world, yet not being of the world, may be preserved as one family, one in Him, as He is one with His Father.

Now, in the Catholic Church we find one immense family forming three parts of the Christian or civilized world; one supreme visible head or shepherd, governing, ruling, and ordering the whole, without whose authority and signature no bishop is consecrated; whose anathema is death to the soul, whose benediction is life; at the sound of whose voice every child of the whole family of the faithful is attentive, as oft as it is made to reach them through their pastors.

In one word, no spot on this wide earth is too far removed for that voice not to penetrate freely, whereby the

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" is received in two ways, *mediately* and *immediately*. In our days this mission takes place mediately, that is to say, by the ministry of men; but the apostles received their mission immediately from Jesus Christ, in the same manner by which in the Old Testament the prophets received their mission from God Himself. The apostles have transmitted this mission to *their disciples*, as St. Paul did to Timothy and to Titus, who accordingly transmitted *theirs* to the Bishops, those Bishops to their successors up to the present time; and this will continue even to the end of ages, in such a manner as to render the *mediate mission* no less *divine* than the immediate."—*Luther*, 1st part, 8th page.

Then he says, speaking of those who have no lawful mission: "You must not tolerate these intruders in any way, but must certainly hold them to be the messengers of the devil. You must ask them: Where do you come from? who sent you? who has ordered you to preach to me? where are the miracles and proofs of your mission from God, or your letters and seals from men?"—*Luther*, 2nd part, 210th page, etc.; *letters upon intruders and unauthorized preachers.*

faithful Catholic may learn his duty and be united in the performance of it with the great whole, and thus in action and intention this mighty multitude is as one. In short, it is to this great centre of attraction that every eye is turned, that every ear is attentive; and when the world's calamities call for help, for redress, for something to stay, to appease the wrath of an offended God, it is then this holy father makes his voice to be heard, it is then he reunites the spiritual family, it is then he orders all to prayer, and it is then, with one spontaneous movement, that every Catholic, no matter in what country or clime, bends the knee to implore mercy for a world bathed in iniquity, and, last of all, it is then the development of Catholic unity takes place and the divinity of a system so gigantic and so superhuman is easily traced.

But this is not all: for in this great family there is also union and communion defying all time and space, begun here, but to be strengthened and perfected in eternity, and over which that great enemy, death, by which all else is doomed to be conquered, has no other control or influence, but to increase and purify it. For no sooner is the Catholic soul liberated from its earthly tenement, than the Church and the faithful hasten to relieve it from that prison in which it can do nothing for itself, and once liberated from those purifying flames, the celestial spirit is henceforth invoked to use its influence in favor of its less happy brethren, who failed not to do their best for it as long as it stood in need of their prayers. And thus, as long as this earth and heaven shall last, that communion in which the Catholic professes his belief in reciting the creed, shall also last, for that alone can be called the "communion of saints," and to this communion of saints none other than the Catholic has the shadow of a claim.

Feeling myself at first very much bewildered on this article of the Apostles' Creed, I asked a Protestant theologian in what sense he took it, as I had puzzled my head in vain to find out in what, or where in Protestantism the communion of saints was to be found. To which he replied by saying: "And is it possible you have never

tasted of its sweetness?" On my replying in a doubtful way, and begging a clear definition by which I should better understand whether I had or not, he said: "Why, it is that delicious communion which Protestants enjoy together when they meet, and are of one mind upon any holy subject." "But where," said I, "do they meet, and when are they of one mind?" "Why, at tea parties, and at Bible meetings, and in visiting one another, and, in short, in a thousand different ways." "All this is well," said I, "but it involves one difficulty which makes me know I never enjoyed the communion of saints: for, whatever you may think yourself or your friend to be, I know I am not a saint, and so I must seek for the communion of saints where I shall find it on less doubtful grounds than those you propose to me."

And thus it is with this doctrine as with every other Catholic one adopted by Protestantism; for when once examined and analyzed, it falls to the ground in their hand, and, in falling, crushes all their poor, boasted claim to it and leaves them poorer than if they had never pretended to it.

And as to the forgiveness of sins, in which Protestants also make solemn profession without any doubt it must share the same fate, for what can it mean in their mouths but empty words, since they leave that precious privilege to poor "deluded" Catholics?

But let me give it a fair examination, since no extraordinary power of argument is necessary to prove my point, nor indeed any examination as the thing must declare itself to the mind of any sincere Protestant, who considers the subject in a candid and unprejudiced manner. Let us turn, for the satisfaction of all, to that part of the prayer-book service called "the general confession," where we read as follows:

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us," etc.

After which general confession we read: "The absolution or remission of sins is to be pronounced by the priest alone"(although no priest at all, as has been proved). Here, then, the absolution and remission of sins is performed by the minister in favor of persons who, for all he knows of the matter, may, from the general nature of this confession just pronounced, be guilty of every sin in the catalogue of sins, after which he (the minister) stands up, while all the guilty kneel and, without any further assurance of penitence on the part of the culpable than this general declaration, he operates the remission of sins in the most off-handed manner, without being anything the wiser of the mighty deliverance he has just performed. Again we see on this same subject at the visitation of the sick, after the dying person has been made to state his belief in one holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the communion of Saints, and the remission of sins, etc., we read:

"Here shall the sick person be moved to make a special confession of his sins, etc—after which confession the priest shall absolve him—after this sort: 'Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences: And by His authority, committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'"

How not give utterance to the surprise I felt on first considering the folly of these words in a Protestant minister's mouth, and the just indignation I could not help experiencing, to think that my soul had been so long the dupe of a system of mummery such as all this.

Again I would beg to know, what Protestant, on going to church and repeating this general confession, with a conscience surcharged with sin, and his soul depressed in consequence, has ever felt the one cleansed or the other relieved, as this wondrous absolution has been pronounced? But there is yet one other circumstance to be noticed here on this same subject, which goes to prove the inutility of such holy usages and sacraments in the hands of any others but those to whom they have been

confided, and with whom alone they are legitimate and of avail.

When our Saviour gave His disciples the power to remit sins, it is of all importance to remember that He also gave them the power to retain sins. This very great power, coming from our adorable Saviour, whose horror of sin was so great that He did not hesitate to sacrifice to the last drop of His blood to efface its stain and effects on the human race, proves the absolute and evident necessity on the part of the priest not only to know the sin (which the Protestant says need not be known to any but God), its nature and circumstances, but also the disposition of the soul of him who applies for absolution or remission of sins. For the dispositions of the heart, being either good or evil, can alone direct the priest as to whether the penitent is worthy of the remission or retaining of his sins.

But these are nice distinctions, which the theology of Protestantism has not yet defined, and without troubling their heads with such minutiæ the Protestant minister seems to think the simplest way the most convenient and best, and thus the rigid observance to which alone the happy results are attached, is left undisputed to the Catholic Church.*

I shall now, as briefly as I can, go regularly through the prayer-book, to point out the different inconsistencies which most struck myself; and if in doing so, any expression escape me which may appear too severe, I would beg to remind that they are not applied to any individual, but to a system which had well nigh robbed me of a blissful eternity. And in thus exposing its fraud to the world, I have but one earnest desire at heart, namely, to be the unworthy instrument in the hands of God of awaking others to the peril of their position. I have, moreover, found such peace and security within the bosom of the True Church, that I think the laws of Christian charity oblige me to do my best to share my happiness with as many others as I can, who may have been born to inherit the same delusion with myself.

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* See Luther's ideas of absolution, p. 202.

In one of the first pages is seen the hymn called the *Te Deum*, in which we read: "To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth." Here we hear the Protestant announce and declare that the holy angels in heaven are ever and continually employed in glorifying God with the same words, and yet when a poor Catholic is heard many times a day repeating the same prayers how generally he is condemned for his much speaking! Such conduct is not only an injustice against the Catholic, but a crying inconsistency, for which he will one day be called to account; for since the same mouth which lauds the holy angels for continually repeating the same words, should not denounce and despise the Catholic for doing the very same thing.

Next in rotation comes the canticle called the *Benedicite*, in repeating which we find the Protestant assenting and declaring with a loud voice his belief in, and adoption of, the Catholic doctrine of the "invocation of the angels and saints," and not content with that, he actually in his enthusiasm calls upon the sun, moon, stars, mountains, hills, seas, fishes, whales and beasts, etc., to unite with him in praising the Lord. To repeat the whole canticle is not necessary, but it runs thus: "O ye angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord! O ye sun and moon, bless ye the Lord! O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, etc. O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord!" Now, all this is very well, for the Lord loves fervor and humility in our approach to Him; but when the Catholic is seen to raise his eyes to heaven, there to seek an advocate who will plead his cause before a God of unutterable purity and holiness, and at the same time cover his own unworthiness, it is not necessary to say who never fails to denounce him as an idolater for addressing the departed saints, and still less necessary is it to state here, that a day of retribution will come, when a just God will become the judge between the denouncer and the denounced; for such inconsistency and injustice will call for revenge from a God of order; how sad then is such delusion!

The Athanasian creed comes next upon my list, and

how many poor souls have staggered at its recital! would to God they had staggered until they had fallen upon something like truth and consistency! Many Protestants, I venture to say, have often heard talk of the great want of charity amongst Catholics, for the belief they hold that none can be saved out of the true Catholic faith, without which belief all shall perish everlastingly.

In contradistinction to which, the Protestant never fails to adduce the liberation and charity of his persuasion, which admits all who are sincere in heart, equally to the joys of heaven, whether he be heathen, Jew, or Turk, forgetting the necessity of Christian baptism, forgetting, "that except a man believe and be baptized, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." In short, forgetting the whole tenor of the gospel.

But laying all that aside, let us see here in this Athanasian creed what they really do believe, or at least what one might suppose they do believe, from what is contained in this "chosen piece", reserved by their Church for the most solemn feasts, as Christ-*mas*-day, etc. The first words of this creed run thus: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Then follows an explanation of what the Catholic faith is, concerning the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, till at last we arrive at the conclusion, which reads thus: "And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire. This is the Catholic faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." Now, that this faith is not held actually and vitally by the Protestant, has been sufficiently proved; and that it is not nominally, needs no proof, since the word "Catholic" has ever been in execration amongst them until within late years, that a few have ventured to adopt it as a cloak or calmer to save their consciences. But a little anecdote which happened to myself will, out of many others, go to prove the acceptation of the word "Catholic" in the world. On visiting Kingstown for the first time after my conversion to the Catholic faith, my first desire was to

visit the Catholic Church, and so addressing some poor creatures who sat chatting by the wayside. I asked them would they show me where a Catholic church was, to which one old woman replied: "Look jewel, do you see the sign of the *crass* (cross); well that always marks the Catholic Church; but if you want the Protestant church, dear, you have nothing to do but just to look for a weather cock, and there you have it sure."

Beside the inconsistencies already mentioned in this creed, as pronounced by a Protestant, is the declaration at the end, that those who have done good shall go into everlasting life, which is also a Catholic doctrine denied by Protestants. O, religion of inconsistency!

Again, by one glance at the litany will be found another token of Catholicity, which unfortunately seems everywhere with Protestants but just where it ought to be, and that is in their hearts. However the evidence of it is so strong in this little borrowed book which is, in so many instances, an exact copy of the Catholic missal, that tracing it in every page I cannot conceive what excuse that soul will have to make before its God, who after having it thus clearly pointed out, should be found at the great day of reckoning, with no other belief to boast of, than such a series of inconsistencies and delusions as we have here before our eyes.

In this litany we read: "From fornication and all other deadly sins, Good Lord, deliver us," or in other words, Good Lord, deliver us from what we abuse Catholics for saying there exist—deadly sins! Again: "From all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, Good Lord, deliver us." Or, to reverse the thing, as above—Good Lord, deliver us from what history, religious and profane, the ancient fathers, the holy scriptures, and the true Catholic Church, all declare to us that we are under since the sixteenth century, and which we are determined still to continue under in spite of a testimony so strong.

On further, and towards the close of this litany, we find a little prayer running thus: "O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works," etc. But when a Catholic talks of the traditions of the fathers, it is well known the reproof he

invariably meets with. In short, a prayer of St. Chrysostom! closes the litany, and that St. Chrysostom was a Catholic saint, and a doctor of the great Catholic Church, needs no further testimony than the simple announcement of an uncontested fact.

We next come upon the collects, and in that one falling on the third Sunday in Advent, we read: "Grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries," etc. Now, I would ask, what mysteries these can be? for as a Protestant I remember often hearing it said that the great beauty of our religion consisted in its having nothing mysterious about it, while in the contrast the Catholic Church was always cited as being nothing but mystery (yes, to those who do not understand it). But I ask again, what these mysteries are, which are spoken of in the collect? for surely all will allow that in simple bread and wine there is no mystery, but when that bread and wine becomes by the power of God, as in the Catholic religion, Christ whole and entire, body and blood, soul and divinity, here is something like a mystery, and a mystery which has triumphed over all difficulties, and has and ever will outlive all (falsely so called) reformations.

Then again, in the collect of the sixth Sunday after Epiphany, we read: "O God, whose blessed Son was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal salvation; grant us, we beseech thee, that having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as He is pure," etc. Now, without knowing it, the Protestant is here again detected, boldly announcing and imploring heaven in favor of another Catholic doctrine, namely, Christian perfection, the attainment to which the Catholic Church declares possible, and is ever urging upon her children as a motive for greater efforts, but one for which she is as much cried down by Protestants, as for any other of her divine truths.

Arrived at last at Ash Wednesday, dear Ash Wednesday! Just after the collect there is an order given out that it shall be read every day throughout Lent after the collect of the day But where, may one ask, is it to be

read, since their churches are not opened but on Sundays? Now, this order which frequently occurs in the Catholic missal, from which it is copied, is another proof not only of Catholicity, in that it witnesses in favor of that religion, which not only has a collect for every day in the year, but a priest ever at his post, and an open church, inviting all who are partakers of God's daily favors to unite in His daily praises; but also of the inconsistency and want of vitality of a borrowed system. For although the collect might do to take the loan of now and again, when their own inspiration failed, it does not at all follow that those parts of the true liturgy which concern the practical part of religion, would do so well to pass off as the original, but rather, as is here verified, they go to prove the deception and shallowness of the whole delusion.

In the epistle of the same day's service, which is also the epistle in the Catholic missal, we go on to read: "Turn ye, saith the Lord, to me, with all your heart, and with fasting." Of the appropriation of such language by a Protestant, enough has already been said; but, oh! when I think of it and of the fatigue I have often witnessed ignorant of its cause, in the expression of the poor Catholic servants on a day of fasting, I cannot help shedding tears of anguish over all my old Protestant thoughts and feelings; and while I abase myself for them as lower than the dust I unheedingly crush under my feet, my tears still flow from very gratitude, to think that while others so much better than myself still wallow in their delusion and error, I have burst its bondage, and am delivered from its heartless thraldom. And from my soul I am forced to cry out: Go on, go on, poor, lowly, but consistent Catholic, go on in your steady adherence to the well-known and oft-repeated commands of your God, for the scoffs and jeers you so often meet in the performance of your sacred duties will ere long be changed for that unspeakable reward which awaits your fidelity.

The next collect, or title of a collect, to which I would draw attention as more or less significant in the Protestant service, as meriting a feast with a collect, epistle and gospel, etc., is "The Purification of St.

Mary the Virgin." And as worthy of the same honor, "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Here one is almost justified in supposing the learned compilers of this little book must have become drowsy, for these feasts are Catholic property, as all well know, together with the honor offered the blessed one in them. But they are followed by others equally inconsistent, as "St Michael and all Angels," which collect runs thus: "O everlasting God, who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order, mercifully grant, that as the holy angels do thee service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succor and defend us on earth: through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

Here surely one is induced to rub his eyes, as not seeing aright, for who would suppose that any but superstitious Catholics could dream that the holy angels can, will, and do, succor and defend mankind?

Then comes another in the same style, entitled, "All Saints," the collect reading thus: "O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son, Christ our Lord, grant us grace to follow thy blessed saints in all virtues and godly living," etc. In this prayer the mark of Christ's elect is specified by one communion and fellowship, to which, without controversy, Protestants can lay no claim, since the numbers of their different communions would be most difficult to attest, inasmuch as they are increasing every day, and this is too notorious to require specification. Secondly, the supplication for grace to follow the saints in all virtues and godly living, is surely equally inapplicable, inasmuch as the means which the saints employed for attaining holiness are out of the practice, if not out of the reach, of any but Catholics, as, for instance, fasting, confession, and a constant approach to the other sacraments in the Catholic Church alone to be found.

We have now reached the communion service, at the end of which there are certain observations and directions as to how the service is to be conducted, and amongst them we read thus: "And there shall be no celebration of the Lord's supper, except there be a con-

venient number to communicate with the priest, accord ing to his discretion!" Again: "And if there be not above twenty persons in the parish of discretion to receive the communion, yet there shall be no communion except four (or three at the least) communicate with the priest." That little is necessary to be said here to prove the materialism and utter want of vitality of this service is evident, since one or two souls, no matter how ardently they may long to unite themselves to Christ, or desire to partake of this heavenly bread, may and must thirst, and thirst again in vain, should there not be enough of persons to be found in the same dispositions, or should the discretion of the priest see otherwise than to satisfy their longing necessity. In fact, one cannot help a thought intruding itself here in spite of oneself. and which is, that this prohibition arises out of an economical calculation that one or two souls are not worth the bread and the bottle of wine necessary to a consecration, and that thus, until the fervor of the parish has produced a convenient number, that is, the three or four for which that outlay can justifiably be made, there can be no communion! O, cold, calculating deception! O, mere phantom of the thing you are aping at, and fain would be! for all the vitality or life you possess, it were as well that the number be few as many who are to drink of thy delusions; and better that it were neuter than any, if thereby souls for which Christ has bled, and one of whom is of more value than all else that this world contains, might be rescued from thine insufficiency, to attain the source from which springs of life and love are daily flowing!

This service is at last concluded by a timely apology (to prevent all mistakes), for the observance of another Catholic custom, which is that of kneeling at the communion, which position, to the Catholic who believes he kneels before his God, is a necessity, but the Protestant approaching his "bread and wine" in the same reverential manner, it being nothing more than such an apology is justly deemed necessary. and runs thus: "Lest kneeling should by any person, either out of ignorance and infirmity, or out of malice or obstinacy (fair ingredients,)

truly, for making a holy communion), be misconstrued and depraved, it is hereby declared that thereby no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread and wine there bodily received, or unto the corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood, etc.—for that were idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians," etc. Then follows a logical conclusion: "Since Christ's natural body cannot be in two different places at the same time." Thus an apology is prepared to quiet the consciences of those who might be troubled at this practice, which, according to the Protestant belief of the communion, is not only an open violation of the second commandment, but so essentially justifies the belief of Catholics upon this important point, that an apology is in consequence most justly deemed necessary, and given upon logical conclusions, drawn from natural and material laws.

This foundation upon which the apology rests, may perhaps serve to satisfy some, but goes in my mind most effectually to prove the vitality and divinity of the Catholic doctrine upon this most holy communion, against which the Protestant Church has but so poor a refutation to offer, founded upon reasoning so material as can in no way apply to the most elevated and sublime doctrine, which Christianity proposes, and favors us with. As if the incorruptible and immortal body of our adorable Redeemer God, was ever, much less after His resurrection, subject to natural laws and material solutions. But lest I should take too much upon me, I must recommend the Protestant who may feel inclined to rest satisfied with this worse than no apology, to look to the testimony of scripture upon this subject, where in the 20th chap. of St. John's gospel, and the 19th verse, we find that our Lord appeared in the midst of His disciples, the doors being shut, which is better proof than my ideas upon the matter, that His glorious body is free from those laws which bind and keep us down, and is capable of being present when and where it will.

For further light upon this point, the divine nature which even our own corruptible bodies shall possess when raised in incorruption, I should recommend the

perusal of the 15th chap. of 1st Corinthians. But perhaps the Bible makes a mistake, or rather perhaps the wise heads who compiled the prayer book would wish to make us think so, for it says such is contrary to human reason.

Here, as elsewhere, not only the inconsistency and materialism of Protestantism is again displayed; for it protests without hesitation that no adoration is intended in the act of kneeling before the bread and wine; and yet, when the Catholic Church urges the same, as her children bend the knee to render a relative honor to sacred symbols, the Protestant cry is redoubled, and the Catholic religion is denounced as idolatrous, etc. Alas for the delusion which admits no ray of light!

Next, we come upon the service of the baptism of infants, which immediately follows that of the communion, in which we find another remnant of Catholicity, so self-evident that "the reformed religion," large and elastic as it sometimes is on the most important doctrines, finds itself unable to pass over what might comparatively be called a minor point, without such qualms of conscience as force a reluctant and equally inefficient excuse for persevering in the practice of another testimony in favor of Catholicity.

The first thing which we remark in this service is the rather extraordinary announcement with which it commences, and which runs thus: "The people are to be admonished that it is most convenient that baptism should not be administered but upon Sundays and other holidays," etc., and at the close of this paragraph is added: "Nevertheless (if necessity so require), children may be baptized upon any other day." Here little is needful to be said to prove the cold-heartedness of this false religion, which, like the step-mother which the wisdom of Solomon so quickly and so effectually tested as wanting the affection of a real mother, we find that baptism, which is a sacrament necessary to salvation, is to be deferred for six days in order not to inconvenience the minister, unless necessity so require. But who that knows the uncertainty of life at all times during the first week of infancy, but must shudder at the postponement of this sacrament, without which the newly-born

soul, if called suddenly away, must forever be deprived of the light and glory of God's presence, for fear of inconveniencing the minister, or obliging him to quit his comfortable home for the salvation of only one little soul.

But this great consideration for the minister's ease and little consideration for the salvation of a soul for whom Christ died and spilt the last drop of His blood, is just in keeping with what we have already exposed in the communion service.

What a contrast to that ardent, heartfelt love, that indefatigable care of the real mother, whose maternal and legitimate tenderness has made provision against the possibility of such a misfortune; first, by appointing her priests to be every day at their post, both ready and anxiously watching the occasion of admitting a new soul into the one fold, the true Church, and secondly, by authorizing any lay person to baptize an infant, where the ministry of an ordained priest cannot be had. O, admirable wisdom! O, powerful love! which has left nothing undone or forgotten whereby to save the life of that soul for which Christ has died.

But let us not forget the apology of which I have already spoken, and which we find occasion for as the service progresses, where, after the child is baptized, while yet the minister retains it in his arms, he says:

"We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ," etc. Then at the end of the service is found a notice which runs thus: "It is certain, by God's Word, that children which are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin are undoubtedly saved. To take away all scruple concerning the use of the sign of the cross in baptism, the true explication thereof, and the just reasons for the retaining of it, may be seen in the 30th canon, first published in the year 1604!"

Now, not having the canon within reach, to which reference is here made, the force of this apology must for the present be measured after the fashion of the last or even at a more doubtful rate, since we are fully justified

in supposing that, were it very efficient, it would have been copied at large; and for the last mentioned notice, one cannot help exclaiming in admiration of the favored epoch of 1604, when the Christian first needed an apology for using the sign of the cross, the sacred sign of man's redemption!

Of the first notice it can neither be amiss nor unjust to say, that if it be certain by God's word that children who are baptized, dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved, so does it follow that it is equally certain by God's word, that children who are not baptized, although dying before they commit actual sin, are not saved; therefore the minister, if he thought as much of the value of a soul as he does of his own ease, ought to be ever ready to attend to the one, and think less of the other, if indeed he were the true disciple of Christ, for Christ says: "The true shepherd gives his life for the sheep," not doing which, there is every needful proof that he is not the true disciple of Jesus Christ.

More and more alarmed at the evidence that I found rising up against me on all sides, I directed my steps, without knowing exactly where I was going, or having any fixed intention, towards the dwelling of a minister whom I had met once or twice; and when before his door, to which I had unconsciously arrived, so occupied was my mind upon the examination of the prayer book, the result of my visit to the university, and with Luther's own testimony of his oft-repeated conversations with the devil, that I paused in surprise at what seemed to me almost a coincidence, and imagining that perhaps Providence had guided me thither to receive timely help, I at once acted upon the thought, knocked, required an audience without exactly knowing what I was going first to propose.

Having failed in all my former efforts, I thought I would profit by this occasion to gain light upon a subject I had not as yet spoken to a minister upon, but one which, when it was first mentioned to me, truly surprised and puzzled me. My first question, then, to the gentleman was, what the Protestant rule of faith was, to which he answered: "The Bible." "And is it infalli-

ble?" said I. "Certainly," said he. "Then," said I, "it is the only rule of faith the Protestant has?" "Yes," he replied, "unless the contents of the prayer book be added, which is not necessary, as it is one and the same thing, it being written upon the Bible, and in perfect conformity with it. The Bible, therefore," said he, "is our only rule of faith, each individual to search for himself." "If, then," said I, "it is your only rule of faith, do you profess all it commands, and abstain from all it forbids?" "Yes," again was the answer; but no sooner was the word out of his mouth than my heart fell, for here presented the difficulty which I had by this time determined to propose to him, which is as follows: that this sacred volume furnishes us with a strict command under the Patriarchal, the Jewish, and last of all the Christian law, to keep the Sabbath, or seventh day, holy, the breach of which solemn command was often death, to which we have the example of Christ Himself added, for we read in Luke, iv. 16: "That as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day." How is it, then, was naturally my next question, that Christians do not keep holy the seventh day, as God commanded in the scriptures, but have put in its place the first day of the week? To this he replied: "We keep the first day of the week now instead of the seventh day, because we see the apostles kept the first day by meeting on that day to pray and break bread, and that you can see yourself by looking in your Bible, at the 20th chap. of the Acts, and 7th verse." "Yes, sir," said I, "so I see, but if you will look again at the 11th verse, you will see that they also met on the second day. Why, therefore, should we not keep the second day, as well as the first, or who has the power to choose between or decide which of those days ought to be the one sanctified? Besides," continued I, "a command from God, such as He has given us to keep the seventh day, is binding until a countermand comes to us from the same authority; whereas, in the Bible, I find it everywhere commanded to keep the seventh day, and not once to change it."

"Well," replied the minister, "I have given you a proof from scripture that the day is changed." "Yes,"

said I, "you have given me a proof that the apostles met and broke bread on the first day of the week, and I have given you a proof, from the same source, that they met also on the second day. If, therefore, you consider your proof authority for keeping the Sunday, or first day, mine is equally good authority for keeping Monday, or the second day; so that you see your authority is disputed, and for one who would feel satisfied with such an authority, a hundred would not be satisfied: and so what is to be done?"

By this time the minister began to perceive it was a troublesome guest he had got, and although perfectly a gentleman, he replied: "Oh! well, if you are not satisfied, I pity you, for I can give you no other reason than that, which is sufficient for the whole Protestant world." So with many recommendations from him to become more humble and docile, which spirit can only be acquired by prayer and reading the Bible, I took my leave, more depressed and more pained, as may well be imagined, than before meeting him.

Much perplexed in my mind upon this subject, I employed some time in endeavoring to gain light which would clear up my doubts and really satisfy my mind and give me peace at heart.

Amongst other works which fell in my way and treated of it, I came across one only just published, and written by an eminent Presbyterian minister of Edinburgh, the the Rev. John Bruce, whose work was entitled, "The Duty and Privilege of keeping the Sabbath." After endeavoring in vain satisfactorily to prove the grounds for the change from the seventh to the first day, the writer, feeling the weakness of his own arguments, and dissatisfied with his preceding proofs, has at last recourse to the following conclusion, as making up at once for all his former fruitless efforts. He thus sums up: "In other words," said he, "you would reasonably suppose, or expect the change should be made, which the Christian Church affirms had actually taken place."*

This testimony of a Protestant writer in favor of the

*Page 32.

Church, resorting to it as the best authority for this change, very much astonished me: for I thought the authority of the Church which will justify the Catholic at the great day before his Judge, whose mercy will then give place to His justice, must inevitably condemn the Protestant, inasmuch as he produces an authority which the general practice of his life has despised and condemned, whereas the Catholic, were his Church even in error, which so many proofs show it is not, is still consistent in referring to that Church, which he has respected, loved, believed in, and followed all the days of his life.

Thus convinced there was no actual authority for the observance of the first day instead of the seventh but that derived from the Catholic Church, I mentioned the subject in a letter to the Rev. Mr. H——, in answer to which he begs I will not suffer any uneasiness on the subject, for, says he, "I can prove to you by a most beautiful and clear calculation, that the day we keep holy is actually the very same day the patriarchs kept for their Sabbath." This was quite a new idea, and as such occupied my mind for a moment with a hope which reflection told me would no more go to help me out of my dilemma, or save me from the inconsistency of Protestantism, than a straw which a drowning man might seize for want of anything more solid to realize his fruitless efforts. For a discovery, even supposing it good and true, accidentally made by Mr. H. in the nineteenth century, proving that we have the good fortune, without knowing it, to be actually observing the seventh day, and therefore the very day God commands in the scripture, while all the time we imagined it the first, would ill justify us in the sight of God, and still less the whole Christian world, who, for the last eighteen hundred years, believed they were observing the first day, the march of intellect not having made such progress as to lead them to Mr. H.'s happy discovery. Wherefore they are under the sin of disobedience, equally as if it existed, since they believed it so, had they not, indeed, as my heart told me they had, some good, lawful, and sufficient reason for making the change.

This "beautiful" and "clear" solution was sent me by letter, which I consider rather a fortunate circumstance, for who would believe it if the proof were not in his own handwriting, that a clergyman of the Anglican Church could have furnished me with anything so absurd? But as there is good to be drawn from every evil, I shall give a copy of it, just to prove to what purposes the holy scriptures can be wrested and tortured, when once they are left to the delusive judgment of man, to construe as he pleases.

Since, then, this beautiful and clear solution has produced no stronger reasoning, no more solid comfort, to keep me from Catholicity, than that I have been actually observing the right day without knowing it, let me rather profit by it, as the most effectual proof that could be given of one Catholic doctrine, and this one, that the scriptures cannot be our only rule of faith, but that the Church, to which we are obliged to have recourse, as a sufficient authority for this most important change of days, not only is the only authority for this change, but is also our only authority for the identity of the scriptures themselves, and consequently for the sense and just interpretation of the same. Thus, if Mr. H. fails to prove in favor of Protestantism, he has not of Catholicism, whose title to perfect truth is such that even its greatest enemies are forced thus to evidence in its favor. All glory be to God, who not only is the author but the all-powerful protector of this precious depository of His everlasting Word.

The "beautiful" and "clear" solution runs thus:

"The Patriarchal and Christian Sabbath celebrated on one and the same day of the week.

"Exodus, xx. 11, and xxxi. 17, orders the observance of the seventh day in remembrance of the creation. Deut. v. 15, enjoins it in the remembrance of the deliverance from Egypt, without any reference to the creation. If the Israelites had left Egypt on the day which had previously been observed as the Sabbath, in remembrance of the creation, we might conclude that this passage con-

tained an additional reason for the observance of this same day; but if they left Egypt on the day before the usual Sabbath (which, remember, would be Friday), then it can be viewed in no other light than as an injunction to observe their Sabbath on a different day and for a different reason.

"That the Israelites left Egypt on the day before the Sabbath, is thus poved: they arrived in the Wilderness of Sin on the fifteenth day of the second month, Exodus, xvi. 1. The sixth day from that day, was the day before the Sabbath, verses 5 and 23, and the twentieth day of the month; consequently, the twenty-first day was the Sabbath, and the twenty-second was the day after the Sabbath. Now, if we reckon back, we shall find that the fifteenth, the eighth, and the first days of this month were also the days after the Sabbath; and so, the thirtieth and last day of the preceding month, Abib, which is called the first month, was the Sabbath day, and consequently, the twenty-ninth, the twenty-second, and the fifteenth days, were the days before the Sabbath, but the fifteenth was the day on which the Israelites left Egypt. Numbers xxiii. 3.

"I wish, my dear friend," he concludes, "that all that has been stated to you by Romish priests, was equally capable of that clear demonstration which I have given you above!"

Now, it is for those who read the above to judge for themselves of its clearness and beauty; to me it appears, if anything is proved, it is that Friday ought to be the day kept holy; but as this is proved on the statement that the Israelites arrived on the fifteenth day, and that six days after, being the twentieth of the month, I find myself obliged to reject the whole of this "clear" and "beautiful" solution, since it is made upon a system of calculation so different from my mathematics. For I have ever considered that six added to fifteen would make twenty-one; but Mr. H. says the proof is "clear" and "beautiful" which makes it twenty, and so I suppose Mr. H. will continue to think. How any one could prove from the 5th verse of the 16th chapter of Exodus, that the sixth day from the fifteenth was the day before

the Sabbath, passes all comprehension, as no such thing is there stated, which makes one justifiably conclude that the writer of this solution depended upon its ambiguity and confusion, whereby most persons would be deterred from following it out, and that, instead of looking out and proving the texts given, they would prefer believing it all as it is stated to be.

But supposing, for argument's sake, Mr. H.'s point proved, it then follows that the whole Christian world has mistaken the seventh day of the week for the first, while the Jewish world must have mistaken the sixth day for the seventh; for unquestionably our Christian Sabbath is kept on the day immediately following the Sabbath of the Jews; therefore, if our Sabbath be still the seventh day, and not the first, as the Christian world has always supposed, then it follows, the whole Christian world has been wrong from the beginning. And if our Sabbath be still the seventh day, and not the first, it follows that the Jewish Sabbath must have been the sixth day, or Friday, since theirs was the day before ours, be ours what day it may; thus it follows again, the Jews were all wrong, and the Christians were also wrong, and nobody is right but Mr. H.

Still Mr. H. himself believes Christ died on Friday, or the eve of the Jewish Sabbath, and keeps Good Friday, in consequence, after a fashion, at least as far as hot-cross buns go. Moreover, Mr. H. believes that our Saviour kept the Jewish Sabbath as the Sabbath, and the proper one: therefore, Mr. H., to be consistent with his first principle, must allow that Christ Himself mistook the days. Well indeed might he and every other friend I have in the world bemoan over me, if all I have learned from Romish priests could be no better proved or more clearly demonstrated than what it is stated above. Yes, common tears would be but a poor offering at such a shrine: tears of blood would not be too much for a soul so lost!

Again, I discovered another strict ordinance, not only commanded in the ancient scriptures, but repeated in the most positive manner in the New Testament, and declared at the Christian Council at Jerusalem, and still

one never observed by Christians, and yet for the neglect of which, I find myself as a Protestant utterly without a reason to justify the breach of what appears to me as strong a command as ever God issued.

In Acts, xv. 28, 29, we read: "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things, that ye abstain from meats offered to idols, from blood and from fornication."

Now, I would like to know what Protestant scruples to eat wild fowl, black pudding, etc., all of which contain blood: and yet the Apostle says it is a necessary thing, and that we must abstain from it.

Catholics, it is very true, partake without scruple of the very same things, but they know why they do it, and in doing so they are both consistent and justified, and have all sufficient reason ready to offer to God for their apparent breach of this command, inasmuch as the Church has sanctioned the non-observance of this law, as it sanctioned the change of the Sabbath day.

The nature of this world, and the changes of times and seasons are such, that we must ever require a living voice to direct us, since that which might be good and profitable to observe under one circumstance, might also be the very reverse under others.

Having mentioned these subjects to many who were concerned for the rapid progress I was making towards Catholicity, just to see if any one of them would be able to help me out of my troubles and difficulties, they one and all started, and asked me if I was allowing such trifles to unsettle my mind. But I would ask them in return, if the breach of God's command in a similar case by Adam was a trifle? If so, certainly not the punishment inflicted by God upon all his posterity for it. For oh! who can gaze upon the process of death, upon its unrelenting power, its inexplicable silence, its livid paleness, its cold incomprehensibleness, and not learn to appreciate the breach of such trifles, for God is not a God to be mocked, and surely it is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!

Many other Protestant inconsistencies have since

come to my knowledge through reading and prayer; still they existed not for me whilst a Protestant, for I never saw them, nor could have believed them possible.

Why it never pleased Almighty God to visit my soul with the shadow of a doubt, for the many, many long years I spent in supplicating heaven to satisfy the gnawing blank, and empty chasm in my soul, which kept ever crying out to be filled with something real and substantial, is not for me to say; but all I know is, that in those moments of anguish I bowed before the throne of mercy, determining to look nowhere else for help, and not to communicate my interior struggle elsewhere than there. I felt, however, the hour of mercy would sooner or later toll for me, and that trying as it might be thus to grope and combat as it were forever in the dark, neither knowing from what I had suffered or for what I had pined, I consoled myself with the sweet and precious assurance that He to whom I prayed knew all, and would in His own good time come to my relief.

Such was the course my soul adopted, let us hope through divine inspiration, since I had no other guide, no other teacher to deliver me from the spiritual famine under which I languished for the best part of my life.

It is now passed, and blessed be God for it; the hour of mercy, of deliverance, of satisfaction, of light, of peace, of contentment to the soul's full desire, has tolled, and I am free. My eyes see what they saw not before, my heart feels what it never knew before, but what the germ of life within made it instinctively pine after, as its only good, and the great end for which it was created—the possession of its God. And while my whole soul rejoices within itself, and feels it never can do enough for Him who has so wondrously, so graciously done so much for it, shall I desist as long as there is within my reach another proof against what so long weighed me down, and still weighs down hundreds and thousands who will not, or rather cannot, acknowledge their want, until they have tasted, experienced, proved, as I have done, the remedy? No, for I know not how or when it may please God to bless by His grace my words to others, and in that hope I will continue to enumerate some other things good in

themselves, but inconsistent and condemnable in Protestant practice, because nowhere ordered or authorized in scripture; and others which they leave undone, which are, nevertheless, strictly commanded therein.

Infant baptism, for instance: where is the command in scripture for it? On the contrary, the Bible says to be baptized we must believe, which condition we know an infant incapable of fulfilling, and yet the Protestant pretends to adhere to the Bible. Still, in the face of all this, the Anglican Protestant baptizes his new-born infant, nor would he for the world leave it undone; but why, he neither knows nor can he tell any other "why," than that he does it upon the authority of the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

Again, the Protestant not only declares the scriptures to be his sole rule of faith, but pronounces them Infallible, which to be an efficient rule they should be, as no other would be suitable to the necessity of man, or worthy of an Infallible God.

That the scriptures are infallible, when infallibly interpreted, is what all must allow; but in the hands of the Protestant, where their signification depends upon the frenzied fancy of each and every presumptuous mind, that declares itself directed by God and His Spirit to unfold them, common sense assures us they are anything but infallible, and in support of what I say, the scriptures themselves give us a testimony which there is no refuting. In II. Peter, iii. 16, we read: "There are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction." In the face of which authority, however, Protestants declare that the "unlearned" and the "unstable," yes, all, all are capable of interpreting them for themselves, each according to the inspiration he is pleased to imagine the Holy Spirit of God imparts to him, although scripture here so plainly attests they do so to their own destruction! Is this, I would ask, infallibility, against which infallibility itself pronounces? But even if the scriptures were silent, and did not furnish us with so decided a denunciation of the Protestant system, would not the confusion resulting from private

judgment upon the divine Word of God prove to any thinking mind its deceptive and erroneous results? For the whole resolves itself into this (which being blasphemous, I only advance the better to prove my point), Is God the author of confusion? and is His Holy Spirit the inspirer of as many religious opinions as there are chapters in the Bible, and fanatics to torture them to their own views and purposes? Never! common sense repudiates the idea! the unity and essence of the Divinity pronounce it impossible! Scripture itself declares it "destruction!" for the Word of God is ONE, even as He is one!

Since the Protestant's rule and privilege is such as it is, and that every one is invested with the power of judging for himself, I would ask any consistent mind, how, after the testimony I have produced, any one can blame me for embracing Catholicity, and for changing my fanciful and erroneous Protestantism for a treasure so sure, so consistent, so unchangeable, and so infallible?

To give, however, a practical proof of how completely the Protestant system overturns the infallibility of scripture and turns it into a floodgate of error and untruth, I will give a very brief sketch of my own experience in that way. Born a member of the Episcopal Church, I lived as such during the dependent years of my life, never dreaming but that my church was the true one, founded upon the rock Christ Jesus; for, as I have said before, the idea of its not being such, or that the false Christs and false prophets which the Saviour Himself warns us of, were those upon whom I was building all my hopes, never once entered my head.

Time passed, and I became independent, or at least dependent only on a will which always bent to mine, and with my independence came an increase of soul, of internal necessities, which demanded in the way of religion what was not everywhere to be found.

As the years rolled on I changed my habitation; where I had been blessed with an evangelical minister, I found myself, however, about to lose, decidedly, the best part of my religion, not being able to bring my minister with me. In these sentiments I was not peculiar, as they

were those of several members of my own family, as well as very many of our friends.

In great distress about my soul, I began to look about me in my new locality, for some preacher as ardent as I wished him, and for something of religion in general to come a little up to my ideas of what it ought to be, and what it must be to suit the desires of my soul. As Providence would have it the Episcopal preacher of my new parish was matter-of-fact to the last degree, dry in his addresses,and in short it was a degree of virtue so much above my capacity to listen to him, that I decided my soul made so much more progress, and enjoyed itself so much better in reading the Bible, and praying at home alone, that it would be better to follow the plan which gave me so much more consolation, than waste my time in going to church to be magnetized, in spite of myself.

After a certain lapse of time, however, and my conscience became uneasy with odd qualms about never going to church, and as I had always the good fortune to act at once when that voice spoke, I searched high and low to find a church somewhere that would provide me with a preacher more to my mind and to the necessity of my soul. After giving a trial to all the godly edifices which the locality furnished, I decided I would follow for the time being the Wesleyan Methodists, as there the worship was infinitely more fervent, the preaching more practical, the singing more inspiring, and the occasions of public worship and prayers much more frequent than in the Episcopal church.

It is true I missed the church service greatly, but thinking of the old saying, that one can't have everything, applied to religion as well as to every defective system in life, I acted upon it, and determined to make amends for all my deficiencies by the fervor of my devotion and attention to the extra services which Methodism furnished me.

Thus I continued a friend and follower of Methodism as long as it suited me to do so, but ere very long I was obliged to remove from the neighborhood of the Wesleyan chapel, and to seek anew in another locality a form of worship sufficiently devotional, and offering as frequent

occasions of prayer and hearing the Word of God.

The result of my researches in my new position, terminated in favor of a third branch of the fruitful tree of Protestantism, called "Presbyterianism."

In thus following these different sects of Protestantism, as I have said before, although the circumstance seems almost incredible to me now, it never once crossed my mind the inconsistency of such conduct, or the impossibility of their all being right.

In fact it is hard, if not impossible, to assign any satisfactory reason why persons, reasonable on all other subjects, can in good faith and sincerity be so unreasonable on the most important of all subjects, viz., religion. But so it is, and has been with even some of the most learned and talented of the late clerical conversions to Catholicity, since some of them have remained up to a certain hour (although all the time logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians after a fashion) incapable of detecting the enormous inconsistency of their own position.

However, if there is a definite reason to be given upon the matter, it is simply this: that the Protestant idea of a church, being so vague and imaginative, that it admits of all opinions, whilst it is exempt from accepting any, has, therefore, when all others fail it, still the latitude to create a church for itself, without detriment to any pre-existing one. As, for instance, we see in the world, when it is a question of religion, how easily pleased the great majority is, and how well satisfied most are with the hereditary religion of their parents; for the gain of the world, not the salvation of their souls, is the *unum necessarium* with them. But the few, the very few, who are born to know but one thing essentially necessary, what course do they adopt? Why, not knowing Catholicity, they try many sects of Protestantism, and not finding any of them to suit their peculiar necessity, they reject them all, and concentrating themselves within themselves, they raise an altar to the unknown but true God, and there abide until He discovers Himself as He is now doing to so very many, blessed be His holy name!

Hence it follows that the Protestant view of a church

being so vague and so false as to exclude the thought of the Great Author of all truth being its author, it is unsuitable to his mind (however inconceivable this may appear to the Catholic, who, far from reducing his Church to meet his mind, is forced to raise his mind to meet his Church, which he knows to be the work of God, and therefore, in no way subject to human changes or opinions), to reduce any system or sect to the test of a church he only knows as a human institution, as a disuniting one, incapable of ever producing unity or fixedness, as is clearly and evidently proved by its bishops being at this very time publicly at cross points upon the most important truths of religion.

It is, therefore, essential that such a church continue ever an ambiguous chameleon-like thing, until the Redeemer's words be verified in its regard. Matt. xii. 25: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate: and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand." And in further evidence of which I hesitate not to assert, that the most perfectly consistent resolution a Protestant can come to is the abjuration of his Protestantism, since thereby he carries out his Protestant principle and rule of judging for himself to the highest perfection, and at the price of what he holds dearest on earth—the power of ever again judging for himself in sacred things.

But let me ask, for the sake of others who are not where I now am, how is one to decide which amongst these is right, which wrong? Can God's unchangeable, unerring, and perfect truth, revealed in scripture, depend upon the mind of the person who declares it? Or can His Divine Spirit have breathed as many contrary inspirations as there are sects of Protestantism setting up for the truth of divine revelation?"

Would it not be more dignified, more worthy of the nature and greatness of the subject in question, rather to believe the Almighty has confided the sacred deposit of His everlasting truth somewhere, where it is and ever will be safe from anatomy, such as is found in Protestantism, the spirit and promises of God watching over it? And this concession once attained, once granted,

it will be for each one to look about him for that truth which is not preached as a novelty, or having for surname or author, such a one as Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Irving, etc., and for preachers, men who advance no marvel or new invention, nor the shade of a revelation as from themselves? Men, who boldly declare to you the whole truth, all of which you must accept or reject the old way of 1800 years' standing, over which they have no power, no control, but to give it to you as it was given to them; that holy faith which the further it travels and the wider it extends itself, the more its unity and oneness are developed, with God for its author, Jesus Christ for its founder, the Holy Spirit for its inspirer, and the one holy father and episcopal shepherd at Rome for its visible treasurer. Oh! who can mistake it? And when this much has been discovered, the rest will follow without much difficulty, for these are the men to whom it was said:

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations—teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and behold, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And again: "I will pray the father, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you forever: even the spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you!"

Here is, then, both the divine mission which is to go, and the divine truth, which is to be preached to all nations, and which will ever wend its way through the rolling of ages, unchanging and unchanged. And all I can say is, that having come myself upon this blessed, this precious truth, I recognized at once its dignity and its divinity, and finding it, oh! most different, most wondrously different from all I have ever met before, I only wish and pray with all the energy a grateful heart can inspire, that none who seek it may ever rest until they find it, for short of it all is delusion.

And if a hint from one who has attained it, after many a hard and lengthened struggle, can avail to help others

on, my testimony is this: that its initials are C-A-T-H-O-L-I-C—its ensign a cross—its foundation firm as the rock of Calvary on which it was first planted—its hopes high as the heavens to which it soars—its charity unbounded as the east and west to which it points—and its mercy, as enduring as its outstretched arms, shall continue to beckon and welcome all to its maternal embraces, to the repose to be found only on its bosom. In one word, he who finds it, finds a treasure worth seeking; but, let all remember the orthodox definition of that word, for everything will depend upon it, as none who shall "seek" aright but shall find.

Having thus discovered The Church, through the testimony of all evidences united, I found the true disciples of Christ might be recognized not only through scripture evidence, but also through the verification of that evidence given by their enemies, by those very men who set themselves up for the disciples of Christ, without any other claim or mark of being such than their own personal pretences, or supposed qualifications thereto.

Contrasting all things in my mind, I found that not only God's own truth should ever be subject to endless misconceptions and misrepresentations, through the malice of Satan working in and by a perverse world, which wills not the light of truth, but also that His true disciples must be held up to reproach, a very scorn and derision to the world, and that as the Master has been called " Beelzebub," so shall His faithful followers."

After thus tracing the promised inheritance of the true priests of God, it was not difficult to discern that the dignified and polished Protestant minister, with all his creature comforts around him, could not be of these despised ones; for every candid Protestant will allow, that of all honorable positions, in the most worldly acceptation of the term, none is more universally acknowledged as such, than that of minister of the Established Church, many of whom not unfrequently have no other pretension to the calling, than the offer of a rich living, which by some happy chance has occurred through perhaps the unexpected death of some relative. But for

that no matter, only some way or other the Church has gained a minister, at the loss, perhaps, to the army of a hero.

Alas! what a tale is to be told of ministers in general, and what confusion of ideas and doctrine there is amongst them! Here I am not afraid again to apply for justification to the candid Protestant, who would sooner betray his cause than his conscience in advancing, that out of ten ministers, eight will be at cross points on the most vital truths of religion. For what is more common than the following manner of conversation: "Oh! is not Mr. —— a beautiful preacher? I like him because he is high church." "Oh!" says another, "I like Mr. Suchabody much better, for he is truly evangelical." "Oh!" adds a third, "there is no one for me to come up to Mr. Another body, who has but the one fault of being tainted with Calvinism, and that is easily got over when under the influence of his eloquence, which is capable of proving black white." Then, last of all, a fourth will declare that not one of these is worth listening to, but only his preacher, such a dear man, with such peculiar views! and so soul-inspiring and consoling! above all when he touches on controversy, which he does sometimes in style whereby he displays in their proper colors the horrors of popery, and from thence he never fails to make one feel the beauty, security, and perfection of one's own happy state of freedom: oh! that's the man for me!

Some may persuade themselves that this is overdrawn. But as to the spirit of what is stated above, it is as true as it is common, for I myself have often taken part in such conversations, which is what passes in polite Protestant society every Sunday in the year when religion comes in question.

And again, without fear of exceeding the bounds of justice, I dread not to advance, that devotees are often found clinging to neighborhoods and places, because of some fanatical preacher or other, who takes such a view of scripture as will not easily be met elsewhere, and therefore, they cannot make a voyage, nor will they take change of air, because their dear parson can't go with them; for assuredly they could not expect the divine

blessing, were they, without extreme necessity, to throw away such advantages as they receive under his preaching. And why all this? Why, but simply because the enemy of souls must find some way of deluding those who seek to advance themselves in religion; and Protestantism with its private judgment affording him such ample scope, he finds a ready and easy way, under the semblance of religion, as in the above example, of insinuating a "very angel of light," and all the while that the soul's interests and pure religion are the nominal and avowed objects, the delusion has taken such deep root that the real centre of attraction escapes without detection! Alas! it is under such strong delusions (II. Thess. ii.) that the sanctification of the half of England is operated.

For instance, what more true or more common, than the interest created in a neighborhood amongst a certain class of the parishioners on the arrival of a young, unmarried clergyman? Instantly piety takes the vogue, prayer meetings and poor schools alone have interest for certain young persons, and the progress religion makes in that locality is nothing short of miraculous, until all of a sudden a check comes, a mournful blight, as it were, spreads itself over all holy things and a serious diminution of fervor is painfully witnessed by all. And what is the cause of so deplorable a falling off? Why, simply this—the interesting chief is caught, and one happy fair one bears off the prize, to the unutterable disappointment and despair of so many less fortunate aspirants.

That the indisputable truth of this example may render it painful to some, is an evil I would fain remedy at any price, short of compromising the interest of the cause I plead; but that the thing is so, all the world knows, and that it is in the nature of things as they are, that it will be so, is a fact equally well attested.

That I am obliged to pain any in making my subject appear as it really is, which is my sole object, I sincerely regret; nor should I desire if I only considered my own feelings, to occupy myself henceforth with the realization of a short-lived happiness to some, or blighted hopes to others, things which can never more either concern or

interest me personally. But when it is considered, that these very things, apparently little, comprise within them the eternal loss of thousands of immortal souls for whom Christ died, I feel, that having been myself under the delusive spell, I owe it in gratitude to Him who has delivered me out of such deception, to warn others, as far and as perfectly as I can.

Again, how much more so, when these very men themselves become authors of tales against the pure and virgin priesthood of Christ, do I doubly feel that every one who has a voice should use it in undeceiving those who, from numberless circumstances of education and deep-rooted prejudice, etc., would forever remain ignorant of the real state of the case, and therefore incapable of seeing through the fair exterior of Protestantism, much that it concerns them to know, and that once knowing they will treasure, as we all do who have gone before them in the discovery.

Oh! how true is it that the poor Protestant, imbibing from the cradle the most unjust and false ideas of the Catholic priesthood, is ignorant of the purity and heavenly effects of the chastity of their lives, and therefore incapable of contrasting them with those of their own clergy, whereby they would soon discover that the real motive which induces those stories of shame and horror to be told against the Catholic priest, is the sad pain of witnessing in these true servants and faithful ministers of Christ a height of virtue they dare not acknowledge, because they know and feel they cannot practise, and which not being able to practise, their pride forces them to belie and deny.

It would be ill placed in me to enter more fully upon the hateful inventions on the same subjects in newspaper stories, whereby a bigoted editor fills up most conveniently all empty spaces, and secures a bigoted patronage from the effervescence of his own impure mind, where all is precisely stated, but the place, the time, and the persons are invariably wanting, which are ever written and told against priests. No, I would not sully my mind by writing upon them; suffice it, if I here expose certain facts, which may lead others to examine the subject

sufficiently so as to arrive, through their own experience, at a due appreciation of men, who neither desire nor need my defence of their reputation. For the testimony of their own conscience is their all-sufficient defence, and their own patient silence their most powerful pleader; rejoicing rather in themselves, that they are accounted worthy to suffer shame for His sake who has said: "The servant is not greater than his Lord: if therefore they have done these things unto Me, how much more shall they not also do them to you, my disciples."

That it is also in the nature of things as they are in Catholicism, will equally be accorded, that the priest should obtain from his people a veneration, respect, and love, which the Protestant minister never can know, because he is never in a position to merit it.

First, then, there is the future priest, from the very hour that he declares publicly that he feels himself called to the royal priesthood, although (with but few exceptions) not yet out of his teens, he is obliged to prove that calling by the sacrifice of the paternal roof, together with all the comforts and consolations of home and family, relations and friends; a probation of several years of collegiate life being essential before being admitted to that holy state. The time of trial is over, and the servant of God regains his liberty, yet the doors of his college seminary open not for him, but to send him forth a victim, the will bound by vows, the head shaven, in token that he is no longer his own, but the temple of the Holy Ghost; the willing slave and mortified member of a crucified Chief.

Thus it is the Catholic priest enters on the duties of his parochial mission, a second Melchisedech, as it were, without father or mother, or other earthly tie, and being thus free, he not only is able, but merits in an eminent degree, to regain after a spiritual manner all that he has sacrificed in the way of nature. Hence it is, having no object but that of gaining souls, full of zeal and devotion, he becomes the property of others, all, whether rich or poor, have an equal claim upon him, and alike to all he becomes the venerated, respected, and beloved father.

Under what appearance, then, does the bigotry or

jealousy of a Protestant world endeavor to disguise this happy, though to them painful contrast, of things they are never likely to know or attain to? Why, it is a sin laid at the door of the priest, a profitable commerce alone which could make any human being so universally sought and beloved; and as to the people who are guilty of such idolatry, though wise enough on other matters, the reproach here is ignorance; for what else could excuse such fidelity and fervor, but that it is only found with a wilfully blind and priest-ridden people!

Such, indeed, are the flippant terms which are applied in hopes of disguising the natural and fair fruits of the noblest and sublimest virtue, alone practised before the world by the Catholic priest; although in Catholic countries, thousands and thousands of persons, both in and out of religious houses, live under the very same vows and which the Catholic Church wisely requires in her priest, principally to obtain the very ends we thus perceive it so universally produces, and which contrasts so painfully with the Protestant, with that fair exterior which distinguishes its minister, but which wastes itself upon itself. So unlike the priest, his crucifix alone for a companion, ever free, ever devoted to the one object, his time, his heart, his labor, and his whole energy, all at the disposal of each new child God confides to his care, he is their friend and counsellor, and the receptacle of all their sorrows and cares in health, and their never-failing comforter in the time of sickness and at the hour of death, when, no longer in himself, he visits the poor worn-out sufferer at that awful moment of his mortal agony, bringing with him the dying sinner's best friend —his God, his Redeemer, his all, whose compassion has ordered it so; that at this dread hour of dissolution, when all that this world contains is as nothing, and begins to disappear, He may be with, and united to the soul at this last stage of its pilgrimage, to guide, to console, to sustain it in its passage from time to eternity.

He comes then in the most Holy Viaticum, borne by the hand of the priest, the only hand which may convey such a treasure, who, notwithstanding his life of purity and privation, shrinks within himself from a sense of un-

worthiness, without still the power to desist—for his God, and the necessity of the dying, both require he should thus closely approach the source of all purity—even purity itself.

If, then, the better to fit himself for so sublime and so sacred a mission, the priest feels himself called to live, not as other men, but separate and pure, what wonder that people both individually and unitedly should make the best return their grateful hearts are capable of for attentions and cares he does not give, it is true, for their sakes alone, but for which they feel not the less grateful, because sanctified by being offered to God?

Such is the true picture on one side, when on the other arises in too glaring contrast the Protestant minister, trammelled down in every feeling and affection, his time, his heart, his labor and his love, all, already consecrated at another shrine! He, too, has vowed, "with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow"; consequently he is not his own, he has given himself away, he cannot be the poor man's right, as is the true priest. What wonder then, again, if the poor and the rich too who are poor in spirit, give to their priest the love and affection of children, when they see themselves adopted as such, at the price of every natural tie, whilst they know their poor Protestant brethren are no better than spiritual orphans; for their minister's first duty is to occupy himself with those whom nature has given him?*

Arrived at last to contemplate with an unprejudiced eye and candid mind the above sketch of clerical life as it is in the Catholic and Protestant religions, it is not astonishing that, independent of the reproaches, the scorn, and bitter things, so elaborately bestowed on the former, and serving in themselves as an indication of the true disciple of Christ, if no stronger existed, that my mind and heart became captivated as soon as convinced by a system, reduced to practice, and real life, at once divine, and demonstrating, both in its nature and effects,

*See Dr. Whatley's (Protestant Archbishop of Dublin), address to his clergy during the cholera in 1830, in which he cautions them against exposing themselves to infection on account of their families.

that man had never devised it, and that man by himself could never accomplish it.

That those then who may but look on, without the power to imitate or do likewise, should be both jealous and active to overturn and destroy its influence, is only the natural course of things, and in fact a very part of the testimony that Christ Himself has assured us shall ever follow His faithful ones.

All overjoyed at my discovery, and at the wonderful ways and power of God, who is thus able to bring good out of evil, and to turn to His own purposes even the very weapons of Satan, for it is the quantity and quality of the evil I had ever heard uttered against the Catholic priesthood, that seems now to measure my reverence and respect for it, and which bursts forth from its darkness, as it were, like a beacon of light, to guide to His own most perfect Church, so perfect that they who would speak ill of it must invent and resort to untruth! O yes, most holy Church! most happy priesthood! glory be to God, I have found you both out, for ye are one, as He who hath founded and consecrated you is one with His Father in heaven. And the very things which once made me fly and abhor you, are now, by the grace of God, what leads me and attaches me to you forever. And my respect and veneration for those sacred men, set apart as was Melchisedech for God's service only, are as unbounded now as once they were the contrary.

What is it to this subject that the sneer of scorn be raised, and we are told by a malicious world, which knows nothing of what I have been speaking, that though this theory sounds so well, yet after all, let it be remembered these men are still but men, and ever liable to fall? To be sure they are, and if it were not so, I should not sympathize with them as I do. The holy angels I love and venerate for themselves; but when men live the life of angels, then it is we are forced in spite of ourselves to raise our thoughts and our thanksgivings to heaven, for it is then the greatness of God shines forth in the weakness of man.

Rejoice with me then, all ye who have been born but to know them as they really are, and learn to appreciate

them by deception practised upon your less fortunate fellow-creatures. Above all, cease not to implore deliverance for those who are still captives to a deception so deplorable. Yes, this is the Church of Christ, this is the faith, and the only faith which will sever a child from her parents; and Christ knew that when he said: "Ye must not love father or mother more than me, else ye shall not be worthy of me."

The Church of Christ, for which I have so long sought, must she not be visible if she be such as is described by the ancient prophets, by the apostles, by Christ Himself? and not as the Protestants say, an invisible Church, because theirs answers to none of the indications of the visible one. Now how different is it, for I see her all beautiful, her young virgins adorned with refined gold and precious stones, those virtues of such high price before God. O dear and holy Church, how happy am I to be within you at last, to stake upon your power and truth the eternal destinies of my immortal soul. Take them, they will be well off in your keeping! Here will I live, and here will I die, unworthy that I am of so rich an inheritance; henceforth shall I build upon the rock of ages, a sure harbor and sweet resting place, where no varying winds of doctrine shall ruffle any more, or endanger my peace.

Such is indeed my unchanging resolution, and as available would it be to urge upon the poor, weary, weather-beaten mariner, returning after a venturesome voyage, having escaped frequent shipwreck, his bark all leaky, her helm gone, and both unable henceforth to stem that torrent which bears upon them, to avoid the fertile land which he sees within reach, and which offers him shelter, peace, and repose, as to try and urge me to desert my new found faith.

With such proofs ever presenting themselves against my poor Protestantism, no one will be surprised at my decision to follow at once the dictates of my conscience, by enrolling myself without further delay amongst the children of the old orthodox Catholic faith, to which I was additionally urged by painful letters from my mother, entreating of me to hasten home and leave them

no longer in suspense about me, as there I could equally well accomplish my desires, should I continue to wish to do so. To meet my mother's first wish I felt a duty, but for the second I reasoned differently, as I did not feel at liberty to risk my soul on the deep waters until I had first accomplished the demands of my conscience, after which certainly I could undo at home whatever might then appear advisable, even to giving up what it had already cost me so much to attain to.

Whilst others were excusing themselves from the marriage feast, and thus rejecting perhaps the last offers of mercy, I had arrived at perfect conviction, and therefore determined, let the consequences be what they might, that I would no longer trifle with divine grace, God's most precious gift, but would boldly advance to that which conscience urged me, leaving all the rest in the hands of a gracious Providence and tender Father.

On the 24th of February, 1842, the feast of St. Mathias, my lot was drawn, and my fate decided for life. I became a Catholic, an undeserving but happy Catholic!

A Catholic! the thought is startling, the idea overwhelming! for with that word what a rush of feeling, what a combination of extremes! what imaginary woes, what real benefits! what threatening sufferings, what certain and everlasting consolations! what reality in vital things, what a reversion of nursery tales!

But that my feeling may not be misunderstood, let me pause one moment to indulge in the plenitude of the great and delicious thought! and whilst I think, oh! how shall I refrain from praising that Divine power by which I know and feel this wonderful change has been wrought in me? Once so zealously and sincerely opposed to everything Catholic; now, as it were, living and feeding upon it, to my soul's unspeakable delight. Once a respected member of a respectable society—a devoted child to the best of parents—the beloved wife of an incomparable husband—a doting mother of a fair offspring;—now severed perhaps in every one of the above relations, and yet resigned, contented, possessing all things in the possession of Catholicity!

Need I here expatiate on my own deep feeling of what I owe to God for this wonder He has wrought in me, by recalling the appeals made to me by those dearer than life itself, at that most trying moment, when first the thought, the immense thought, forced itself upon me, that I had been reared and nurtured in error, and that Catholicity alone was the One only perfect truth, which hitherto I had believed an erroneous fable, and the invention of man?

When this thought first burst upon me with the force of conviction, what a moment was that to pass!—for it was in vain to wish I had been born a Catholic, or to wish I had never been born at all; two only alternatives presented themselves to my agonized soul, the one, to sacrifice its eternal interests at the shrine of paternal and fraternal love; the other, generously and boldly to enter the fold of life at the loss of all the rest!

Or need I, in order to give another testimony in favor of Catholicity, revert to the heart-rending appeals made to me by a mother, whom I loved, and to whom till now I had ever been a consolation, not to break her heart, not to inflict the severest pang she had ever known by taking the dreaded step of declaring myself a Catholic; or to the importunity, prayers, arguments, entreaties, and last of all, threats of a father, whom I had ever loved even as he loved me? Need I hint at the thousand hopes and fears, which alternately rushed upon me as to the effect the news of my great change might have upon my absent husband, whose love and fidelity I had known to outlive every other trial, but which I had already imagined yielding when Catholicity was in question? Need I, in short, for the last time, revert to these and a thousand other real and imaginary woes, which rent and tore my heart, until then a stranger to such sorrow? Yes, I will just allude to it, in order that, should these lines meet the eye of any one like myself, he may know that the trial was not greater than the grace vouchsafed to me, and which I esteem worth a contest, if it could be ten thousand times more acute than even I have known it, when a treasure such as I now possess is attained in return!

But oh! let me close my eyes to the dark side of this sketch, and rather paint, if I can, the peace, the calm, the security, the delight, the ecstasy of having come to truth,—that truth which can never fail; truth that will be the same when all that now exists shall have passed away forever!

Last of all, that truth for which my soul has ever searched, ever pined, and which, once attained, reveals, bestows, and manifests to me Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of my soul: Him who has said: "I will show you what great things you must suffer for My sake;" and again: "If ye love father, mother, husband, or children, more than Me, ye are not worthy of Me." Yes, it was for Jesus I endured all, and did He leave me without a recompense? Oh! let my tongue be sealed in death when it shall cease to praise Him for the mercy He has shown me; for the recompense He has heaped upon me; for the peace I enjoy; for all and everything, even my very sorrows, I can but praise Him for, since they led me to joys unknown and untasted but by those for whom they are prepared. The decisive step once taken, and my peace made with heaven, how did my soul enjoy the precious fruits of the happy exchange I had made!

That Almighty God did help my infirmity in the search of truth, I must ever proclaim, and praise and bless His holy name for it; for without anything in myself to offer Him, I was thus enabled to glorify Him in the work He had Himself operated in me. For where would have been my after-trial, humiliation, my suffering, and perhaps I may add my merit, could I have met the imputation of "folly," "insanity," and many other reproaches put upon me, by pointing to the example of a Newman, a Faber, an Allies, or a Fielding, together with the learned, clerical, and high-born procession which has since entered the narrow path I had to tread alone?

Twenty-eight long years have now tolled their months, weeks, and days, since that ever-blessed light broke in upon my soul, since when the sleeping watchmen of Protestantism have been aroused by the cracking of their foundations and the uprooting of their noblest cedars. The State Church is threatened with an internal earth-

quake, and the very pillars of Protestantism are bending and crumbling, whilst its learned doctors, after years of deep and difficult research, of retirement and prayer, of sleepless nights and anxious days, come forth from Oxford and Cambridge, those hot-beds of Anglicanism, but to declare to the world their former delusion, and to call upon it to profit by the result of their profound and dear-bought researches, to warn it with this attestation, that a State Church is not the Church of Jesus Christ nor the way by which to attain eternal life. And this attestation they seal and ratify by the renunciation of all the dignities they had received while in her communion; and in shaking off the pollutions of her rich endowments, they become as little children, supplicating with humility, admission into the bosom of the true Church, the one fold and real spouse of Jesus Christ!

Such great and public events as these having come upon the world, the world will have to render a more rigorous account for them; for it was not by the rays of a noonday light such as shines at present, that ten or twenty years ago the truth was to be discerned, nor were the public newspapers then the heralds of the Gospel, and messengers of warning and mercy to man, as they are now.* That more will consequently be re-

*As one proof out of a thousand others of the advertisements which are to be seen every day in the public papers, I read the following in the Dublin *Saunders's* newspaper of the 14th April, 1856:

"*Proposed new version of the Bible.*

"There are now three petitions signed by hundreds for a new version of the Bible. Some of the petitioners, who are well acquainted with the original languages, are of opinion that the authorized version of the scriptures is *not so free from faults as the translation of such a book ought to be.*

"They also point to the far greater number of MSS. now accessible to translators, by which *many existing passages are proved to be spurious*, and urge that to require anything should be regarded as the Word of God which *numbers of sound scholars* and *excellent men* have pronounced a forgery, is unworthy of a Defender of the Faith. All these petitions were presented to Parliament by Mr. Heywood, M. P."

Some minds may be so constituted as to read the above statement without emotion or horror, but I am unable to conceive how enlightened and educated Protestants can believe the scriptures to be their guide and rule of life, and not shudder with dismay on now learning through the medium of a truly Protestant paper, what the Catholic Church has always said, but what they only discovered now in the nineteenth century, that *many*

quired now from those who seek, is very certain, since God will require at the hands of each, the measure of light and assistance He himself has given, through whatever channel it may be. And if the light be bright without, must not also the sincerity and internal effort correspond, and the soul still wend its way through proportionable suffering and combat, that the faith of each may be tried, and come out as gold refined in the furnace, heated if it must be seven-fold hotter to meet the proportion in the advance from without?

One word of warning, therefore, I would say to all, and that is, that whether the Protestant ministers assist and advance towards Catholicity, as those of whom I speak did me, or whether the necessity of the times en-

passages of *their Bible are spurious*, and that by sound scholars and excellent men (of course Protestants, and very probably ministers), they are pronounced a *forgery*.

What then, may one justly ask, is the fate of the millions of Protestants who have been living by the Bible as it now is for the last three hundred years, when here it is declared to contain many spurious passages and forgeries,—what, but that they lived and died victims to forgery and error, which could never have befallen them had they not left the original rule of faith, as taught them by that Church from which they received the scriptures, but which they (the reformers, so called) have thus spuriously translated?

In another of *Saunders's* papers, dated March, 1856, we read "that at a numerously attended meeting at the Rotunda, Dublin, Major Bolton *proved from the Bible* that there are five future states awaiting us in the next world! That the meeting was most numerously and respectably attended, especially by clergymen, and that the speaker most clearly developed his principles, and was often loudly cheered," which more or less demonstrates that the listeners were satisfied with his proofs.

Thus again is it in the nineteenth century (that favored epoch) that the Protestant is to learn from a *Layman* a totally new doctrine of what is reserved for him in the future world. Oh, dear Protestant reader, let such things be a warning to you to look to your eternal interests before it is too late, and if you will be wise, look for them in the unchanging Catholic faith.

One more advertisement I must give; it is taken from the *Plymouth Mail*, 16th April, 1856, and runs thus: "Among the curiosities seen at Knott Mill Fair, just held at Manchester, was a Bible stall, set up by the Bible Society in the midst of booths, tents, and shows. The attempt to sell the sacred writings to some of the thousands who attend this very lively fair from country places, was not unsuccessful. The return of the sale was eighty-one Bibles and sixty Testaments."

For spurious writings and forgeries the fair might be no bad place of speculation as far as raising money goes; but when one thinks of an English fair, and a booth of Bibles next door to a gin booth, it really makes one's blood run cold. Would to God such an indecency may be the means of opening the eyes of many to the abuses carried on in those societies calling themselves religious in England.

ables them to oppose or retard, by artificial pleadings and false reasoning, this happy and only desirable consummation, God is still there, on the one hand abundantly ready to help the soul which will be beset with outward temptations in proportion to its inward light; and He who cannot be deceived will rigorously demand every inspiration and every light which has been given: and therefore let none deceive themselves, but humbly throw themselves on the mercy of God, imploring His help, who promises to a faithful correspondence all the graces required. And though the experience of all be not what mine has, there is no doubt we shall meet at the same enviable term, each in his different way attesting to the one only truth, in favor of which alone these lines are written, in the hope they may be useful to some, and serve in a measure, with the blessing of God accompanying them, to approach and facilitate the attainment of truth, without which no soul can have peace on earth, or eternal life in heaven.

More reasons I could give for this great and glorious change, yes, this happy and peaceful change; but are more necessary, or would more advance my object? Must not every candid and unprejudiced heart already pronounce me more than justified? To have longer resisted would have been to fight against God. Therefore, I am happy, more than happy, having obtained a possession for myself and an inheritance for my children, as rich as it is unexpected, as satisfactory as it is full!

My Bible is now a treasure beyond all price, and that respect I blindly rendered it as a Protestant, I can now consistently and with the homage of the head as well as the heart offer it. It led me to Catholicity; and to the Catholic Church alone am I or any one indebted for it; for as a Catholic only can I render it the honor due to it. To me it is henceforth Infallible, because I have it through an infallible interpretation. No more to me belongs the prerogative of hearing my preacher to condemn his doctrine, since I know, if he holds not truth, he never could be in the place where my instructor is. My Bible is to me now what a beautiful picture is, when reflecting the sublime imagination of a renowned artist; I can

contemplate in it the light and shade with rapture, as long as I have them as their author left them; but let some presumptuous student bedaub it with his unskilful touches, and I turn with disgust and dissatisfaction from what was originally as instructive as beautiful.

After feasting my soul till Easter in the dear land of my soul's birth, I returned to Dublin, but not to the happy home nor to the embrace of those dear ones I had so lately left in love. My poor mother, though so anxious for my return while yet a Protestant, had no sooner heard of the fatal step being taken, than she wrote privately to warn me what I must henceforth expect, and to beg of me in consequence to prolong my absence as long as I could, in order to regain my strength sufficiently to enable me to meet with courage all that awaited me.

It is thus that a mother's love will weather every storm; for when I did return, who had borne for hours the relentless blast upon a cold quay, but herself? and yet, alas! though she still loved me, how changed was that love! for though she came to meet me, it was rather to mourn over her disgraced child, than to welcome me back to a home I was no longer worthy to enter.

She came, in short, to conduct me to lonely lodgings that had been engaged for me, and to break the startling tidings, that I had rendered myself unfit to be the protectress of my own children, and therefore that those innocent ones could no longer gladden with their presence the heart of their mother, now more than ever capable of cherishing and appreciating their pure and infantine affection (until at least their father's will should be known on the subject). She came, poor thing, to mingle her tears with mine, and to mourn over the wreck of what she once so loved and cherished. But let it pass, that moment of agony, that moment in which nature was so severely tried, but over which grace had so glorious and complete a victory.

Time, that softener of every woe, passed over us, and obtained for me at last to meet, and if it might be appease, a father's wrath. He came, poor man, to make a last effort in favor of a child his affection knew not how

to yield up; he came to propose I should accompany him to the house of a Protestant minister, a great star, before whom I was to render an account of what I had done, and be made feel the fallacy of all my new notions.

The meeting took place, and ended as such occasions generally do, unsatisfactorily. The minister abused me for having no intelligence, then, the great Faith I had embraced, along with all Catholic doctrines, by every contemptuous epithet in the catalogue of words.

My father was present, and I hoped the minister's violence would have opened his eyes. . . . . But no, we both left as we arrived, each firm and unchanged in our ways of thinking.

May God preserve souls from errors and delusion, since it is so hard to receive the light of Truth, once early impressions and prejudices have confirmed it as it were with our very nature.

One proof more in favor of Catholicity, and I shall have accomplished the task my conscience has imposed upon me, and let me hope this last proof may be as effectual to others as it is consoling and sweet to myself.

Sacred history informs us, that four thousand years before the redemption of man was accomplished, the Divine wisdom was already occupied tracing out in a measure the great plan of man's salvation. At Genesis, iii. 15, we read the curse uttered against the serpent who had just operated the fall of man, by the co-operation of a woman, through the fruit of the tree:

"Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed. . . . and I will put enmity between thee and the woman."

So that death came into the world by the first Adam, or man, by the co-operation of a woman, through the fruit of a tree, so redemption is come by the second Adam, also by the co-operation of the second Eve, through the fruit of the tree, or wood of the cross.*

This thought is confirmed by *St. Irenaeus*, *Adv. Hecr.* III. 34:

*See a beautiful new work entitled *Simple Explanation concerning the co-operation of the Most Holy Virgin in our redemption.* Published by John Philip, 7 Orchard Street, Portman Square, London.

"The obedience of Mary broke the chains forged by the disobedience of Eve. What Eve had bound by incredulity, Mary has unbound by faith."

Also in another place, I. 33, the same father says again:

"For as Eve became the cause (meaning the impulsive cause) of death to herself and to the whole human race, so did Mary become to herself and all the human race the cause of life."

St. Augustine says:

"By one woman death has come to us: by another life. Perdition by Eve, salvation by Mary."

Again, after the lapse of three thousand years, and the Spirit of God, by the sacred penman, lets us a little further into the secret but ripening projects of the Divinity in our favor. In the Psalms, and all through the Song of Solomon, glorious tidings of wondrous love and endless good are announced to us, in the advent of a Saviour, and the projected establishment of a Church, through which our human race shall be redeemed and saved.

Seven hundred years before that redemption was accomplished, the Prophet Isaiah enlightens us still further upon the subject, where he says: "And a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and he will be called Immanuel" (which, being interpreted, is God with us). And again, "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

The day of grace arrived, and St. Matthew tells us of a Virgin called "Mary," who was found with child of the Holy Ghost, and she brought forth a son whose name was called "Jesus." Of the life, actions, or merits of this Virgin, sacred history is equally silent as upon that of the Saviour Himself, leaving us only for direction thereupon, that she came to fulfil the designs of God—

to co-operate with the Divine Trinity in presenting to the world the second of its Sacred Persons as Redeemer;—that she was the result of God's consideration from eternity;—that she was ministered to by angels;—that she was overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, and gave of her flesh and her blood to form the material substance of the Son, this mighty God spoken of above. That He strengthened Himself in His childhood through the nourishment He drew from her maternal but virginal milk; that she formed His youth, and that together they lived, unknown but to themselves, until the mission for which He had come drew nigh, and the redemption of the world forced Him from her union. That He devoted to her thirty years, whilst three sufficed for the redemption of the human race!

The world was redeemed through sorrow and suffering—Jesus ever the principal—Mary ever the partner and partaker of His cup of anguish. On Calvary our salvation was completed, the wrath of God appeased. The cup was drained to the dregs—blood flowed—the cross was sanctified, and became from thenceforth the tree bearing fruit unto eternal life. The Church was founded, and grace, the price of so much woe, was purchased, all, all through Mary's offering of her Son!

If then this Virgin Mother was permitted, nay, necessitated from the union that existed between her and her Son, to share so largely the woes by which the world was redeemed, must she not equally share the benefits and favors it has obtained for mankind? Oh, yes! for in life they were one, and in death, though severed, they were not divided, for she existed only in Him for whom alone she was created; and the Church, which was begotten through their united sufferings, shall it sever and separate them in its graces and glory? Models, both of them, of that most perfect life—the hidden life, the sacred penmen had no mission to reveal or unfold its secrecies. For God had willed it hidden, and jealous that it should ever remain so, He had reserved to Himself alone the revelation of its mysteries, which He communicates to those whom He invites within its narrow precincts.

To the Church then, happy progeny of so much greatness, holiness, and merit, are we obliged to look for the solution of so much that still remains to be told. She it is that unfolds with truth, consistency, and love, the part which henceforth that Blessed Mother and Virgin is to take in the redemption of the world. Ever one with her divine Son while on earth, and most of all in His sufferings and death, she is still one with Him in heaven, where she is "clothed with the Sun, and the Moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars"—Rev. xii. 1—and there she remains, the dispensatrix of every grace poured on the Church—the gracious channel through which mercy is ever flowing upon this world—the efficient advocate of sinners before her divine Son—the mother of the faithful, and of every one in affliction—the sinner's friend and intercessor before the offended majesty of God, when the consciousness of well merited wrath incapacitates his own approach—the queen of angels, of martyrs, of virgins, and of all saints, she lives, and lives only in God in Heaven, as she lived with Him upon earth; one with God to plead for us, to help us, to befriend us, and after death to present us to her divine Son!

Thus, let us see what the summing up of the whole is. Why, to remind my Protestant reader, as the last and most effectual word of warning left us of God's eternal decree in her regard, that "between her and the serpent a deadly enmity shall reign!"

Who, then is her enemy? Who refuses her with a deadly hatred that title which the scriptures promise her shall be hers forever more, saying, "Blessed art thou amongst women, and Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus—and behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!" Who turns from the mention of her name with scorn? Who looks with contempt and disrespect upon her sacred image, whilst that of a pagan philosopher, a Bacchus, or a Medicis, is admired and valued? Who is it calls those idolaters who love her name, seek to imitate her virtues, and implore her prayers—who? Ah! reader, is it necessary for me to reply?

The sacred text, has it not already answered the interrogation, and your own heart, has it not ere this recognized the painful truth, that you yourself, your religion, your ministers, in one word, your Protestantism alone, bears that deadly enmity towards her, which the curse has imposed upon the seed of the serpent: towards her who is all purity, and whose loveliness can only be exceeded by her humility; whose charity never had a limit, and who is still ever ready to make use of all her power and efficient influence before her divine Son and her God, in favor of all, even those who have loved her least, but who are willing, however late it may be, to seek her effectual intercession?

Ah! incredulous Protestant, how is it that you do not recognize that the enemy of God, of salvation, of eternal peace to the soul, is to declare himself by enmity to this Woman of promise, this harbinger of salvation, this mother of the soul's eternal peace and redemption; in one word, that Satan, that deadly, diabolical enemy, is, with all his seed and numerous posterity, doomed through the curse of God, to be at eternal enmity with this woman ever blessed, with her seed, the Divine Jesus, Redeemer of the world, and with her seed's seed, the elect and chosen of God?

What wonder is it if, indeed, this subtle one accomplish the divine prediction against himself, by concealing his secret and deep-rooted enmity against this virgin of promise under the garb of deception, under the appearance of an angel of light, as we have been warned he will assume, if thereby the better to succeed in deceiving a world ever ready, ever lending itself to delusion. What wonder again is it if he choose this Blessed one* as the great stumbling-block whereby to keep souls out of the pale of the true Church; that he prevents her all-powerful intercession with her Divine Son, by urging that to seek her intercession or to gain her favor by the close imitation of her virtues, is idolatry, and taking from the glory of God to give it to His creatures?

St. Luke, i. 42, 48.

O artful one! what wonder is it that the most powerful instrument of God's appointment for winning, fascinating, drawing, and captivating souls to Jesus, should be fixed upon by thee as the object for keeping thousands in ignorance of her all-powerful advocacy with her Divine Son? What wonder then is it, or rather what a wonder would it be, were it not so?

Think, then, poor Protestant, of all this, and remember that though the world may blame you for your unbelief, and those too who have been brought up to love Her, and consider Her their best friend after Jesus, Mary: shall she not know how to excuse the results of of an erroneous and prejudiced education? shall she not quickly forget the past in her anxiety and ardor to present to God a new soul, purchased by the ever precious blood of her own and only Son? Ah! test her readiness, prove her power, and try with a sincere and perfect heart her intercession, and all will speedily be accomplished, and you yourself will be the first to take up her defence, and to sound aloud her praises, in urging her invocation upon all your fellow-men who are suffering, of what kind soever it may be, and who need a friend, able and willing to meet all their necessities, and to obtain for them the favor and blessing of her divine Son.

Having at last concluded the proofs my own experience has suggested to me in favor of Catholicity, I would fain seize this opportunity of offering one last word of notice or affectionate warning to one class of Protestants, whose ardent desires after virtue, and whose conscious sincerity and uprightness of intention, deceive and become a hindrance to them, through the wiliness of that serpent, our mortal enemy, rather than as might, and otherwise would be, an assistance and natural means of attaining the truth.

The disuniting principle in Protestantism is so complete, and the differences of opinion amongst its ministers on the most important doctrines so irreconcilable and incompatible with stability or duration, that long ere this the evil would have become its own remedy, were it not for the ability of our great enemy, whose subtlety is always equal to the necessity of the case, and who

never fails to bring all his wiliness to bear upon the circumstances of the moment, to keep souls in error and deception, just in proportion as he finds them tending towards virtue.

In order, therefore, to meet inconsistency of Protestantism, and prevent its producing its own speedy dissolution, the natural result and consequence of its first principle, the wary one has resort to a powerful weapon, and that weapon is the holy scriptures, which themselves bear witness that even they may serve under the influence of Satan, as the strongest weapon against our soul's real interests. For, when the hour of temptation drew nigh, and the Lord of life and glory was Himself to be tried in his human nature, were not the Scriptures the only weapon Satan dared to use against Him with any hopes of success?

To speak here of the countless ways by which the Almighty has reserved for Himself a passage into the human heart, would be to speak of every relation and circumstance of life, and after that were done, it would seem as if nothing had yet been said, so far short would it be from reaching the number, or defining the minutiæ of that voice, which every soul created has heard, and shall continue to hear, until the given number of the warnings has tolled for each, and the voice of conscience has sunk into silence, never more to speak again.

Indulgent reader, be patient with me while I make my last appeal to your heart, which I judge after my own, and which I thus address with no other motive, no other hope, that of sharing with it a happy deliverance from error and delusion.

The holy scriptures are good and profitable for the soul's necessities, as a draught is good for calming the pains of an internal malady, if taken as ordered, at the times, and in the way and quantity prescribed. But let the dose which was to have been divided into twelve portions and taken in twenty-four hours, be gulped down all at once, and the efficient remedy becomes an effectual poison, and the long desired repose becomes the sleep of death.

Thus the proper use, and not the abuse, of holy things can help us on to eternal life.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved"—(Acts, 16, 31), are words full of life and peace to those who receive them in connection with the subject to which they were applied, and with the mind of the apostle when he uttered them; but that they may and often do bring death to the soul, taken in the Protestant sense, as an abstract proposition, scripture itself decides.

If any one, who has had the patience to follow me thus far, feels still inclined to blame my judgment, and condemn the course I have taken, let me ask such a one, will he take upon himself to answer for my soul before God, were I to reject all this testimony in favor of Catholicity, to return again to that which has no other claim upon me than that of being born in it? No, no; there is no one would dare to do it, though many there may be to blame me. But, O! if at the judgment seat it should turn out, that I, on the contrary, have been wise, let me remind such, while there is yet time, that it will be of no avail to plead there that "you thought I was in error." Take heed, then, to yourselves while yet such can profit you, for "what will it profit a man to gain the world and lose his own soul?"

To such others, on the contrary, who, more just and more reasonable, do allow I had cause for the change I have made, to them also would I say one little word by way of advice: search for yourselves; for if I had cause to change, there is cause sufficient that you too should do likewise See what this religion is, which is so universally despised and abused, but which has, nevertheless, the power still, as with the strength of iron, to hold and retain those who enrol themselves upon her lists, and those firmest who were most clamorous against her! Search, I say, for yourselves, and think not to overcome this truth by comitting it to the flames, or by turning your back upon it: in either case it still lives, and will serve one day as fuel for that fire which will consume all else but itself. Better, then, become one with it now, than leave it to rise up in judgment against you at that tremendous moment, when even the just shall fear and tremble.

Search, then, for it with sincerity, with good will, and from the only source upon which you can depend; for to condemn it upon the testimony of its enemies, is an injustice you would scorn to show to the cause of a traitor.

Let, then, the Catholic cause meet, at your hands, the same justice, if not mercy, you would require for yourself.

Go, then, to those to whom this faith is confided—to its clergy, who are devoted to its interests, although other motives be charged upon them; go to them, I say again, who have given up all for this sacred cause; they are public property; the poor man's friend as the rich, and whose exceeding reward is to win souls into Christ's fold. Speak not ill of these men, until you have been eye-witness to the evil, and when you see it—remember there was a Judas! Go, and may God only deal with you as graciously, as generously, as He has with me, giving you an equal share of joy and peace, and your soul shall be more than satisfied, more than rewarded, for all it may have to suffer in the trials, unavoidable in changing your opinions, be they what they may, for Catholicity.

As a last testimony of my own Catholicity, (for I am as jealous of the title as I feel unworthy of it), let me salute thee, my sweet angel guardian, who hast so often befriended me whilst tracing these lines: the protector alike of my youth, as the guide and inspirer of my riper years; to you do I present my homage in offering you this little tribute of gratitude for so much tenderness as you have heaped upon me. Thanks, many thanks, for the warning voice you breathed into my youthful mind. Still more thanks, for the holy desires you, later in life, inspired me with, to live for God, to possess myself of God. And, most of all, thanks, never ending thanks, for the help, light, strength, and courage you obtained for me in that dark hour, when I had to choose between the ties of nature and affection, and God's unerring truth.

O yes! most kind, though invisible, friend, you have indeed been more than a friend to me, and I hope, ah! I do hope you will evermore continue such to me. If so, then, indeed, may I take courage and hope for the

best, since assuredly, unless I reject your care and turn away from your counsels, your assistance for the past gives me all things to hope for the future—even to enjoy a blissful eternity with my God, to whom I offer endless praise for the glory He has bestowed on you, my dear, sweet, good, and holy angel guardian.

Before closing this little book, let me here state, that as it seemed advisable, I have submitted its contents to the authority and judgment of that Church to which our Blessed Lord gave His commission to go and teach all nations promising to be with, and bless, whatever comes through her authority. The fullest approbation having been granted to it, I can, with every confidence, send it forth once again to the world, hoping it may be more and more blessed to many a sincere but struggling soul. And humbly supplicating the same from the ever bountiful hand of God, the Author of all truth, whose work of liberating souls from the bondage of error I humbly endeavor herein to advance: and may God Himself deign ever to bless it to those, into whose hands it may fall, and for whom it is written.

FANNY MARIA PITTAR.

March, 1870.

THE END.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The following excerpts are from some of the many and lengthy notices which these "Notes" have received from the Press—Protestant and secular as well as Catholic—throughout the country.

Washington Catholic.

They are written by the hand of a master."

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"Remarkable for keenness of logic and (these Notes) play havoc with many of the infidel's pet theories."

Chicago Star and Covenant (Leading Universalist paper in the Western States).

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Baltimore Mirror.

"The refutation will serve to dissipate the haze of doubt which may have found its way into the hearts of the faltering, through the seductive oratory of the infidel humorist."

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"Father Lambert takes a firm hold of the infidel at the very start and keeps him in the toils until he disposes of him. Every man in the United States, of whatever religious belief, or no belief, should have a copy of the book."

San Francisco Monitor.

"We hope this pamphlet will find numerous readers among non-Catholics who desire to see the rot and rant of Ingersoll rubbed out by the learning and logic of Father Lambert."

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North West Chronicle (St. Paul, Minn.)

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into mince-meat, and spits him out, and an awful spit it is, too. On nearly every page of his book, Lambert makes Ingersoll a liar. This is the most deserved castigation this Attila of infidelity ever enjoyed. It will be good for his soul (if he has any) to read his own condemnation and digest it."

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Buffalo Courier.

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Christian Secretary (Protestant).

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Chicago Weekly Sun.

"Mr. [illegible] answers to Ingersoll's el[illegible]